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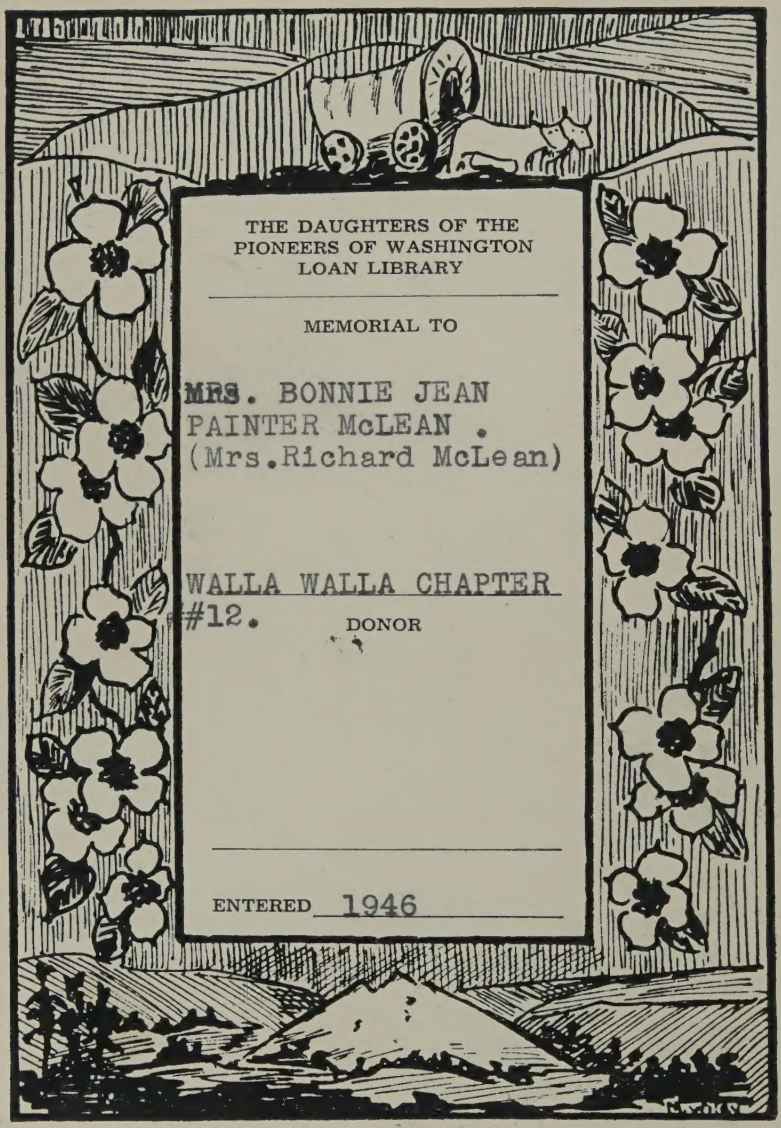

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PATHFINDER *and* PATRIOT

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STATUE OF MARCUS WHITMAN

MARCUS WHITMAN
PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT

MARCUS WHITMAN

Sanguine, determined, sure of self, and strong,
Didst thou, of all that earnest, valiant band
Who journeyed westward through an unknown land
See with prophetic eye the myriad throng
To follow thy wheel-ruts, rough way and long?
Didst know that Course of Empire took command
Of that first wagon? Didst thou understand
Thine own insistence, spurred by prayer and song?

Author of "[illegible]"

Heroic Martyr! Couldst thou now but view,
Where mountains whiten into azure sky,
The smiling land a-bloom from home-seeds sown
By thee and thy companion, loyal, true,—
Couldst see thy country's flag triumphant fly,—
It would thy toil reward, thy death atone.

—Alice Harriman.

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1909

STATUE OF WALT WHITMAN

MARCUS WHITMAN
PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT

BY

REV. MYRON EELLS, D. D.

Author of "Indian Missions," "Ten Years at Skokomish," "Father Eells," Etc.

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PREFACE

It is not strange that the writer has been interested in the life of Dr. Whitman. His father was an associate of the Doctor in the Oregon Mission from 1838 to 1847, and the founder of Whitman Seminary and College. In 1882 the writer published a book on Protestant Indian Missions on the North Pacific Coast, in which considerable reference was made to the Doctor's work and the results of it. Growing more interested in the work, he planned something larger, and in 1887-90 published a series of fifty-one articles in the *San Francisco Pacific,* in regard to the Doctor and his work, intending in a few years to put these in book form. Various things delayed, however. In the mean time other books were published much in the same line, as, *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon,* by Dr. O. W. Nixon; *The Story of Marcus Whitman,* by J. G. Craighead, D. D.; *Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon,* by Dr. W. A. Mowry; and some pamphlets, with many magazine articles; so that the writer at one time thought that it would not be wise for him to go forward with his book, and gave it up. But of late there has seemed to be a demand for something different from what has yet been published. In it the writer has been encouraged from sources which he did not expect, even those who have already written on the subject. Says Dr. Nixon, of Chicago, March 29, 1900: "It seems to me that it is a duty incumbent upon you to write a complete history of Early Oregon and the great part enacted by the patriotic Christian missionaries." Says President S. B. L. Penrose, of Whitman College, February 9, 1901: "It delights me to hear that you are engaged on a life of Dr. Whitman. I hope that you will soon be able to push on with the work, and have it ready for the public." Says Dr. W. A. Mowry, of Hyde Park, Massachu-

setts, February 1, 1899: "I have supposed that at the proper time you would publish a Life of Dr. Whitman which will prove the last word. You will make it so full, so complete, so authoritative, that no one can afterward object. I certainly hope you will do that." Says Dr. S. H. Wiley, of California, January 2, 1889, who had written a series of articles in regard to "the work of the A. B. C. F. M. on the Pacific Slope and related matters," after referring to the series of articles spoken of above in the Pacific: "I want to see the thorough work you have done put in permanent form, ere long, work that will satisfy candid inquirers, far and near;" and again, March 4: "You have got hold of the handle of this matter, which means that Providence intends that you should carry it through." Others who have encouraged the writer are Hon. J. W. Fairbanks, who has delivered his lecture in the East many times on *The Ride That Saved an Empire;* Rev. W. A. Tenney, of Oakland, California, formerly of Oregon, who has written considerably about the missions on the northwest coast for newspapers and magazines; Colonel W. F. Prosser, President of the Washington State Historical Society, and editor of the *Washington Historical Magazine;* and Dr. A. J. Anderson, first President of Whitman College.

In 1883, the author published a pamphlet of thirty-four octavo pages, entitled *Marcus Whitman, M. D. Proofs of his work in Saving Oregon to the United States and in promoting the immigration of 1843.* In it are a large number of letters, most of which were written to the author on these subjects. This in some of the chapters will be referred to as *Eells' Whitman Pamphlet.*

The books, pamphlets and newspapers to which the writer is indebted for aid in preparing the following pages are very many, and are generally mentioned in the foot notes. The writer also here wishes to thank the many persons who have in answer to his inquiries written him in regard to various subjects herein treated. Their names are generally mentioned in their proper places.

Twana, Washington, January 1st, 1907.

ADDITIONAL.

This much had Dr. Eells written at the time of his death early in January, 1907. He was exceptionally qualified to write the history of Oregon, both by the qualities of mind which he inherited from his distinguished father, and by his lifelong residence upon its soil. Clear-sighted, patient and industrious, he combined in a rare degree the unflagging zeal of the scholar with a warm-hearted devotion to the interests of truth and right. He was mentally and morally honest to the core. The name of Dr. Whitman was to him a household name from childhood, and to the personal knowledge of him derived from Rev. Cushing Eells, Dr. Whitman's associate and friend, Myron Eells added the knowledge gained by thirty years of painstaking investigation into the written and unwritten records of pioneer history. It may be doubted if any other man ever lived who was so fully and accurately informed concerning that early period.

We may hope, moreover, that future generations will appreciate the simple heroism and sublime self-sacrifice of this graduate of Pacific University and of Hartford Theological Seminary who devoted his life to preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Indian tribes scattered along the shores of Hood's Canal. He lived among the Indians of the Skokomish reservation from 1874 until his death, always a faithful missionary, yet always also a student of anthropology, language, and history. The noble traditions of his New England ancestors were worthily exemplified in him, scholar, hero and saint.

The publication of the present work, left in manuscript completed at Dr. Eells' death, has been made possible by the generous financial assistance of the following persons, to whom grateful acknowledgment is hereby given: Mr. R. L. McCormick, of Tacoma, Hon. Thomas Burke, Miss M. L. Denny, Mr. Lawrence J. Colman, Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith, D. D., Mr. S. L. Crawford, Mr. W. T. Dovell, ex-Gov. John H. McGraw, Mrs. Edmund Bowden and Mr. J. A. Hall, of Seattle.

In the revision of the manuscript valuable aid has been rendered by Judge Cornelius H. Hanford, Mr. W. H. Gilstrap, secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, and Miss Mary Banks, reference librarian, Seattle Public Library.

The illustrations used are due to the courtesy of Whitman College, the Washington State Historical Society, Oregon Historical Society, and Silver, Burdette Company.

MARCUS WHITMAN
PATHFINDER *and* PATRIOT

MARCUS WHITMAN

PATHFINDER and PATRIOT

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

Dr. Marcus Whitman was born at Rushville, Yates County, New York, September 4, 1802, the third son of Beza and Alice Whitman. His father was a native of Goshen, Massachusetts, and moved from Windsor, Massachusetts, in 1799, living first in Hopewell, and next settling in Gorham, now Rushville, where Marcus was born. He built and kept the first public house in Rushville, and died April 6, 1810.[1]

[1] From a work published by Fowler and Wells it would seem that the original Whitman stock predominated over all those that intermarried with it, not only in imparting age, but also in rendering the descendants conspicuous for high moral and religious feelings and strong common sense. John Whitman, called "the ancestor" of the Whitman family, lived to be about ninety. None of his sons died under eighty-two, and several of them reached ninety years. A descendant of Deacon Whitman died at the advanced age of one hundred and seven. It is also interesting to note that in very early days the families of Abraham Lincoln and Marcus Whitman were related. Samuel Lincoln came from Norfolk County, England, in 1637 and settled in Salem, Mass. Of his ten children, the fourth was Mordecai. John Whitman, of Weymouth, Mass., was the founder of the Whitman family in America. His eldest child was Sarah Whitman, who married in 1683 Abraham Jones, of Hingham, Mass. They had seven children, one of whom, Sarah Whitman Jones, married Mordecai Lincoln. They left four children, of whom Mordecai was great-great grandfather of President Lincoln. Says the Chicago Inter-Ocean of June 2, 1896, "Two grander names have not figured in American history than those of Lincoln and Whitman," and "these facts lead directly to the pleasing fact that the martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, and the old hero-missionary, Marcus Whitman, were descendants of the same family."

The direct line from John Whitman is as follows:

John Whitman, born probably in 1602, came, as near as can be learned, from Herefordshire, England, to Weymouth, Mass., before 1638, as he was there at that time, and died in 1692. The oldest son

Beza Whitman left a family of five surviving children—Augustus, Marcus, Henry G., Samuel and Alice. In the infancy of Marcus, his parents lived in a log house. The country was new and wild, and his father was a tanner and a currier. His mother, being lonely, often used to go and sit with her husband in the little shop opposite the house, binding shoes. Having left Marcus, a baby, in his cradle, one evening, she was much startled, on her return, to find that a log had fallen from the fireplace and burned the lower end of the cradle, and that he was nearly suffocated by the smoke. His life was, however, preserved for a great work.

In the fall of 1810, after the death of his father, he was sent to live with his paternal grandfather, Deacon Samuel Whitman, at Plainfield, Mass. He dated his conversion from a revival at this place in 1819, though he did not join any church until five years later, when he united with the Congregational Church at Rushville, January, 1824. He remained a member of this for nine years, when he joined the Presbyterian Church at Wheeler, February 9, 1833, of which he was elected a ruling Elder the next month. February 2, 1836, he was dismissed from this to "where the Providence of God may cast his lot," after which, about 1838, he joined the Mission Church in Oregon, which was Presbyterian in name and Congregational in practice.

Having remained at Plainfied four years, he unexpectedly returned home for a visit of three weeks. Coming in at evening, he went up to his mother, and reached out his hand, saying, "How do you do, mother." She drew back, not knowing him. This so grieved him that he burst into tears. He returned to Plainfield for five years longer, and began a course of Latin under Rev. Moses Hallock, after which he returned to

and child of John Whitman and Ruth, his wife, was Thomas, who was born in 1629, married Abigail Bryam, and died in 1712. Their third son and child was Nicholas, born 1675, married Sarah Vining, and died in 1746. Their second son and child was John, born 1704, married Elizabeth Cary, and died in 1792. Their oldest child was Samuel, born 1730, married Mrs. Sarah Waterman, and died in 1824. Their fifth son and child was Beza, born 1773, married Alice Green, March 9, 1797, and died in 1810.

Rushville, where he finished this part of his studies under Rev. David Page. His heart was set on studying for the ministry, but he was opposed by his brothers, who thought his limited means would compel him to be a charity scholar, and they persuaded him, against his will, to take up the study of medicine. Many a time were tears seen on his face, as he thought of his disappointment in this object of life. He took up a three-years' course of medical study with Dr. Ira Bryant, of Rushville, and received his diploma at Fairfield in 1824. During his studies he was severely afflicted with a pain in his side, to which he remained subject all his life, but he was a man of remarkable energy and perseverance, and seldom yielded to bodily pain or weariness.

His first practice in medicine was four years in Canada, after which he went home, determined to study for the ministry, but he was again assailed by the pain in his side and conquered by it, whereupon he went to Wheeler, where he practiced medicine for four years more. At one time he was associated with his brother Henry in owning and running a saw mill near Potter Center.

He always had a great passion for adventure and exploration in new and uncivilized regions, and being of a strong religious tendency, he panted for missionary work that would gratify and satisfy these desires. Consequently, he wrote the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Boston, the missionary society of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, about it. In this letter, dated at Wheeler, N. Y., June 3, 1834, he said: "I regard the missionary cause as based on the atonement and the commands and promises of the Lord Jesus Christ to his ambassadors and church; and that it involves the holiness and happiness of all that may be reclaimed from sin. I am willing to go to any field of usefulness at the direction of the American Board. I will cooperate as physician, teacher or agriculturist, so far as I am able, if required."[1]

His wife, Narcissa Prentiss, was born in Prattsburg, New York, March 14, 1808. She was the daughter of Judge Stephen

[1] "Missionary Herald," January, 1898, p. 9.

Prentiss, and like Dr. Whitman, she could trace her ancestry in America back to the first part of the Seventeenth Century, soon after the landing of the Pilgrims.[1]

Her father had nine children, and she was the third. He and his wife and all of these children were members of the Congregational Church in Prattsburg. She was the subject of early religious impressions, and at the age of eleven, in 1819, she united with that church, and was ever afterwards known as an active Christian worker. Seventy others united with that church on that day. H. H. Spalding, though not then a Christian, was a spectator of the scene. About five years later he united with the same church, and for several years they were members also of the same school in Prattsburg.

Miss Prentiss received a part of her education at Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, N. Y., and completed it at Franklin Academy at Prattsburg. Afterwards she and her sister, Jane Abigail, established an infant school at Bath, the county seat of Steuben County. In 1834 she moved to Angelica, where she united with the Presbyterian Church. There she was very active in Sabbath School and prayer meetings. She was the life of the ladies' prayer meetings, and in fact it was owing to her efforts that they were established. She was very anxious that her friends should come to a knowledge of Christ, and for this object would visit them and urge them to come to Him.

After her conversion her mind was drawn to the subject of foreign missions, and it became her ardent wish to carry the news of salvation to the heathen. She had written to the American Board in regard to her wishes, and that Society had about determined to send her to some tribe east of the Rockies.

[1] The first was Henry Prentice, a planter, who was born in England, but was in Cambridge, Mass., before 1640. Himself and family were members of the Cambridge Church. He died in 1654. Second, Solomon Prentice, son of Henry, born in Cambridge 1646, died there 1719. Third, his son Solomon Prentice, Jr., born 1673, died 1758. Fourth, Stephen Prentice, born in Cambridge, 1720. He moved to Grafton, Mass. Fifth, Stephen Prentice, second son of the last, born in Grafton, 1744. He moved to Walpole, New Hampshire. Sixth, Stephen Prentiss (the spelling of the name was then changed), born in Walpole, 1777, died in West Almond, N. Y., 1862. He was the father of Narcissa.

In her offer of herself to the Board she wrote: "Feeling it more my privilege than duty to labor for the conversion of the heathen, I respectfully submit myself to your direction."[1]

The Prudential Committee of the American Board thought at first of sending him to some tribe of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, but God had been preparing him for another work. He had given the Doctor a desire to preach the Gospel; had caused him to be a ruling elder in the church, the highest office in its gift next to the ministry; had brought him into revival work; had given him a medical education, which he found to be the necessary one for him when in Oregon;[2] had taught him how to manage a mill,[3] and finally had brought the Doctor and the Missionary Board into friendly intercourse.

After the period of discovery of the North Pacific Coast, which was in the main done by water by Berkeley or Barclay in 1788, Quadra in 1790, Vancouver and Gray in 1792, and by land by Mackenzie in 1795, and Lewis and Clark in 1804-6, came the era of the Fur Hunters. Of these there were at least fourteen companies, of which the Hudson's Bay Company was the principal. This began its business on the Pacific Coast in 1821. From some of these explorers the Indians obtained information about God, the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Christian religion. Lewis and Clark had told them that in these were the secret of the white man's power. The Hudson's Bay Company had their flag put up every Sabbath, so that the day had come to be known among the Indians as the "flag day." A certain trapper spent hours in reading the Book and talking silently to an unseen Being above. The Indians wanted to know more about the new religion. They were told that after a while missionaries from the East would come and teach them. They waited for them and talked about the subject around their council fires, but they waited in vain. Hence, after years of waiting, they concluded to send five Nez Perces to the East for missionaries and the Book. They went in 1832;

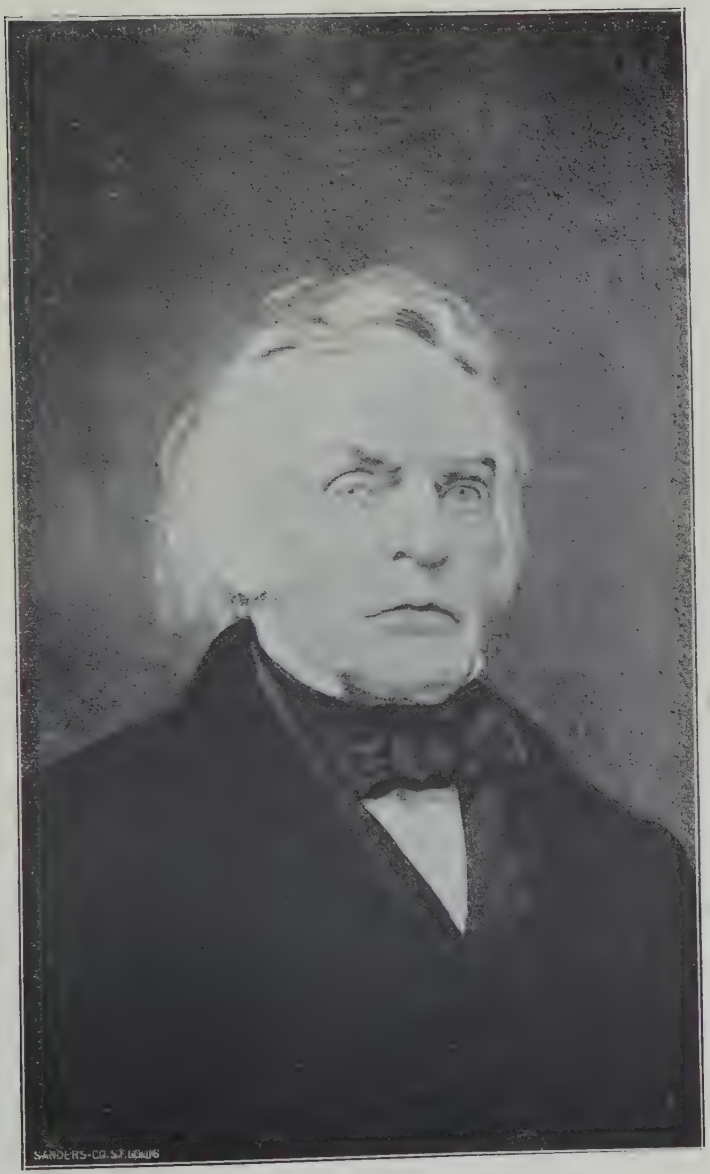
[1] "Missionary Herald," January, 1898, p. 9.

[2] His field stretched two hundred miles in every direction from his home, with not another physician in it as long as he lived.

[3] He was the only member of the Oregon Mission of the American Board who at first had the necessary knowledge.

only four of them, however, reaching St. Louis. There they found their old friend, General Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, whom they had seen in 1805-6. They made known their wants to him, but for some reason he avoided making public the object of their visit. He, however, treated them kindly, entertained them, and showed them the sights of the city. They were taken to the cathedral and shown the altar and the pictures of the saints. But they did not obtain the object of their coming. Two of their number died, and the other two prepared mournfully to return to their homes. As they were about to leave the office of General Clark, one of their number made the following farewell address to him, which was overheard by a young man near by and written down. It was as follows:

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back with both eyes closed? How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the book was not there; you showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man



REV. SAMUEL PARKER

will go with them and no white man's book will make the way plain. I have no more words."

The young man, who was religiously inclined, wrote to his friends in the East an account of these Indians, their desires, and this address, and it was made public early in 1833, as a call from the "Wise men from the West." When it was first published, there were some who doubted, and some denied the truth of it, and even in the latter third of the century, there were some who denied the story. George Catlin, the celebrated painter of Indian portraits, had, however, seen it, and afterwards asked General Clark in regard to it, who said that it was true.[1]

When this story was made known in the East, it aroused the Christian people. The Methodist Episcopal Church soon invited Rev. Jason Lee, of Canada East, to take charge of the mission they proposed to establish in Oregon. In 1834, he with his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, crossed the continent in the company of N. J. Wyeth, and began work in the Willamette Valley.

The call also attracted the attention of Rev. Samuel Parker, then in Middlefield, Mass. He had often thought of the region beyond the Rockies, and when he heard the story, it became a fire in his bones, so that he offered himself to the American Board to go to Oregon the same year.[2] The offer was not, however, immediately accepted, and when it was, and Mr. Parker reached St. Louis, he found himself too late to join the annual fur traders' caravan of 1834. He returned, therefore, to the State of New York, to which he had recently moved, and spent the next winter in lecturing on Oregon, endeavoring to interest the churches in the work and to secure assistants.

[1] Mr. Catlin had painted the portraits of these two young chiefs and had traveled two thousand miles with them on their return home. These portraits are now in the National Gallery of Portraits at Washington. The name of one was Hee-oh'ks-te-kin (The Rabbit Skin Leggings), and of the other H'co-a-h'co-a-cotes-min (No Horns on His Head). The latter died near the mouth of the Yellowstone River on his way home, the former alone reaching his people.—Catlin's North American Indian, pp. 561-2.

[2] For a short sketch of Mr. Parker's life, see appendix "A."

Several persons promised to go, at least five, but of them all, only two ever started, and these were Dr. Whitman and his wife.[1]

Dr. Whitman was accepted by the Board to go in 1835 with Mr. Parker. He reached St. Louis about the first of April, and was joined a fe wdays later by his companion.[2]

Leaving St. Louis April 8th, they went up the Missouri, most of the way by steamer, until they reached Liberty, where they joined the annual caravan of the American Fur Company. Nothing of special note seems to have occurred until they reached the place of rendezvous on Green River, a branch of the Colorado, on the 18th of August, except that some employes of the Company became hostile to them, and declared their determination to kill the missionaries because of their Sabbath-keeping and their temperance principles. When, however, the cholera broke out among them, Dr. Whitman's professional skill, together with Mr. Parker's nursing, were mainly instrumental in saving the lives of the men in the Company.

At the rendezvous Dr. Whitman was called upon to perform some important surgical operations. He extracted an iron

[1] Whether they were acquainted in 1834 or not seems to be uncertain, but probably not. This is at least the impression of Dr. S. J. Parker, a son of Rev. Samuel Parker. He also thinks that his father wrote Dr. Whitman that he had better go and see her at her father's house, and that Mrs. Whitman said in Mr. Parker's parlor before leaving for Oregon: "We had to make love somewhat abruptly, and must do our courtship now that we are married."

Mr. Parker's letter to his family in regard to it was dated December 5, 1834. In it he says: "I have found some missionaries. Dr. Whitman, of Wheeler, Steuben County, New York, has agreed to offer himself to the Board to go beyond the mountains. He has no family. Two ladies offer themselves, one a daughter of Judge Prentiss, of Amity, Alleghany County, the other a Miss McCoy, of Cuba, offers herself; also one minister, very promising, except his health; also a Mr. Clark, and Rev. Samuel May, brother to Mrs. Powell."

[2] It is not known that any journals of his, giving an account of any of his trips across the Continent, are in existence. Hence, in the accounts which will be hereafter given, most of the information is taken from journals and statements made by his companions, especially Messrs. Parker, Gray, Lovejoy, and some of the emigrants of 1843, and Mrs. Whitman.

arrowhead, three inches long, from the back of Captain Bridger, which he had received three years before in a skirmish with the Blackfeet Indians. It was a difficult operation, because the arrow was hooked at the point, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The Doctor performed the operation with great self-possession and firmness, and his patient was equally firm. He also extracted from the shoulder of one of the hunters another arrow which had been there for two and a half years. His reputation having thus become favorably established, calls for medical and surgical aid were almost incessant.[1]

They remained at the rendezvous nine days, gaining all the information they could from traders, trappers and Indians. The prospect seemed to be so favorable that it was thought best for Dr. Whitman to return at once to obtain missionary help, instead of going on with Mr. Parker to assist in the explorations and then return for the needed assistance. Mr. Parker was to go on with the Nez Perces and Flathead Indians to their countries; visit the English trading posts on the Columbia River; learn the prospects of the proposed mission field; the number and character of the Indian tribes; the character of the unknown country, its climate and soil; the character of the Hudson's Bay Company, whether missionaries could depend on their friendship or not; whether bread and clothing could be obtained, or whether the missionaries would be compelled to depend on wild game, roots, berries and skins; the next year he was to return to the rendezvous and make his report to Dr. Whitman and any associates he might bring to it. Dr. Whitman first proposed this plan, which would save a year in the work, but afterward he felt doubtful about leaving Mr. Parker to go on alone with the Indians. Mr. Parker, however, took the responsibility of the risk upon himself. On the 22nd of August they separated, not again to meet until 1843, when

[1] This reputation proved to be of great assistance to the missionary party the next year, when the Fur Company seemed determined to run away from them and leave them to their fate in the wilderness. Dr. Whitman's reputation for kindness and skill seemingly turned the scale, and brought them at last the protection which they absolutely needed.

Dr. Whitman returned East on his great mission to save Oregon.

As Dr. Whitman returned East with the caravan, he took with him two Indian boys, Richard Tac-i-tu-i-tas and John I-tes, one of them the son of a chief. This was done on a promise "to return them in due time, alive and unharmed, to their friends and tribe, under penalty of his life." Dr. Whitman did it that he might show the American Board specimens of the aborigines of the country. He reached St. Louis November 4th, and after visiting New York City, returned to his home at Rushville late on Saturday night. He greatly surprised the congregation the next morning by walking boldly into the Presbyterian Church, followed by his two Indian boys, without the least hint that he might be looked for. As they supposed him to be three thousand miles away, he produced a sensation that was fresh in the memory of many members of the congregation forty years afterwards.[1]

That winter Dr. Whitman spent in work for the American Board, in interesting the people in Indian missions, and in trying to obtain assistance for Oregon. It was necessary that a minister should be obtained, a married man, and after a long search he secured in March Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, then under appointment by the Board to the Osage Mission and on their way to it through the deep snow of Western New York.[2] William H. Gray, of Utica, N. Y., completed the missionary band, augmented by Dr. Whitman's marriage.

The wedding took place on the eve of starting. It was while laboring in a protracted meeting at Angelica that he had sought her as his companion, to share with him the toils and labors of a missionary life beyond the Rocky Mountains. He told her of the long, toilsome journey before they should reach their field of labor. Nothing daunted, she replied, "It is God's cause; I will go." They were married in the church

[1] Both boys went to school that winter, improved rapidly, and went with him the next spring to Oregon. After the death of Dr. Whitman, Richard was appointed Chief by Indian Agent H. A. G. Lee, but later was killed by another Indian.

[2] For sketch of the lives of Messrs. Spalding and Gray, see appendix "B" and "C."

BIRTHPLACE OF NARCISSA WHITMAN, PRATTSBURG, N. Y.

CHURCH IN WHICH DR. AND MRS. WHITMAN WERE MARRIED, 1836

at Angelica, in February, 1836, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Everett Hull. She and her sister were members of the choir. The hymn,

> "Yes, my native land I love thee,
> All thy scenes I love them well,
> Friends, connections, happy country,
> Now, I bid you all farewell,"

was given out. The whole congregation joined in singing it, but before they were half through, one by one, they began to stop. Sobs were heard in the large audience, and the voice of Mrs. Whitman was the only one which held out unwavering to the close, she singing the last stanza alone. The hymn, "Gently, Lord, O gently lead us," was also sung, and the benediction of all present followed those who were soon to leave.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Early in March Dr. and Mrs. Whitman left home on their bridal tour of a few thousand miles. Through snow and mud, by sleigh and stage, they went to Pittsburg. From there they traveled by steamer to St. Louis, being joined by Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife at Cincinnati. It was their first intention to go far up the Missouri River by boat, as Lewis and Clark had done, but they failed in securing passage in a boat of the American Fur Company, and, therefore, had to make their journey entirely by land. While at St. Louis, they secured the pledge of protection for their journey from the American Fur Company, who were then fitting out their annual expedition for the mountains. They went by boat to Liberty Landing, where Mr. Gray joined them. From this point Mr. Spalding started by land with the horses, cattle and two wagons for Council Bluffs, while Dr. Whitman waited with the women and goods for the Company's boat. After some days the boat passed, purposely leaving them behind. Because of this bad faith he was obliged to send forward to Mr. Spalding for horses, and then the very serious question arose whether they could overtake the Company, which by that time had four or five days the start of them. It was a desperate race, but they won it. Dr. Whitman had the four-horse farm wagon; Mr. Spalding the light two-horse wagon, and Mr. Gray, with the help of the two Indian boys, took charge of the horses, mules and cows.

Late in May they overtook the Company on the Loup Fork, which was about as far as it was safe for the missionary band to travel without protection. From this place they moved on well until they reached Fort Laramie. Here the Fur Company had been accustomed to leave their carts, but Dr. Whitman was determined on account of the ladies to take one of the wagons

farther. The Company decided to try the experiment with him, as it would be for their interest in the future to take carts farther, and they took one of their carts along, putting Dr. Whitman in charge of both.

The first day they had some difficulty because of fallen timber in the river bottom, but at night the Doctor came into camp puffing and blowing, in good spirits, right side up, having upset the wagon only once, and the cart but twice. The next day the Company gave him two additional men to assist in exploring and locating the road and getting over the difficult places.

The day they reached Independence Rock there was a thrilling episode. The caravan came near being run over by a heavy herd of buffalo, which were hidden by the hills until the travelers were close upon them, and suddenly stampeded. The caravan, which was about two miles long, closed up as fast as possible, and the guard and every man that could be spared dashed out upon the head of the column of buffalo pouring down from the hills as if there were no end to it. On they came, in spite of many rifles pouring powder and balls into them trying to turn them off. The head of the column seemed about to strike the caravan amidships, and the men, still striving to turn aside the buffalo, were actually mingling with the travelers. The horses and mules were snorting and bounding to break their lines and be off, and it seemed as if nothing could save the party from being trampled to death or stripped of their animals. But at last kind Providence interposed, the leaders yielded to the shower of balls, turned to the right, and the living torrent of "God's cattle upon a thousand hills" swept alongside the caravan with eyes gleaming fire, uttering a terrible, unearthly groan, and causing the earth to tremble by the tramp of their countless thousands, leaving a dozen or so lying dead on the ground. "The scene," says Mr. Spalding, "was fearful, thrilling and grand beyond the power of language."

Mrs. Spalding's health was very poor much of the way, especially after reaching the buffalo country, for after that there was no bread, no food but buffalo meat, and it did not agree with her. Sometimes she seemed to eat nothing, but to subsist on the odor of camphor and spirits of turpentine and

of the sage brush filling the air. Once she fainted. Then she was taken from her horse, laid down, fanned until she revived, and then was placed on her horse again, weeping and saying, "Oh, that I had one crust of bread from my mother's swill pail." Again she begged to be left to the Indians. "I cannot sit upon that horse in this burning sun any longer. Oh, this sickness, this terrible pain." She said to her husband, "I cannot live much longer. Go on and save yourself, and carry the Book of God to those Indians. I shall never see them; my work is done, but bless God, he has brought me thus far. Tell my mother I am not sorry that I came."

July 4th they entered the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, the dividing line between the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes. There, on Independence Day, they alighted from their horses, and, kneeling down, with the Bible and the American flag in their hands, they took possession of the Pacific Coast as the home of American mothers and for the Church of Christ. They thanked God for His sustaining, protecting care over them, for the buffalo food sent to them daily, and humbly commended themselves, especially Mrs. Spalding, in her sinking, feeble state, to His protecting care for the rest of the journey. "And standing as we did," says Mr. Spalding, "upon the summit of those sky-built mountains, with the bright forms of Brainerd, of Butler, of Elliott, and Worcester, early missionaries to the Indians on the Atlantic shores, almost in sight, bending over the pearly gates of Heaven to bid us God speed, we especially commended and consecrated our mission, to be commenced somewhere in the yet far-off West, to Him who had sent four Indians from beyond the mountains to the rising sun, with the Macedonian cry for the Book of God and missionaries to teach it. The moral and physical scene was grand and thrilling. Hope and joy beamed on the face of my dear wife, though pains racked her frame. She seemed to receive new strength. 'Is it a reality or a dream,' she exclaimed, 'that after four months of hard and painful journeyings I am alive, and actually standing on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where yet the foot of white woman has never trod?' There were no martial hosts, no fife and drum, no booming cannon, no orator of the day, nor reading of the Declaration of Independence, but

FOURTH OF JULY, 1836

there have been few more memorable or prophetic scenes than that when they took possession of the Pacific Coast 'in the name of God and the United States.' "

From Independence Rock an express had been sent forward announcing the movements of the caravan and the time it expected to reach the rendezvous. This information reached not only the trappers and traders but also the Indians, and consequently a few of the Nez Perces and Flathead Indians came on to welcome the missionaries. They met them on the evening of the fourth, where they were camped on the Little Sandy, a tributary of Green River, two days before their arrival at the rendezvous. Among them were *Tak-ken-su-i-tas* (Rotten Belly) and *Is-hol-hol-hoats-hoats* (Lawyer) with a letter from Mr. Parker. The letter told them of his kind reception by the Indians, of the arrival of Rev. Jason Lee and party, and of his kind treatment by the Hudson's Bay Company, who, however, were really opposed to American influence in the country, especially in the way of trade. The letter was not very satisfactory, for Mr. Parker was evidently afraid he might write something which would be detrimental to the mission work, through the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Indians were very happy when they saw that Dr. Whitman and their own boys had returned, and that with them were a minister, the ladies, and the cattle. They wanted to know if the Book of God was there also, and stated that they had come to welcome them and assist them in going to the Indian country. They wished the missionaries to promise to go directly there.

On the evening of July 6 they arrived at the rendezvous. This was really any place in the Rocky Mountains, previously agreed upon, where the fur companies, traders, trappers and Indians of various tribes met for trade, and where, for the time, there was to be peace among all parties, however hostile they might be at other times and places. From it each fur company returned to its own side of the mountains, not daring to infringe on the territory of the other. This year the rendezvous was on Green River, a branch of the Colorado. Here the trappers had been about twelve days when the missionaries arrived, and here the Nez Perces came to meet them in large numbers, giving them the hand with a hearty welcome as they rode

by. There were a large band of young women with their raven black hair in two plaits, and white dresses of goat skins, ornamented with glass beads and haiqua shells (the native money), glistening in the shining sun. Riding gracefully, with a plaintive song and smiling countenances, these gave the white women such a hearty shake of the hand as to almost make them forget that they were in a land of savages. The older women and children came next, fully enveloping their white sisters, not satisfied until they had taken them from their horses and saluted them with a kiss. Lastly, the mountain men and free trappers came, wishing to see the white women, as many of them had not seen one for years, since they had been in the mountains. "From that day," said one of them, as he thought of the home of his early childhood, of his mother and his sisters and purity, "I was a better man." Mrs. Spalding soon became favorite with the Indian women, for she paid them the more attention, and also possibly because of her poor health, for which they pitied her. Mrs. Whitman, on the other hand, seemed to have more influence over the mountain men, to whom she paid the more attention. They were rough men who appreciated the education and refined manners of the daughter of Judge Prentiss. The rough old mountain hunter would touch his hat in a way absolutely ridiculous, often even failing to express the compliment intended, which the mischief or good humor of Mrs. Whitman sometimes enjoyed as a good joke. The influence which she exerted over them was felt in the wildest regions long after her death. It was well that each of the women worked silently on a different class of persons, for they thus undoubtedly did far more good than they could have done had both been popular with the same class.

Here were four or five hundred mountain men and about fifteen tribes of Indians. There were three classes of the whites; first, those permanently connected with the fur companies, who usually either came from the settlements and returned to them each year, or perhaps wintered at some fort where they had regular duties; second, the regular employes of the fur companies, who were hired to pack to the mountains, trap one, two or more years, as they should choose, and return when they wished to the settlements, the furs they obtained

when thus trapping being sold to the company which employed them; third, the free trappers, who hunted on their own hook, went and came as they pleased, and sold their furs where they could get the best prices. On account of the dangers to which they were exposed, especially from the Indians, their average life in the mountains was only about four and a half years; but notwithstanding the dangers it was a wild and free life, full of adventure, and very attractive to some men.

On the third day a grand review of the Indians was given. We give it mainly in Mr. Spalding's words.[1]

"A national salute was given to the whites by the several nations. The Blackfeet tribe led off and fairly won the admiration of the whites by their war equipments and fearfully painted horses, black or yellow, red or white, according to the natural color of the horse. Next followed the Nez Perces and Flathead tribes, who received equal applause for their masterly horsemanship, very natural sham fights, and their national airs consisting of a few striking words oft repeated, but sung in a plaintive tone, in which they were joined by a large band of young women, riding in an extended column behind, their wonderfully sweet voices keeping most excellent time, floating far through the air, their dresses profuse with heavy bands of white and blue cut glass beads, alternated with bands of mother-of pearl and haiqua shells, brilliant in the sunbeams, their saddles rising in front and behind—natural and important supports—and their heavy cruppers and breast bands of the finest blue or scarlet red, elaborately decorated and hung with hawk-bells and steel-top thimbles and fine bead work, hung with phylacteries of elk teeth and tin coils, producing a regular, loud, but not harsh jingle as their fiery steeds pranced slowly along, seemingly unconscious, not only of their own fiery dispositions, but of their female riders.

"Several days were taken up with the reviews of one tribe after another. By general consent each tribe was afforded sufficient time and a fair opportunity for their display. Although

[1] "Oregon States Rights Democrat," 1867.

there was some difference in the songs and equipments of the different tribes, the more hostile ones presenting the most wild and furious spectacle, yet the general order was the same. After silence had settled down for a few minutes, the attention would be suddenly called to a cavalcade of horsemen coming in sight around a point of timber or hill and sweeping out upon the plains, moving forward in a slow trot or prance, presenting an extended and unbroken breast many columns deep, every horseman, except the women, without saddles, and riding upon a mountain panther or medicine wolf skin, thrown loosely over the horse, twenty or thirty of the war chiefs or warriors, upon their best horses, painted fearfully, and some wearing buffalo horns and bear's claws, sweeping up and down in front of the long column, haranguing in a loud and distinct voice, some of the tribe nearly naked with buffalo horns upon their heads and silver fox skins at their heels; most of them with buckskin shirts and moccasins elaborately decorated with fine beads and porcupine quills, and with full grown white wolf or panther skins streaming in full length behind them, and with wild war caps of eagle feathers, black, with red tips, extending far behind—all streaming and gleaming fearfully in the air, as these Jehus would sweep up and down, now brandishing their spears or muskets, and bows, and now balancing them high over their heads; now wheeling and cross-riding; now throwing themselves on one side of the horse, and wheeling and throwing themselves upon the other side, and darting the spear under and before the horse's breast; and all accompanied by the constant pounding of a great number of Rocky Mountain gongs, or Indian drums, the terrific screams of a number of whistles made of the leg-bone of the gray eagle and swan, the constant jingle of the medicine rattle box, and the heavy clang of the hawk-bells, tin coil, bear claws, and human bones trimmed with human scalps, hanging upon every horse—interrupted now and then by a terrific battle yell, rounding off in a vibrating war-whoop, almost sufficient to curdle the blood in our veins. In the center, and a little in advance, is seen an aged and patriarchal one, wearing an American coat and hat, and bearing in one hand the American flag, and in the other an enormous calumet, or the great pipe of peace.

FORT LARAMIE

INDEPENDENCE ROCK

"At a sufficient distance the white men and friendly tribes are gathered round, forming three sides of the great ring, while the hostile tribes in close squads, each under their own strong guard, form the other side. As the flag reaches within twenty rods of the great stone house, the old man stops; the young women close up and continue their singing, and with the strong watch continue stationary, while the warriors and young men engage in a sham battle, the American leaders standing in the door of the store, also holding the American flag. Suddenly the horsemen collect near the flag, and in an instant this great throng of horses, thickly crowded together, stands empty and quiet, their riders gone for the instant; but as if by magic, and before the eye can follow them, they are seen already collected in a thick group near by, bounding up and down in the scalp dance, all as one being, first upon one leg and then the other, taking three steps, keeping the most perfect time with the beat of the drum and the voice of the singers.

"Suddenly the flag drops and all is still. The old man approaches the white captain, the hand of friendship is extended, the pipe of peace passed around, and in a few moments the beaver belonging to that tribe begins to come in from the rear, and pack after pack is thrown down at the old patriarch's feet, who does the trading for this tribe. The price of each skin and the goods are fixed, and the articles required are handed to the old man as fast as four or five clerks can attend to them, and he again hands the articles back into the crowd to whom they belong.

"This tribe retires amid the shouts of the white crowd, to give place to another tribe, except perhaps the scalp dance is sometimes prolonged to give a late successful warrior an opportunity to act over again his bloody contest with his fallen foe, and exhibit the number of real scalps he had taken, while the enemy he had thus afflicted are looking on with sullen countenances, waiting to turn the tables next day upon this warrior and his tribe, by exhibiting an equal or greater number of scalps which they had taken in some battle.

"The mountaineers seemed to adopt very readily the man-

ners, dress, habits and even the gestures and walk of the Indian. A greater compliment could not be paid to a free trapper than to persuade him that he had been mistaken for an Indian brave. His hair, suffered to attain full length, is carefully combed out, and suffered to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited and tied up with otter or white weasel skin. A hunting shirt of buckskin, with heavy phylacteries and circles of porcupine quills, falls to his knees, below which, leggings of the same, closely fitted to his calves, and beautifully ornamented with fine beads and heavy fringes, reaches to a pair of moccasins curiously wrought with scarlet beads and porcupine quills. His blanket is girt about him with a red sash or otter skin, in which is bestowed his pipe, knife, and tobacco pouch, the latter wrought with beads. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks, vermillion, and eagle's feathers. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, profit, pleasure, and often safety of the mountaineer, is often caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style. His Indian wife, with her horse, selected for his prancing, and her saddle and baby cradle, are still more elaborately and expensively decorated with pounds of white and black beads, haiqua shells and tin coils, elk teeth and hawk-bells, finger rings and heavy bracelets, steel top thimbles and cut-glass beads, all glistening in the sunbeams and producing a cheery jingling, as she gallops alongside of her American 'hama' (man); their babe lashed in its cradle, and swung to the forehorn of her saddle, while two white parflesh portfolios, beautifully decorated with painted figures, and heavy phylacteries, containing her root-stick, fire steel, sinews, awl, kimp and other necessaries, are hung to the hind one.

"The yearly rendezvous was a hey-dey for these modern nimrods. They would collect together at the place appointed, and await the arrival of the traders' caravan with watchful anxiety, and greet the newcomers (pork-eaters) with a hearty good cheer. They would entertain each other for hours with prodigious tales of wonders seen and wonders endured; of Indian fights, narrow escapes, and comrades scalped; of fated decoys, by means of Indians dressed in elk skins and apparent-

ly feeding about; of starvations; of buffalo hunts and buffalo feasts; of climbing snow mountains and carrying sweet cottonwood back to keep their animals from perishing; of swimming ice-floating rivers with packs on their backs in search of beaver signs; of Balaamite mules, up to Indians in ambush; of beaver up to trap of the luck stream, where he is brought to medicine. The eventful hours were also relieved by a display of horsemanship, in all their gay and fluttering attire; by horse races and foot races; by wrestling, jumping and pounding noses; by boasting and counter-boasting.

"In the meantime a brisk trade is kept up; the log stores of the company or rival companies are thronged late and early till beaver are gone, credit gone, whisky gone, grass gone, stores emptied, and the appointed day to break up camp dawns, when suddenly the narrow valley of the Green River for ten miles is all alive with horses and mules and human beings. The thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of horses are driven into their several camps and horse pens, lodge poles taken down, lodges rolled up and packed, beaver bales packed, and pack saddles on the mules, and the long cavalcade for St. Louis impatient to be in motion; the hearty shake of the hand and soul invigorating 'God bless you' goes around. The home-bound partner gives the signal by firing his piece, followed instantly by a thousand volleys. The Canadians lead off in that soul-vivifying Canadian boat song, followed by the Mexican, the English, and the many Indian tongues. As these many natives and languages start off in all directions, the home-bound caravan for the rising sun, the Indian tribes for their distant mountain homes; the mountain trappers moving camp with them, or collecting in small bands, move off to choice trapping fields in the secluded glens of the distant dark mountains, to live over again their life of peril, danger, starvation and feasting, and to come together again with numbers greatly reduced by other sleepless foes. And the romantic valley relapses into its pristine stillness and solitude."

Such is Mr. Spalding's description of life at the American rendezvous in 1836, when the missionary party were there.

After they had been at this place a few days, Captain Nathaniel Wyeth appeared, direct from the Columbia.[1]

He was on his way East with a party of the Hudson's Bay Company under Thomas McKay and John McLeod. He gave the missionaries far more information than they had gained from Mr. Parker's letters and all other sources. He told them that there were thousands of bushels of wheat raised around the Company's forts; and that there were flour mills at Colville and Vancouver; that Vancouver contained shops and stores where the necessaries of life could be obtained; and that, while the Company would resist all interference in the fur trade by Americans, yet as the missionaries had their wives along, and had come for the purpose of Christianizing the Indians, they would probably be very kindly received and aided in every reasonable way. He soon introduced them to Messrs. McLeod and McKay, and advised the missionaries to put themselves under the protection of these gentlemen when they should return to the Columbia. This was welcome intelligence to the missionaries, who did not know how they were to manage for the rest of the journey, unless they were to join some band of Indians and perhaps winter in the mountains. This arrival seemed to them the more providential because previous to this time the Hudson's Bay Company had not been accustomed to send their traders to this place of rendezvous.

[1] He had first crossed the Continent in 1832 with the view of trading in furs and canning salmon on the Lower Columbia. He sent a ship around Cape Horn, but it was never heard from, and the enterprise proved to be a failure for that year. He then returned East and in 1834 sent another vessel around the Horn, while he crossed the continent, starting with seventy men (Rev. Jason Lee had been in his company at this time). He built Fort Hall, then went to the mouth of the Columbia, where he met his vessel, and built Fort William on Sauvie's Island. He was fairly in the country of the Hudson's Bay Company, and they built Fort Boise, where they undersold him. His enterprise on Sauvie's Island proved a failure, and he found himself obliged to sell out to the Company in 1837, although he returned East in 1836, after having lost a fortune of thirty thousand dollars. His was the end of all American efforts in the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains. To use his expression, he "had been politely bowed out of the country" by the superior advantages of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Messrs. McKay and McLeod did all that Captain Wyeth expected they would in assisting the missionary band. They chose the best route for them, especially for the ladies, assisted them in regard to food, and accommodated their march to that of the cattle, wagon and ladies of the missionaries. When Captain Bridger, the famous mountaineer, said good-bye at this rendezvous to Dr. Whitman, he thanked the Doctor very heartily for extracting an arrow-head from his backbone the year before, and promised to send his half-breed daughter, Mary Ann, to Dr. Whitman's mission when she should be old enough. This promise he fulfilled, and she remained at the Doctor's as long as he lived.

All parties except the Indians advised Dr. Whitman to leave his wagon at this place, but he was determined to take it along. The Indians, getting some of his spirit, assisted him in finding a wagon road. Messrs. McLeod and McKay said that they did not believe it possible to take a wagon through the rugged mountains of the Bear River and the volcanic burning sand deserts of the Snake Country, though they would select the possible passes and give him a chance to settle the question whether wagons, women and cattle could be taken through the "great and terrible wilderness." From Soda Springs to Fort Hall was the most difficult part of the way, yet the Doctor persevered. Mr. Gray, after traveling the same road again, says he does not see how it was done. At Fort Hall an assistant of the missionary party, Miles Goodyear, a boy of sixteen, determined to leave the party if the Doctor should go farther with the wagon. The Doctor did not give up, so Goodyear left. Advice was strong against taking the wagon farther, largely on account of this loss of help, and partly on account of this advice a compromise was effected. The wagon was made into a cart, the extra wheels and axletree were packed on the cart, and Dr. Whitman proceeded.

In crossing Snake River, the cart and mules were both upset in the river, and the mules, becoming entangled in the harness, came near being drowned, but their ever-present angel, Thomas McKay, went to their relief as quickly as possible on a strong horse. With the help of a lasso rope and two strong horses, with two men swimming behind to steady it, he at last

took it ashore, to the great joy of Mrs. Whitman, who saw her husband struggling in the waters.[1]

When they reached Fort Boise, Mr. McKay stopped, as he was in charge of the Fort. He and Mr. McLeod and others of the Company told the Doctor that it was impossible to take the wagon farther unless he should take it to pieces, bend the iron tires, and pack it on mules, with the danger even then of losing a part of it by the mules and their loads falling down precipices. After some consultation the Doctor compromised the matter by agreeing to leave it, with the understanding that he or Mr. Gray should return and get it after the mission should be located.[2]

For a time after reaching the rendezvous Mrs. Spalding continued to grow weaker. The following is from her journal: "July 8. My illness rather increases, but all is in the hands of my Saviour, who knows and will do what is for the best. I am happy to sink into his will concerning what awaits me."

The next day Captain Dripps found somewhere a handful of dried apple and a little flour, and brought them to her. Her stomach retained this food, and the fever left her. The Indians also brought her dried kamas root biscuit which she could eat, and she began to recover. Salmon were afterwards obtained, and with other meat beside buffalo she regained her strength so that she made the rest of the journey comfortably. Thrice she had very narrow escapes from death. The first was in the Bear River Valley. The Indian hunters had started some antelope, and all, antelope and Indians yelling after their

[1] Some years later the Doctor, by his medical skill, saved his deliverer from a serious disease. Still later, this friend left his home in the Willamette with a company of men to avenge the massacre at Walla Walla.

[2] The wagon was made at Holland Patent, New York, for Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, when they expected to work among the Osage Indians, and started with that intention. Mr. Spalding made the bed, cover, and some of the running gear with his own hands. With the snow about five feet deep when he left, he placed the bed on runners and hauled the wheels until they reached ground, but finding no reliable bottom, it was put on board the steamer at Pittsburg and taken to Liberty, Missouri. It is probable that to the day of its death it remained at Fort Boise.

FORT BOISE, Exterior

FORT BOISE, Interior

prey, with feathers and flags streaming in the air, flew through the train, frightening the mules which were hitched to the wagon driven by Mr. Spalding. The mules broke into a run towards the horse which Mrs. Spalding was riding and which was taking everything quietly. There was a crash and a stifled scream. Mr. Spalding struck the ground, stopped pulling, and immediately the mules stopped. He got up and saw his wife's horse getting up, but she lay motionless on the ground. He raised her, and to his joy found her not much hurt, only jarred; but how she and the horse could have been knocked down and run over by the cart with so little injury was very strange. Only a kind Providence preserved her.

Again, the day they left Fort Hall her horse, a perfectly gentle animal, stepped into a wasps' nest and jumped and kicked violently. She was thrown on her head and shoulders, with her foot hanging in the stirrup. Thomas McKay, riding near, first sprang to her relief, with his rifle drawn, ready to shoot the horse should he attempt to run, but he did not. No bones were broken, and she was able to move on by being placed in the wagon.

At the crossing of Snake River, August 14th, too, Mrs. Spalding had a dangerous experience. The river was about a thousand feet wide, divided by two islands into three channels. Usually it was too deep to ford, but at this time the tallest American horses were about nine inches above water. The two tallest were selected for the women and led by two Frenchmen. It was necessary to cross one channel diagonally up stream. As they reached the middle of the channel and her horse leaned heavily against the water, her head began to swim and she to fall into the water. "In an instant more," says Mr. Spalding, "her fate would be sealed. No human arm could overtake and rescue her from the broad, sweeping flood. I yelled, 'Look at those deer coming down that mountain; we will have meat for supper.' She righted immediately, and I instantly replied, 'Keep your eye on that mountain, and let it not look at the water again or you are lost!' She understood me, and said she saw no more of the river till they reached the shore all safe."

Through such dangers these first two women journeyed to

Oregon, and it was not strange that Mr. Spalding wrote to the Home Board, "Never send another woman over those mountains, if you have any regard for human life." But the deed was done, never to be undone, and two years later, four more women followed, other missionary women for two years more, and then the emigrants.

Still, it was a mighty undertaking for them. At Cincinnati and St. Louis, mountain men pronounced the undertaking scarcely less than manslaughter, and suggested the idea of stopping Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman by the civil authorities. George Catlin, who had spent many years among the tribes of the Upper Missouri in painting Indians and Indian scenes, said that they could not take the women through. The hostile Indians that hover about the convoy would fight against any odds to capture them. One woman tried it, but the company was massacred, and she was dragged away and never heard of again. They were told that strong men, of the parties of Hunt, Henry and Bonneville, had suffered stupendous hardships, had lost their horses, had starved, had been compelled to live on rosebuds and old horse hides nearly all winter in getting through, had arrived in small parties, mere skeletons, barefoot and nearly naked; that some had perished outright; that others had been left, too weak to go on, and had been picked up by the Digger Indians, who were themselves almost starving on a scanty supply of cakes made of roots and black crickets—to be found the next year by their companions.

After they were well on their way, and saw how weak Mrs. Spalding was, Captains Sublette and Fitzpatrick united in remonstrance against her proceeding farther, saying that she could not live to get through to the Columbia; that after she should leave the rendezvous they would be in a hostile Crow and Blackfoot country, with no probability of meeting any traders there who would conduct them through; that then they would be obliged to go with the Nez Perces by their route, which would lead them, in order to get buffalo meat for the year, through the Wind River, Salmon River and Bitter Root Mountains, probably to be caught in the snow; that the Crows and Blackfeet would fight to get possession of them, for they were always at war with

the Nez Perces and Flatheads, who were continually losing people and horses in these conflicts. Mr. Spalding, at Fort Laramie, urged her to remain there until the Fur Company should return, and then to go back with them to the Osage Indians, and enter upon that work. But all this did not move her. Mrs. Spalding said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart, for I am ready not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem or in the Rocky Mountains, if need be, for the name of the Lord Jesus." "Duty is mine; my life, my strength, the dangers of the way are His." "I like the command just as it is, 'Go ye into all the world,' and no exceptions for poor health." In her journal she wrote:

"*June 10.* I have been quite unwell for several days, and I attribute my illness wholly to change of diet, which has been from necessity. Our dependence for food is buffalo meat through the remainder of our journey, which we do not expect will end until September, if even then. But I am resolved not to feel anxious about what awaits me, for my destiny is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well." "*June 21.* This day we leave this post (Laramie). Only He who knows all things knows whether this dilapidated frame will survive the undertaking. His will, not mine, be done."

Rev. Jason Lee, after personally examining the whole route, pronounced it, as all other travelers had done, impossible for a white woman to endure its hardships and dangers, and sent for his women missionaries to come around Cape Horn. Two weeks after Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman had started this opinion of Mr. Lee reached the East. Says Mr. Spalding: "Had our wives seen this opinion of Mr. Lee, they would have been deterred, and had they come at all, they would doubtless have come around Cape Horn." He also adds, "These feeble women were selected of God to settle the question by their own sacrifices and trials and hardships that white women and wagons and cattle could cross the mountains. The gold of California and of the world could not have induced them to undertake what they did. But God knew the power that would move them. He brought a single short sentence from

the words of Jesus, 'Go teach all nations,' to bear upon their minds, and, behold, the stupendous national results." We must also remember, as has already been stated, that it was on account of the women that Dr. Whitman determined to take the wagon on from Fort Laramie—the wagon which first fairly went into Oregon, and prepared the way for the first emigration by wagon.

Mr. Gray, in his *History of Oregon,* gives the following description of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman at this time: "Dr. Whitman was a man of easy, don't-care habits, that could become all things to all men, and yet a sincere and earnest man, speaking his mind before he thought a second time, giving his views on all subjects without much consideration, correcting them and changing them, when good reasons presented, and, when fixed in the pursuit of an object, adhering to it with unflinching tenacity. A stranger would consider him fickle and stubborn, yet he was sincere and kind, and generous to a fault, devoting every energy of his mind and body to the welfare of the Indians and objects of the mission, seldom manifesting fears of any danger that might surround him. At times he would become animated and earnest in his argument or conversation. In his profession he was a bold practitioner, and generally successful. He was above medium height, of spare habit, peculiar hair, a portion being white and dark brown, so that it might be called iron-gray, deep blue eyes, and large mouth. He could accommodate himself to circumstances, such as dipping the water from the running stream with his hand to drink, cut and eat his food with only a hunter's knife; in fact, could rough it without qualms of stomach.

"Mrs. Whitman was a lady of refined feelings and commanding appearance; she had very light hair, light sandy complexion. Her features were large, her form full and round. At the time she arrived in the country in the prime of life she was considered a fine, noble-looking woman, and free to converse with all she met. Her conversation was affable and cheerful. Firmness with her was natural, and to some, especially the Indians, it was repulsive. She had been brought

up in comparative comfort, and moved in the best religious society in the place of her residence. She was a good singer, and one of her amusements, as well as that of her traveling companions, was to teach the Doctor to sing, which she did with considerable success; that is, he could sing the native songs without much difficulty. The mountain men thought she was a woman of too much refinement to be thrown away on Indians, and that she must have had considerable romance in her disposition to have undertaken such an expedition with such a common, kind, good-hearted fellow as the Doctor."

On the 2nd of September they reached Fort Walla Walla, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. At Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula) they were received with extra demonstrations. These must have been seen to have been realized. "The gates of the Fort were thrown open," says Mr. Gray, in his *History of Oregon*, "the ladies assisted from their horses, and every demonstration of joy and respect manifested. The party were soon led into an apartment—the best the establishment had to offer. Their horses and mules were unloaded and cared for, the cattle were not neglected. It appeared we had arrived among the best of friends, instead of total strangers, and were being welcomed in the most cordial manner. We found the gentleman in charge, Mr. P. C. Pambrun, a French Canadian by birth, all that we could wish, and more than we expected." The choice game of the prairies, well-cooked, a small supply of potatoes, corn, and a few melons was a great and agreeable change from the dried and pounded buffalo meat on which the party had mainly lived for a long time. After a few days they went down the Columbia to Vancouver, where they were received with still greater demonstrations of joy than at Walla Walla. A special table was prepared, called the ladies' table, at which Governor McLoughlin or the next highest officer of the Fort usually presided. The wives of the governor and chief clerk at first were not permitted to eat with them, as there was too much native blood in their veins, and so it was felt that they were not sufficiently accomplished. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, however, soon learned the family connections, and introducing them-

selves to the two principal mothers of the Fort not long after, in opposition to the wishes of their husbands, brought them to the table, with the youngest daughter of the Governor. They took considerable pains to make themselves generally useful, so that when, at the end of two weeks, the men of the mission determined to return east of the Cascades to select their stations and homes, the Governor would not allow the ladies to depart until the men should first go and do the preliminary work.

Here Dr. Whitman received his first insight into the monopoly which the Hudson's Bay Company held. When he inquired about obtaining cattle from the Company, he was told that he could have them on the same terms that other settlers obtained them. This was to take wild oxen, break them, use them until the Company required them, and then return them; to take cows, use the milk, and return the cows and their increase, and, in case one should get lost or killed, to replace it from the mission band; for there were no cattle in the country at that time except those owned by the Company and the few that the missionaries had just brought. Dr. Whitman concluded not to mortgage the few he had in that way.

Dr. Whitman was in favor of beginning work on the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Cowlitz, below Vancouver, but, on account of the influence of the Company, and the instructions of the Home Board, it was thought best to locate east of the Cascades. In two weeks after their arrival the gentlemen of the mission, together with Mr. Pambrun, who had come from Walla Walla with them, went up the Columbia, by way of exploration. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray liked The Dalles, but Mr. Spalding and Mr. Pambrun opposed it. Dr. Whitman's idea was that there were many Indians at The Dalles, as it was a great fishery, and that if a mission were established there, a ship could come from Boston so near to them that the mission would be independent in time. This was plainly what the Hudson's Bay Company did not want, for it might in time lead to the undermining of the Company's power and profits. The Company urged the establishment of stations farther up the Columbia, and promised to furnish

the supplies necessary for the mission without the need of a special ship.[1]

Dr. McLoughlin gave them an order on Fort Colville for all the grain and wheat they should need for two years, expecting, after that, that they would be able to raise their own wheat and build their own mill. It was also for the Company's interests to oppose a mission on the Cowlitz, for they did not want any Americans to settle on the north side of the Columbia. They believed that if England should not obtain all of Oregon the Columbia would be the dividing line, and they felt that it might jeopardize England's interests, and with her's those of the Hudson's Bay Company, if Americans made settlements of any kind in that region.

In regard to a station at The Dalles they also stated that the Indians there were the worst in the region, because they held the gateway between the regions east and west of the Cascade Mountains, and so could charge a heavy toll, and were much addicted to thieving. This was true. Still, Dr. Whitman's ideas were correct, for a few years later the Methodists established a mission at the place, which proved to be their most successful one by far; the only one they did not close up in 1845, and which Dr. Whitman bought in 1847 just before his death. But the ideas of Mr. Pamburn and the Company prevailed at that time and the men proceeded up the river.

Dr. Whitman's station was selected on the Walla Walla River, at the mouth of Mill Creek, six miles from the present city of Walla Walla, and twenty-five from the Hudson's Bay Company's fort of that name. It was named *Wai-i-lat-pu,* "the place of rye grass." A house was soon built, the mission horses, cattle and goods brought there, and Mr. Gray left in charge, while Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman went to the Nez Perces country to select a station for Mr. Spalding. Dr.

[1] This promise was thoroughly fulfilled as long as the mission lasted. All that the missionaries had to do was to make out their orders for goods, which were sent by the Company to England, and were paid for by drafts on the American Board. Generally, too, when these goods arrived by ship at Vancouver, the Company sent them up the Columbia as far as Fort Walla Walla at a very reasonable charge for freight.

Whitman then returned to his station to erect more buildings, and Mr. Spalding went to Vancouver for the ladies. He procured an outfit valued at over a thousand dollars, clothing, bedding, material for building and farming, medicines, Indian goods and the like, and with the ladies, with whom, however, Dr. McLoughlin was quite loth to part, left Vancouver, November 3rd, arriving at Fort Walla Walla on the 13th. Here they were met by a large party of Nez Perces, who in council granted Mr. Spalding, according to a promise made at the American rendezvous, a title to the Lapwai mission station as a home for himself and wife for life. Soon afterward Mr. Spalding and wife left for that place, where they arrived November 29th. They had to camp in a lodge made of buffalo skins until December 23rd, when their house was so far finished that they moved into it.

After remaining about three weeks at the Fort at Mr. Pamburn's earnest request, Mrs. Whitman reached her home at *Wai-i-lat-pu* on the 10th of December. There she found, as a result of the Doctor's labors, a house and lean-to enclosed, with a good chimney and fireplace and the floor laid; but with no doors or windows (except blankets), nor bedstead, chairs or table, or anything from which to make them except green cottonwood, and all boards to be sawed by hand. The long bridal tour was ended, and they were ready to receive callers.

She was happy, and wrote, "Where are we now, and who are we that we should be thus blessed of the Lord? I can scarcely realize that we are thus comfortably fixed and keeping house, so soon after our marriage, when considering what was then before us."

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, who were about ninety miles distant, their nearest missionary neighbors were the Methodists in the Willamette Valley, near where Salem now is, about three hundred and fifty miles away. There were four men, Rev. Jason Lee, P. L. Edwards, Rev. Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepherd. These had crossed the Continent in 1834 and begun mission work, having established a school called "The Oregon Mission Manual Labor School," where some dozens of Indian children were in attendance. They had sent for reinforcements to come by way of Cape Horn, and these had

started, but had not yet arrived. They were noble pioneers, who then and there laid the foundations of what proved to be the first American settlement on the Pacific Coast, and laid it, providentially and fortunately, with Christianity at the center.

Besides these neighbors there were the Hudson's Bay Company's forts; Boise, about two hundred and fifty, and Hall, five hundred miles toward the east; Walla Walla, twenty-five, and Vancouver, three hundred miles westward; Umpqua, two hundred miles southerly from Vancouver; Colville and Okanogan, two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles northward; and Astoria, the earliest settlement in the country, at the mouth of the Columbia, almost deserted, except by a few employes of the Company. This was all except Indians.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE PLAINS—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Whitman's Journal.

As the journey of Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding was the first one ever made by white women across the Continent, the following account of it by Mrs. Whitman is given.[1] The first part is in the form of letters; the latter in that of a journal.[2]

On Board Steamboat at Siam, March 15, 1836.

Dear, Dear Mother—Your proposal concerning keeping a diary as I journey, comes before my mind often. I have not found it practicable while traveling by land, although many events have passed which, if noted as they occurred, might have been interesting. We left Pittsburg this morning at ten o'clock. It is delightful passing down the waters of the beautiful river.

March 28. We have just come on board the Majestic. It is rightly named, for it is one of the largest boats on the river. We are now sailing on the waters of the great Mississippi. We arrived at Cincinnati Thursday noon; found Brother Spalding. Said he had been waiting for us anxiously for a

[1] A few unimportant parts are omitted. Mrs. Spalding also kept a journal during the journey, but it is entirely different from that of Mrs. Whitman's, being mainly an account of her own religious feelings and experiences, and, in the words of Hon. S. A. Clark, is too sacred for the public gaze.

[2] These were obtained by the author and G. H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and were first published in the Walla Walla Union of January, 1889, and in the Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1891 and 1893.

fortnight. Spent the remainder of the week in making arrangements for our journey, and on the Sabbath had a very interesting time with the disciples of Jesus there; felt strengthened and comforted as we left them to pursue our journey into the wilderness. Much good feeling was manifested in the churches—a deep interest appeared to be taken in the missions. Especially our two Indian youths attracted the gaze and admiration of a crowd on Sabbath evening. We left Tuesday noon on the Junius and expected to arrive in St. Louis before the Sabbath, but our expectation was not realized, and Saturday night found us on the waters of the Mississippi, eighty-nine miles from St. Louis. We felt it our duty not to travel on the Sabbath, and determined to leave the boat, although many on board tried to persuade us to remain, and have preaching on the Sabbath, and of the number, one was a Presbyterian minister from New York, who appeared quite anxious to detain us. At ten o'clock we landed at Chester, Illinois, and had a most delightful Sabbath of rest, with the few disciples of Jesus we found there. An aged minister who had been toiling in this part of the vineyard ever since the year 1817, we found of a kindred spirit. He preaches to several congregations. Said he had not had a brother minister to preach for him since he had been there, and to have a mission family call and enjoy the privileges of the Sabbath with him, seemed like angels' visits. He had heard of their passing and repassing often. Mr. Spalding preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon my husband requested the children and youth to meet in a Sabbath School, and we distributed a number of books among them. Of the number, we found one young man who professed to be a Roman Catholic—said he wanted to know our religion—had not a Protestant Bible, but if he had one would read it attentively. My husband gave him a Testament, for which he appeared grateful.

Since we came on board, we have come on very pleasantly. Our accommodations are better here than on any previous boat.

19th, Tuesday morning. We shall expect to see St. Louis today. *Evening.* We are now in port. Husband has been to the office expecting to find letters from dear, dear friends at

home, but found none. Why have they not written? Seeing it is the very last, last time they will have to cheer my heart with intelligence from home, home, sweet home, and the friends I love. *But I am not sad.* My health is good. My mind completely occupied with present duty and passing events. St. Louis has a commanding situation.

Wednesday, 30th. A boat is in port, ready to take us up the Missouri, and will leave today. When we were in Pittsburg we heard that the Fur Company's steamboat, "Diana," had left St. Louis. We then expected to make our journey from Liberty to Bellview by land, probably on horseback, 300 miles of which would have been the most difficult part of the journey, on account of the season and high water. But Providence has ordered it otherwise. Since we arrived here we learn that the "Diana" snagged herself and sunk, but in shallow water, so that no lives were lost. We have the promise of overtaking her before we reach Liberty. She is now lying up for repairs and drying her freight. We had a call from a gentleman this morning who has resided in the mountains. Richard knew him very well—is going back with us. He was formerly from Cincinnati. It seems to me now that we are on the very borders of civilization, although we shall pass many towns on our way to Liberty. At this moment my feelings are peculiar. I hardly know how to define them. I have not one feeling of regret at the step which I have taken, but count it a privilege to go forth in the name of my Master, cheerfully bearing the toil and privation that we expect to encounter. I intend to write home from Council Bluffs if I am not prevented, and give some statements which I cannot now. We could not pack all contained in that box sent us from Angelica. What we could not, Brother Whitman took home to sell for us, and send the avails to St. Louis. How anxiously I looked for a line or two from some one of the dear family in that box somewhere, but I saw none. Jane, don't forget to write to them for me. It is out of my power to write as much as I should like to. How often I think of Christians in Angelica—those beloved sisters and brothers, with whom we have knelt before the altar of prayer. Surely, now I feel the influence of their prayers, although widely separated. Say

to them we wish them to rejoice with us, and thank God for His kind protection, and the prosperity which has attended us since we left home. We are making arrangements for crossing the mountains, and shall expect to, unless prevented in the Providence of God. I think I should like to whisper in mother's ear many things which I cannot write. If I could only see her in her room for one-half hour! This much I can say, mother, I have one of the kindest husbands, and the very best every way.

I have become very much interested in the Nez Perces lads. They are very affectionate and seem to wish to please us in everything. We think they will be of great service to the mission in various ways.

On Board Steamboat Chariton. Thursday, March 31, 1836.

We left St. Louis immediately after dinner, passed many delightful residences in Missouri on the banks of the Mississippi, just as we leave the city. Twilight had gone when we entered the waters of the great Missouri, but the moon shone in her brightness. It was a beautiful evening. My husband and myself went upon the top of the boat to take a more commanding view of the scenery. How majestic, how grand was the scene. "Surely, how admirable are Thy works, O Lord of Hosts." I could have dwelt on the scene still longer with pleasure, but Brother Spalding called us to prayers, and we left beholding the works of God for His worship.

April 1st. Nothing of much importance occurred today. My eyes are satiated with the same beautiful scenery all along the coasts of this mighty river, so peculiar to this western country. One year ago today my husband first arrived in St. Louis on his exploring route to the mountains. We are one week earlier passing up the river this year than he was last year.

April 2nd. Evening, ten o'clock. We have come on well since we left St. Louis. Sailed all night last night, which is a rare thing on this river, on account of the snags and sand bars. We are now at Jefferson City, about half-way to Liberty from St. Louis.

Monday, 4th. We passed the wreck of the steamer Siam today about noon. It is indeed a melancholy sight. She ran

upon a snag and sank last winter. She was not quite a year old. No lives lost. We stopped today at Chariton about an hour.

Thursday, 7th. Very pleasant, but cold. Mary, we have had a sick one with us all the way since we joined Dr. Satterlee. Mrs. Satterlee has had a very bad cough and cold which has kept her feeble. She is now recovering, and is as well as can be expected.[1] The rest of us have been very well, except feeling the effects of drinking the river water. I am an exception, however; my health was never better since I have been on the river. I was weighed last week and came up to 136 pounds. I think I shall endure the journey well, perhaps better than any of the rest of us. Mrs. Spalding does not look or feel quite healthy enough for our enterprise. Riding affects her differently from what it does me. Everyone who sees me compliments me as being the best able to endure the journey over the mountains. Sister S. is very resolute, no shrinking with her. She possesses much fortitude. I like her very much. She wears well upon acquaintance. She is a very suitable person for Mr. Spalding, has the right temperament to match him. I think we shall get along very well together. We have so far. I have such a good place to shelter—under my husband's wings. He is so excellent. I love to confide in his judgment and act under him. He is just like mother in telling me of my failings. He does it in such a way that I like to have him, for it gives me a chance to improve. Jane, if you want to be happy, get as good a husband as I have got, and be a missionary. Mary, I wish you were with us. You would be as happy as I am.

Since we have been here we have made our tent. It is made of bedticking. Is a conical form, large enough for us all to sleep under, viz: Mr. Spalding and wife, Dr. Whitman and wife, Mr. Gray, Richard Tak-ah-too-ah-tis, and John Aitz; quite a little family; raised with a center pole, and fastened down with pegs, covering a large circle. Here we shall live, eat and sleep for the summer to come at least, perhaps longer. Mary, you inquired concerning my beds and bedding. I will tell

[1] She died soon after.

REV. HENRY H. SPALDING

WILLIAM H. GRAY
Assistant Missionary to Dr. Whitman

you. We five spread our India rubber cloth on the ground, then our blankets, and encamp for the night. We take plenty of Mackinaw blankets, which answer for our bed and bedding, and when we journey, place them over our saddle and ride on them. I wish you could see our outfit.

I had made for me in Brother Augustus' shoe store in Rushville a pair of gentleman's boots, and from him we supplied ourselves with what shoes we wanted. We have each of us a life preserver, so that if we fall into the water we shall not drown. They are made of India rubber cloth, air tight, and when filled with air and placed under the arm, will prevent one from sinking. Each of us take a plate, knife and fork and tin cup. Husband has got me an excellent side saddle and a very easy horse. He made me a present of a mule to ride the other day. I do not know which I shall like best. I have not tried the latter. Richard says, "That's a very bad mule—can't catch buffaloes." That is the test with him. An animal's speed makes him good, in his eye. I will write you from Council Bluffs, and at every opportunity (to send) when Mr. Parker returns. We have lately received a letter from Mrs. Parker. O, what a spirit it breathed. When we were there she said, if we could not get a minister to go with us, we might keep Mr. Parker until one came, if we would only go on, and even now she has given permission for him to stay a year longer, and visit another tribe to the South.

Alas! My husband does not come tonight. The wind has blown so hard that I expect he has not been able to cross the river. Brother Gray is with him; I shall not feel so anxious about him on that account, so adieu for tonight. It is most ten o'clock, and the family have all gone to rest. I should like to tell you how the western people talk, if I had room. Their language is so singular that I could hardly understand them, yet it is very amusing. In speaking of quantity, they say, "heap of man, heap of water, she is a heap sick," etc. If you ask, "How does your wife do today?" "O, she is smartly better, I reckon, but she is powerful weak; she has been mighty bad, what's the matter with your eye?"

Platte River, just above the Forks. June 3, 1836, Friday eve, six o'clock. We have just encamped for the night near the

bluffs, over against the river. The bottoms are a soft, wet plain, and we were obliged to leave the river yesterday for the bluffs. The face of the country yesterday afternoon and today has been rolling sand bluffs, mostly barren, quite unlike what our eyes have been satiated with for weeks past. No timber nearer than the Platte, and the water tonight is very bad, got from a small ravine. We have usually had good water previous to this.

Our fuel for cooking since we left timber (no timber except on rivers) has been dried buffalo dung. We now find plenty of it, and it answers a very good purpose, similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania (I suppose now Harriet will make up a face at this, but if she were here she would be glad to have her supper cooked at any rate in this scarce timber country). The present time in our journey is a very important one. The hunter brought us buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. Buffalo have been seen today, but none taken. We have some for supper tonight. Husband is cooking it. No one of the company professes the art but himself. I expect it will be very good. Stop; I have so much to say to the children that I do not know in what part of my story to begin. I have very little time to write. I will first tell you what our company consists of. We are ten in number—five missionaries, three Indian boys and two young men employed to assist in packing animals.

Saturday, 4th. I wrote last night till supper. I told you how many bipeds there were in our company; now for the quadrupeds: Fourteen horses, six mules, and fifteen head of cattle. We milk four cows. We started with seventeen, but we killed one calf, and the Fur Company, being out of provision, have taken one of our cows for beef. It is usually pinching times with the Company before they reach the buffalo. We have had plenty, because we made ample provision at Liberty. We purchased a barrel of flour, and baked enough to last us with killing a calf or two until we reached the buffalo.

The Fur Company is large this year; we are really a moving village; nearly four hundred animals, with ours, mostly mules, and seventy men. The Fur Company have seven wag-

ons, drawn by six mules each, heavily loaded, and one cart drawn by two mules, which carries a lame man, one of the proprietors of the Company. We have two wagons in our Company. Mr. and Mrs. S., husband and myself ride in one. Mr. Gray and the baggage in the other. Our Indian boys drive the cows, and Dulin the horses. Young Miles leads our forward horses, four in each team. Now, E., if you want to see the camp in motion, look away ahead, and see the pilot, and the Captain, Fitzpatrick, just before him; next the pack animals, all mules, loaded with great packs. Soon after you will see the wagons, and in the rear our Company. We all cover quite a space. The pack mules always string along, one after the other just like Indians. There are several gentlemen in the Company, who are going over the mountains for pleasure. Captain Stewart,[1] he is an Englishman, and Mr. Celam. We had a few of them to tea with us last Monday evening. Captains Fitzpatrick, Stewart, Major Harris and Celam. I wish I could describe to you how we live, so that you can realize it. Our manner of living is far preferable to any in the States. I never was so contented and happy before, neither have I enjoyed such health for years. In the morning as soon as the day breaks, the first that we hear is the words, "Arise, Arise!" Then the mules set up such a noise as you never heard, which puts the whole camp in motion. We encamp in a large ring, baggage and men, tents and wagons on the outside, and all the animals, except the cows, which are fastened to pickets, within the circle. This arrangement is to accommodate the guard, who stand regularly every night and day, also when we are in motion, to protect our animals from the approach of Indians, who would steal them. As I said, the mules' noise brings every man on his feet to loose them and turn them out to feed. Now, H. and E., you must think it very hard to have to get up so early after sleeping on the soft ground, when you find it hard work to open your eyes at seven o'clock. Just think of me; every morning at the word "Arise," we all spring. While the horses are feeding, we get breakfast in a hurry and eat it. By this time the

[1] Mr. Lee speaks of him in his journal—he went over when he did, and returned.

words, "Catch up! Catch up!" ring through the camp for moving. We are ready to start usually at six, travel till eleven, encamp, rest and feed, start again about two, travel until six or before, if we come to a good tavern, then encamp for the night.

Since we have been in the prairie we have done our own cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to carry us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now that we do it very easily. Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prairie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our tablecloth is an India rubber cloth, used when it rains as a cloak. Our dishes are made of tin, basins for tea cups, iron spoons and plates for each of us, and several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to set it on the table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard, and it is always ready for use. When the table things are spread, after making our own forks of sticks, and helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. Husband always provides my seat, and in a way that you would laugh to see. It is the fashion of all this country to imitate the Turks. Messrs. Dunbar and Allis[1] supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage (I suppose you know that there are no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prairie). For my part, I fix myself as gracefully as I can, sometimes on a blanket, sometimes on a box just as it is convenient. Let me assure you this, we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while eating. We have tea and a plenty of milk, which is a luxury in this country. Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread since we have been journeying. While the Fur Company has felt the want of

[1] Missionaries who started for Oregon in 1834 with Rev. S. Parker, but who settled among the Pawnees, when he found he could not get to Oregon that year.

food, our milk has been of great service to us; but it was considerable work to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw anything like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want anything else with it. Supper and breakfast we eat in our tent. We do not pitch it at noon. Have worship immediately after supper and breakfast.

Noon. The face of the country today has been like that of yesterday. We are now about thirty miles above the Forks, and leaving the bluffs for the river. We have seen wonders this forenoon. Herds of buffalo hove in sight. One, a bull, crossed our trail, and ran upon the bluffs in rear of the camp. We took the trouble to chase him so as to have a near view. Sister Spalding and myself got out of the wagon, and ran upon the bluff to see him. This band was quite willing to gratify our curiosity, seeing it was the first. Several have been killed this forenoon. The Company keeps a man out all the time to hunt for the camp.

I wish you were all here with us, going to the dear Indians. I have become very much attached to Richard. He's the one you saw at our wedding. I love to teach him, to take care of him, and hear him talk. There are five Nez Perces in the Company, and when they are together they chatter finely. Samuel Temoni, the oldest one, has just come into camp with the skin and some of the meat of a buffalo which he has killed. He started this forenoon of his own accord. It is what they like dearly, to hunt buffalo. So long as we have him with us we shall be supplied with meat.

Now the man from the mountains has come who will take this to the office. We have just met him and we have stopped our wagon to write a little. Give my love to all. I have not told you half I want to. We are all in health this morning and making rapid progress in our journey. By the Fourth of July our Captain intends to be at the place where Mr. Parker and husband parted last fall. We are a month earlier passing here than they were last spring. Tell mother that if I had looked the world over I could not have found a husband more

careful and better qualified to transport a female such a distance. Husband says "stop." Farewell to all![1]

Platte River, south side, six days above the Fort Laramie Fork, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, June 27, 1836. Dear Brother and Sister Whitman: We were in perplexity when we left Liberty, but it has been overruled for good. I wrote Mother Loomis from the Otoe Agency. We were in still greater perplexity there, while crossing with our baggage. Husband became so completely exhausted with swimming the river on Thursday, May 9th, that it was with difficulty he made the shore the last time. Mr. Spalding was sick; our two hired men were good for nothing; we could not obtain much assistance from the Otoes, for they were away from the village. We had but one canoe, made of skins, and that partly eaten by the dogs the night before. We got everything over by Friday night. We did not get ready to start until Saturday afternoon. By this time the [American Fur] Company had four and a half days the advance of us. It seemed scarcely possible for us to overtake them, we having two more difficult streams to pass before they would pass the Pawnee villages. Beyond there we dared not venture more than one day. We were at a stand; but with the advice of Brethren Merrill and Dunbar—missionaries among the Pawnees—after a concert of prayer on the subject, we concluded to start and go as far as it would be prudent for us. Brother Dunbar kindly consented to become our pilot, until we could get another. He started with us and came as far as the Elkhorn River, then the man Major Dougherty sent for, for us, came up, and Mr. Dunbar returned. We had passed the river on Monday morning and taken down the rope, when our pilot and his Indian came up. It was with difficulty we crossed him and returned Mr. Dunbar. While on the opposite shore, just ready to leave us, he called to us to receive his parting advice, with a word of caution, which will never be forgotten. Our visit with him and Brother Merrill's family was indeed refreshing to our thirsty spirits—kindred spirits rejoicing in the self-denials

[1] Dr. Whitman wrote a letter from this place also, at this time, but as it is almost entirely a repetition of what has already been given, it is not inserted. Oregon Pioneer Transactions, 1893, p. 109.

and labors of missionary life. The next day, in the morning, we met a large party of Pawnees going to the fort to receive their annuities. They seemed very much surprised and pleased to see white females; many of them had never seen any before. They are a noble Indian—large, athletic forms, dignified countenances, bespeaking an immortal existence within. When we had said what we wished to them, we hurried on, and arrived at the Elkhorn in time to cross all our effects. Here, I must tell you how much good Richard, John and Samuel did us. They do the most of driving the cattle and loose horses. Occasionally husband and myself would ride with them as company and encouragement. They came up to the river before us, and seeing a skin canoe on the opposite side, they stripped themselves, wound their shirts around their heads, and swam over and back again with the canoe by the time we came up. We stretched a rope across the river and pulled the goods over in the canoe without much difficulty.

Monday and Tuesday we made hard drives—Tuesday especially. We attempted to reach the Loup Fork that night, and a part of us succeeded. Those in the wagons drove there by 11 o'clock, but it was too much for the cattle. There was no water or feed short of this. We rode with Richard and John until 9 o'clock, and were all very much fatigued. Richard proposed to us to go on and he and John would stay on the prairie with the cattle, and drive them in in the morning. We did not like to leave them, and so we concluded to stay. Husband had a cup tied to his saddle, in which he milked what we wanted to drink; this was our supper. Our saddle blankets, with our India rubber cloaks, were our beds. Having offered up our thanksgiving for the blessings of the day, and sought protection for the night, we committed ourselves to rest. We awoke in the morning much refreshed and rode into camp before breakfast—five miles. The Fur Company was on the opposite side of the river, which we forded, and, without unloading our wagon much, were ready to move again about noon. We wished to be with the Company when they passed the Pawnee village. This obliged us to make a day's drive of the camp in half a day, which was too bad for our horses. We did not reach them until 1 o'clock at night. The next day we

passed all their villages. We, especially, were visited by them, both at noon and at night; we ladies were such a curiosity to them. They would come and stand around our tent, peep in, and grin in their astonishment to see such looking objects.

Since we came up with the camp I rode in the wagons most of the way to the Black Hills. It is astonishing how well we get along with our wagons where there are no roads. I think I may say it is easier traveling here than on any turnpike in the States. On the way to the buffalo country we had to bake bread for ten persons. It was difficult at first, as we did not understand working out doors; but we became accustomed to it, so that it became quite easy. June found us ready to receive our first taste of buffalo. Since that time I have had but little to do with cooking. Not one in our number relishes buffalo meat as well as my husband and I. He has a different way for cooking every different piece of meat. I believe Mother Loomis would give up to him if she were here. We have had no bread since. We have meat and tea in the morn, and tea and meat at noon. All our variety consists in the different ways of cooking. I relish it well, and it agrees with me. My health is excellent. So long as I have buffalo meat, I do not wish anything else. Sister Spalding is affected by it considerably—has been quite sick.

We feel that the Lord has blessed us beyond our most sanguine expectations. We wish our friends at home to unite with us in thanksgiving and praise for His great mercies to us. We are a month earlier this year than husband was last, and the Company wish to be at Rendezvous by the 4th of July. We have just crossed the river and shall leave here tomorrow morning. Now, Sister Julia, between you and me, I just want to tell you how much trouble I have had with Marcus, two or three weeks past. He was under the impression that we had too much baggage, and could not think of anything so easy to be dispensed with as his own wearing apparel; those shirts the ladies made him just before he left home, his black suit, and overcoat—these were the condemned articles. Sell them he must, as soon as he gets to the fort. But first I would not believe him in earnest. All the reasons I could bring were of no avail—he still said he must get rid of them. I

told him to sell all of mine, too; I could do without them better than he could. Indeed, I did not wish to dress unless he could. I finally said that I would write and get Sister Julia to plead for me, for I knew you would not like to have him sell them, better than I should. This was enough; he knew it would not do to act contrary to her wishes, and said no more about it.

July 16th. When I wrote this letter I expected an opportunity to send it immediately, but we did not meet the party expected, and have had no opportunity since. We are now at the Rocky Mountains, at the encampment of Messrs. McLeod and McKay, expecting to leave on Monday morning for Walla Walla. It seems a special favor that that company has come to Rendezvous this season; for otherwise we would have had to have gone with the Indians a difficult route, and so slow that we should have been late at Walla Walla, and not had the time we wanted to make preparations for winter. Husband has written the particulars of our arrival, meeting the Indians, etc., to Brother Henry. One particular I will mention, which he did not. As soon as I alighted from my horse I was met by a company of matron native women, one after another shaking hands and saluting me with a most hearty kiss. This was unexpected and affected me very much. They gave Sister Spalding the same salutation. After we had been seated a while in the midst of the gazing throng, one of the chiefs, whom we had seen before, came with his wife and very politely introduced her to us. They say they all like us very much, and thank God that they have seen us, and that we have come to live with them.

It was truly pleasing to see the meeting of Richard and John with their friends. Richard was affected to tears. His father is not here, but several of his tribe and brethren are. When they met, each took off his hat and shook hands, as respectfully as in civilized life. Richard does not give up the idea of again seeing Rushville.

July 18th. Under the protection of Mr. McLeod and his company we left the Rendezvous and came ten miles in a southwesterly direction. The Flatheads and some of the Snake Indians accompanied us a short distance. We make but one

camp a day. On the 22nd we had a tedious ride, as we traveled till half-past 4 p. m. I thought of mother's bread as a child would, but did not find it on the table. I should relish it extremely well; have been living on buffalo meat until I am cloyed with it. Have been in a peaceful state of mind all day. Had a freedom in prayer for my beloved parents; blessed privilege that such a sinner as I may have access to a mercy seat, through such a Saviour as Jesus Christ. It is good to feel that He is all I want, and all my righteousness; and if I had ten thousand lives, I would give them all for Him. I long to be more like Him—to possess more of His meek spirit.

25th. Came fifteen miles today; encamped on Smith's Creek, a small branch of Bear Creek. The ride has been very mountainous—paths winding on the sides of steep mountains. In some places the path is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for the animal to place his foot. One after another we pass along with cautious step. Passed a creek on which was a fine bunch of gooseberries nearly ripe.

Husband has had a tedious time with the wagon today. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that, in going between the mountains, on the side of one, so steep that it was difficult for horses to pass, the wagon was upset twice; did not wonder at this at all; it was a greater wonder that it was not turning somersaults continually. It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wearing out with such excessive fatigue, as I am obliged to. He is not as fleshy as he was last winter. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked, in laborious attempts to take the wagon. Ma knows what my feelings are.

26th. Did not move camp today. Mr. McKay has been preparing to send out trappers from this place. Husband has been sick today, and so lame with the rheumatism as to be scarcely able to move. It is a great privilege that we can lie still today, on his account, for he needs rest.

27th. Had quite a level route today—came down Bear River. Mr. McKay sent off about thirty of his men as trappers today. Several lodges of Indians also left us to go in

another direction, and we expect more to leave us tomorrow. They wish to go a different route from Mr. McLeod, and desire us to go with them; but it would be more difficult and lengthy than Mr. McLeod's. We are still in a dangerous country; but our company is large enough for safety. Our cattle endure the journey remarkably well. They supply us with sufficient milk for our tea and coffee, which is indeed a luxury. We are obliged to shoe some of them because of sore feet. Have seen no buffalo since we left Rendezvous. Have had no game of any kind except a few messes of antelope, which an Indian gave us. We have plenty of dried buffalo meat, which we have purchased from the Indians—and dry it is, for me. It appears so filthy! I can scarcely eat it; but it keeps us alive and we ought to be thankful for it. We have had a few meals of fresh fish, also, which we relish well, and have the prospect of obtaining plenty in one or two weeks more. Have found no berries; neither have I found any of Ma's bread (Girls, do not waste the bread; if you knew how well I should relish even the dryest morsel, you would save every piece carefully). Do not think I regret coming. No, far from it; I would not go back for a world. I am contented and happy, notwithstanding I sometimes get very hungry and weary. Have six weeks' steady journeying before us. Feel sometimes as if it were a long time to be traveling. Long for rest, but must not murmur.

Feel to pity the poor Indian women, who are continually traveling in this manner during their lives, and know no other comfort. They do all the work and are the complete slaves of their husbands. I am making some little progress in their language; long to be able to converse with them about the Saviour.

28th. Very mountainous all the way today; came over another ridge; rode from 8 a. m. till 2 p. m. We thought yesterday the Indians were all going to leave us, except two or three; but not one has. They fear to on account of the Blackfeet tribe, who would destroy them all, if they could. One of the axle-trees of the wagon broke today; was a little rejoiced; for we were in hopes they would leave it, and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain, for they

are making a cart of the back wheels this afternoon, and lashing the fore wheels to it—intending to take it through in some shape or other. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts that they will probably succeed. Had some fresh fish for breakfast and some antelope for supper sent us by Mr. McLeod and other friends in camp. Thus the Lord provides and smooths all our ways for us, giving us strength.

July 29th. Mr. Gray was quite sick this morning, and inclined to fall behind. Husband and I rode with him about two hours and a half, soon after which he gave out entirely. I was sent on, and soon after husband left him, to come and get the cart; but I overtook an Indian, who went back and soon met husband, and both returned to Mr. Gray. The Indian helped him on his horse, got on behind him, supported him in his arms, and in this manner slowly came into camp. This was welcome relief, and all rejoiced to see them come in; for some of us had been riding seven hours, others eight, without any nourishment.

[The next sheet of the journal is missing, which contains the account of their arrival at Fort Hall, where, she says]: We were hospitably entertain by Captain Thing, who keeps the fort. It was built by Captain Wyeth, a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at the Rendezvous on his way East. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted or fried in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat for a long time this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries.

The buildings of the fort are made of hewed logs, with roofs covered with mud brick, chimneys and fireplaces also being built of the same; no windows except square holes in the roof, and in the bastion a few port holes large enough for guns only. The buildings are all enclosed in a strong log wall. This affords them a place of safety when attacked by hostile Indians, as they frequently are, the fort being in the Blackfoot country. Since dinner we visited the garden and corn fields. The turnips in the garden appeared thrifty—the tops very large and tall, but the roots small. The peas looked

FORT HALL, Exterior

FORT HALL, Interior

small, but most of them had been gathered by the mice. Saw a few onions that were going to seed, which looked quite natural. This was all the garden contained. He told us his own did extremely well until the 8th of June, when the frost of one night completely prostrated it. It has since come up again but does not look as well as it did before. This is their first attempt at cultivating.

The buildings at Fort William, on Laramie Fork of the Platte, are made the same, but are larger and more finished than here. Here we have stools to sit on—there we had very comfortable chairs bottomed with buffalo skin. Thus you see we have a house of entertainment almost or quite as often as Christian of the Pilgrim's Progress did. We expect one more before we get to Walla Walla; that is Snake Fort [Boise], belonging to Mr. McKay, who is journeying with us.

From this on our company will be small. The Indians all leave us today, except one or two, who go with us to assist in driving the cattle—Kentuck, who went with Mr. Parker last year, and the chief, Rottenbelly. The whole tribe are exceedingly anxious to have us go with them. They use every argument they can invent to prevail on us to do so—and not only argument, but strategy. We all think it not best; we are very much fatigued, and wish to get through as soon as possible. To go with them would take us two months or more, when now we expect to go to Walla Walla in twenty-five days. When we get there rest will be sweet to us; so it will be to the Christian when he gets to Heaven. Will father and mother get there before I do? If so, then they will be ready to greet me on the threshold. Here we have raised our Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Now we leave it and pass on. Our animals are nearly ready. It is now half-past two, and we expect to go but a short distance and encamp.

August 5th. Morn. Came all of ten miles last evening and did not arrive here until after dark. Mr. McLeod and his company started earlier than we did, intending to come but a little way. We could not get ready to come with him, and the man who piloted us led us wrong—much out of the way. Those on whom we depended to drive cattle disappointed us.

Husband and myself fell in behind them to assist John Aits, who was alone with them. This made us later into camp than the rest of our company. We came through several swamps, and all the last part of the way we were so swarmed with mosquitoes as to be scarcely able to see—especially while crossing the Port Neuf, which we did just before coming into camp. It is the widest river I have forded on horseback. It seemed the cows would run mad for the mosquitoes; we could scarcely get them along.

Mr. McLeod met us and invited us to tea, which was a great favor. Thus blessings gather thick around us. We have been in the mountains so long we find the scenery of this valley very grateful to the eye—a large stream on my right and one on my left, skirted with timber. At Fort Hall was our first sight of Snake River. We shall follow the south side of it for many days. We have passed many places where the soil is good, and would be fertile if there were frequent rains; but usually the country is barren, and would be a sandy desert were it not for the sage brush.

Eve. We passed the American Falls on Snake River just after dinner. The roar of the water is heard at a considerable distance. We stopped during the greatest heat for rest and dinner. Now that the Indians are no longer with us, we shall expect to make two camps. I expect this to be a great mercy to us weak females, for it was more than we could well endure to travel during the heat of the day without refreshment.

August 6th. Route very bad and difficult today. We crossed a small stream full of falls. The only pass where we could cross was just on the edge of rocks above one of the falls. While the pack animals were crossing, both ours and the Company's, there was such a rush as to crowd two of our horses over the falls, both packed with dried meat. It was with great difficulty they were got out, one of them having been in nearly an hour, much to his injury. We have a little rice to eat with our dry meat, given us by Mr. McLeod, which makes it relish quite well.

August 7th. Sabbath. Came fifteen miles and camped on a fine place, with plenty of good grass for our weary animals.

Thus are blessings so mingled, that it seems as if there was nothing else but mercy and blessing all the way. Was there ever journey like this performed, where the sustaining hand of God has been so manifest every morning. Surely the children of Israel could not have been more sensible of the pillar of fire by night than we have been of that hand that has led us thus safely on. God has heard prayer in our behalf, and even now, while I am writing on this holy day, is the sweet incense of prayer ascending before the throne of Heavenly grace. Nor are we forgotten by our beloved churches, at home in the prayers of the Sanctuary, we are too sensible of its blessed effects to believe otherwise; and Oh! how comforting is this thought to the heart of the missionary. We love to think and talk of home, with such feelings as these. It warms our hearts and strengthens and encourages us in the work of our beloved Master, and makes our journeyings easy.

August 8th. Snake River. We have an excellent camp ground tonight; plenty of feed for the cattle and horses. We think it remarkable that our cattle should endure the journey as well as they do. We have two sucking calves that appear to be in very good spirits; they suffer some from sore feet, otherwise they have come on well and will go through. Have come eighteen miles today, and have taken it so deliberately that it has been easy for us. The hunters came in last night well loaded; they had been in the mountains two days after game, and killed three elk and two antelope. This is the first elk meat we have had, and it is the last opportunity we expect to have of taking any more game. We are told that many have traveled the whole distance from Rendezvous to Walla Walla without any fresh meat. We think ours will last us until we reach the salmon fishing at Snake Falls. Thus we are well provided for, contrary to our expectations. Mr. McLeod has excellent hunters; this is the reason why we live so well. There is but little game, and that is found at great distance from the route.

11th. Tuesday and Wednesday have been tedious days, both for man and beast—lengthy marches without water; rocky and sandy. Had a present tonight of a fresh salmon; also a plate of fried cakes from Mr. McLeod (Girls, if you

wish to know how they taste, you can have the pleasure by taking a little flour and water, make some dough and roll it thin, cut it into square blocks, then take some beef fat and fry them. You need not put either salt or pearlash in your dough. Believe me, I relish them as well as I ever did any made at home).

12th. Friday. Raised camp this morning at sunrise, and came two hours' ride to the salmon fishery. Found a few lodges of Diggers of the Snake tribe, so-called because they live on roots during winter, who had just commenced fishing. Obtained some and boiled it for our breakfast. Find it good eating; had we been a few days earlier we should not have been able to obtain any fish, for they had but just come up. They never go higher than these falls, and come here every season.

Friday Eve. Dear Harriet, the little trunk you gave me has come with me so far, and now I must leave it here alone. Poor little trunk, I am sorry to leave thee, thou must abide here alone, and no more by thy presence remind me of my dear Harriet. Twenty miles below the falls on Snake River, this shall be thy place of rest. Farewell, little trunk, I thank thee for thy faithful services, and that I have been cheered by thy presence so long. Thus we scatter as we go along. The hills are so steep and rocky that husband thought it best to lighten the wagon as much as possible, and take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box with my trunk. I regret leaving anything that came from home, especially that trunk, but it is best. It would have been better for me not to have attempted to bring any baggage whatever, only what was necessary to use on the way, it costs so much labor, besides the expense of animals. If I were to make the journey again, I would make quite different preparations. To pack and unpack so many times, and cross so many streams where the packs frequently get wet, requires no small amount of labor, besides the injury of the articles. Our books, what few we have, have been wet several times. In going from Elmira to Williamsport, this trunk fell into the creek and wet all my books, and Richard's, too, several times. The sleigh box came off, and all of us came near a wetting likewise. The custom of the country is

to possess nothing, and then you will lose nothing while traveling. Farewell for the present.

13th. Saturday. Dear Harriet, Mr. McKay has asked the privilege of taking the little trunk along, so that my soliloquy about it last night was for naught. However, it will do me no good, it may him. We have come fifteen miles and have the worst route in all the journey for the cart. We might have had a better one, but for being misled by some of the Company, who started out before the leaders. It was two o'clock before we came into camp.

They were preparing to cross Snake River. The river is divided by two islands into three branches, and it is fordable. The packs are placed upon the tops of the highest horses, and in this way we crossed without wetting. Two of the tallest horses were selected to carry Mrs. Spalding and myself over. Mr. McLeod gave me his, and rode mine. The last branch we rode as much as half a mile in crossing and against the current, too, which made it hard for the horses, the water being up to their sides. Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing the cart. Both the cart and mules were turned upside down in the river, and entangled in the harness. The mules would have been drowned but for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart, and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it across. I once thought that crossing streams would be the most dreaded part of the journey. I can now cross the most difficult stream without the least fear. There is one manner of crossing which husband has tried, but I have not, neither do I wish to. Take an elk skin and stretch it over you, spreading yourself out as much as possible, then let the Indian women carefully put you on the water, and with a cord in the mouth they will swim and draw you over. Edward, how do you think you would like to travel in this way?

15th. Yesterday Mr. McLeod, with most of his men left us, wishing to hasten his arrival at Snake Fort, leaving us a pilot and his weakest animals to come in with us at our leisure. This is a relief to us, as it is difficult to bring our cattle up to the speed they wish to travel. We passed the hot springs just

before noon, which was quite a curiosity. Boiled a bit of dry salmon in one of them in five minutes.

16th. This eve found plenty of berries called hawthorn on the stream where we have encamped. They are large as a cherry and taste much like a mealy sweet apple. Our route on this side of Snake River is less hilly and difficult than on the south side, and said to be two days shorter.

19th. Arrived at Snake Fort [Boise] about noon. It is situated on Bigwood River, so called because the timber is larger than any to be seen this side of the mountains. It consists chiefly of cottonwood and is small compared with timber in the States. Snake Fort is owned and was built by Mr. Thomas McKay, one of our Company, whom we expect to leave here. He, with Mr. McLeod, gave us a hearty welcome; dined with them. Mr. McLeod was ready to leave on the morrow, but said he would stay a day longer to give us the opportunity of doing some necessary work, for which we were thankful.

20th. Saturday. Last night I put my clothes in water, and this morning finished washing before breakfast; this is the third time I have washed since I left home, once at Fort William and once at Rendezvous. Mr. McLeod called this evening to see if we were ready to leave. He observed we had been so engaged in labor as to have no time for rest, and proposed for ourselves to remain over the Sabbath. This I can assure you was a favor for which we can never be too thankful, for our souls need the rest of the Sabbath as well as our bodies.

21st. Sabbath. Rich with heavenly blessings has this day of rest been to my soul. Mr. Spalding was invited to preach in the Fort at 11 o'clock. The theme was the "Character of the Blessed Saviour." All listened with good attention.

22nd. Left the Fort yesterday, came a short distance to the crossing of Snake River, crossed and encamped for the night. The river has three branches, divided by islands, as it was when we crossed before. The first and second places were very deep, but we had no difficulty in crossing on horseback. The third was deeper, still; we dare not venture on horseback. This being a fishing post of the Indians, we easily found a

canoe made of rushes and willows, on which we placed ourselves and our saddles (Sister Spalding and myself), when two Indians on horseback each with a rope attached to the canoe towed us over. O! if father and mother and the girls could have seen us in our snug little canoe, floating on the water! We were favorites of the Company. No one else was privileged with a ride on it. I wish I could give you a correct idea of this little bark. It is simply bunches of rushes tied together and attached to a frame made of a few sticks of small willows. It was just large enough to hold us and our saddles. Our baggage was transported on the top of our tallest horses, without wetting.

As for the wagon, it is left at the Fort, and I have nothing to say about crossing it at this time. Five of our cattle were left there also, to be exchanged for others at Walla Walla. Perhaps you will wonder why we have left the wagon, having taken it so nearly through. Our animals were failing and the route in crossing the Blue Mountains is said to be impassable for it. We have the prospect of obtaining one in exchange at Vancouver. If we do not, we shall send for it, since we have been to so much labor in getting it thus far. It is a useful article in the country.

Now for Edward's amusement, and that he may know how to do when he comes over the Rocky Mountains, I will tell how we got the cattle over the rivers. Our two Indians boys, Richard and John, have had the chief management of driving them all the way, and are commendable for the patience they have manifested. They have had some one or two to help usually, but none are so steady drivers as themselves. When a stream is to be crossed, where it is necessary for the animals to swim, Richard comes to my husband and asks if he may go over with his horse and clothes and then come back after the cows. Having obtained consent, he rides over, accompanied by his fellow drivers, all stripped to the shirt. Then they return with their horses if the stream is wide and difficult. If not, they leave their horses, tie their shirts over their heads, swim back, collect the cows and drive them through, all swimming after them. If the stream is very wide, and they return with their horses, they drive them swimming on their horses

behind them. This saves them from the too great fatigue of swimming the river twice. They love to swim, as they love to eat, and by doing so, have saved me many an anxious feeling, for the relief it has given my husband many times. In this case all the horses and mules were driven across likewise. Usually, the best Indian swimmer was selected, and mounted the horse that was good for leading to go before the animals as a guide, while many others swam after them to drive them over. When once under way, such a snorting and halloaing you never heard. At the same time you can see nothing save so many heads floating upon the water. Soon they gain the opposite shore, triumphantly ascend its banks, shake themselves, and retire to their accustomed employment.

26th. Friday. On account of our worn out cattle and horses, it was thought best to separate from Mr. McLeod's party, at least some of us, and travel more deliberately. Two mules and a horse have almost entirely given out. It is necessary for some of our party to go to Vancouver immediately for supplies and to see Mr. Parker before he leaves. It was thought best for my husband and Mr. Gray to go, as Mr. McLeod intended to make but a day's stop at Walla Walla. We came on with him, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, the hired man, with most of our baggage, and the Nez Perces chief, Rottenbelly, to pilot them in. We parted from them about three o'clock, and came as far as the Lone Tree. The place called "The Lone Tree" is a beautiful valley, in the region of Powder River, in the center of which is a solitary tree, quite large, by the side of which travelers usually stop and refresh themselves. We left our tent for Mrs. Spalding, as we expect to be out only a few nights, while she may be out many. Mr. McLeod kindly offered his for my use, and when I arrived in camp, found it pitched and in readiness for me. This was a great favor, as the wind blew quite hard, and the prospect was for a cool night.

August 27th. Came in sight of the hill that leads to Grand Ronde. This morning Mr. McLeod remained behind in pursuit of game, and did not come into camp until we had made a long nooning. Although we had begun to feel a little concerned about him, yet about three o'clock he came into camp

loaded with wild ducks, having taken twenty-two. Now, mother, he did just as he always did during the journey, sent over nine of them. Here also Richard caught fresh salmon, which made us another good meal, and if we had been out of provisions we might have made a dinner upon the fresh water clams, for the river was full of them.

Girls, how do you think we manage to rest ourselves every noon, having no house to shelter us from the scorching heat, or sofa on which to recline? Perhaps you think we always encamp in the shade of some thick wood. Such a sight I have not seen, lo, these many weeks. If we can find a few small willows, or a single lone tree, we think ourselves amply provided for. But often our camping places are in some open plain, and frequently a sand plain; but even here is rest and comfort. My husband, who is one of the best the world ever knew, is always ready to provide a comfortable shade with one of our saddle blankets spread upon some willows or sticks placed in the ground. Our saddles, fishamores and the other blankets, placed on the ground, constitute our sofa, where we recline and rest until dinner is ready. How do you think you would like this? Would you not think a seat by mother in some cool room preferable? Some times my wicked heart has been disposed to murmur, thinking I have no rest from the heat when we stopped, but have always been reproved for it by the comfort and rest received. Under the circumstances I have never wished to go back. Such a thought never finds a place in my heart. "The Lord is better to us than our fears." I always find it so.

28th. This morning lingered with husband on the top of the hill that overlooks the Grand Ronde, at the foot of which is a beautiful cluster of pitch and spruce pine trees, but no white pine like that I have been accustomed to see at home. Grand Ronde is, indeed, a beautiful place. It is a circular plain, surrounded by lofty mountains, and has a beautiful stream coursing through it, skirted with quite large timber. The scenery, while passing through it, is quite delightful in some places, and the soil rich; in other places we find the white sand and sedge, as usual, so common to this country. We nooned upon the Grand Ronde River.

The camas grow in abundance, and it is the principal resort of the Cayuses and many other tribes to obtain it, as they are very fond of it. It resembles an onion in shape and color; when cooked is very sweet and tastes like a fig. Their manner of cooking them is very curious; they dig a hole in the ground, throw in a heap of stones, heat them to a red heat, cover them with green grass, upon which they put the camas, and cover the whole with earth. When taken out it is black. This is the chief food of many tribes during the winter. After dinner we left the plain and ascended the Blue Mountains. Here a new and pleasing scene presented itself—mountains covered with timber, through which we rode all the afternoon; a very agreeable change. The scenery reminded me of the hills in my native county of Steuben.

29th. Had a continuation of the same scenery as yesterday afternoon. Rode over many logs and obstructions that we had not found since we left the States. Here I frequently met old acquaintances in the trees and flowers, and was not a little delighted; indeed, I do not know as I was ever so much affected with any scenery in my life. The singing of birds, the echo of voices of my fellow travelers, as they were scattered through the woods, all had a strong resemblance to bygone days. But this scenery was of short duration; only one day.

Before noon we began to descend one of the most terrible mountains for steepness and length, I have yet seen. It was like winding stairs in its descent, and in some places almost perpendicular. The horses appeared to dread the hill as much as we did. They would turn and wind around in a zigzag manner all the way down. The men usually walked, but I could not get permission to, neither did I desire it much. We had no sooner gained the foot of this mountain, when another more steep and more dreadful was before us. After dinner and rest we descended it. Mount Pleasant in Prattsburg would not compare with these Mount Terribles. Our ride this afternoon exceeded anything we have had yet, and what rendered it the more aggravating was the fact that the path all the way was very stony, resembling a newly macadamized road. Our horses' feet were very tender, all unshod, so that we could not make the progress we wished. The mountain in many places

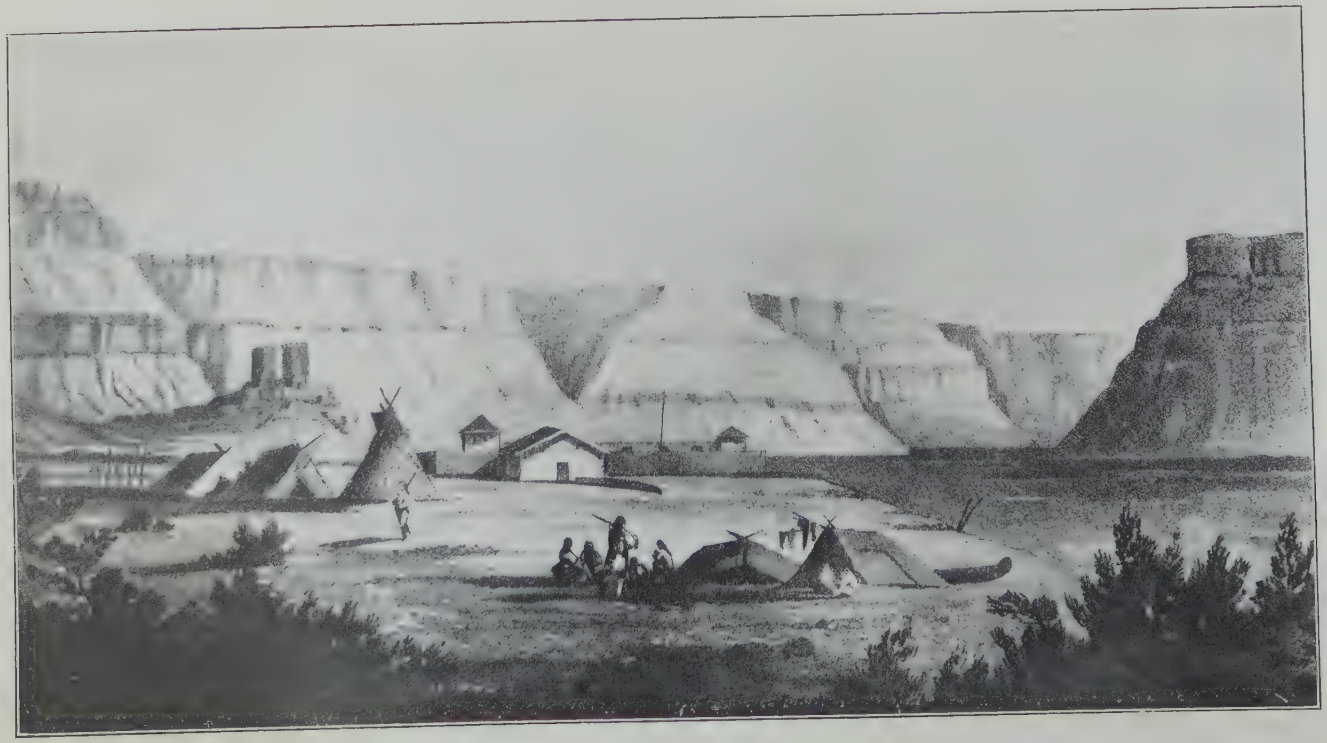
was covered with this black broken basalt. We were very late in making camp tonight. After ascending the mountain we kept upon the main divide until sunset, looking in vain for water and a camping place. While upon this elevation, we had a view of the valley of the Columbia River. It was beautiful. Just as we gained the highest elevation, and began to descend, the sun was dipping his disk behind the western horizon. Beyond the valley we could see two mountains, Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens. These lofty peaks were of a conical form, separated from each other by a considerable distance. Behind the former, the sun was hiding part of his rays, which gave us a more distinct view of this gigantic cone. The beauty of this extensive valley contrasted well with the rolling mountains behind us, and at this hour of twilight was enchanting, and quite diverted my mind from the fatigue under which I was laboring. We had yet to descend a hill as long but not as steep or as stony as the other. By this time our horses were in haste to be in camp, as well as ourselves, and mine made such lengthy strides in descending that it shook my sides surprisingly. It was dark when we got into camp, but the tent was ready for me, and tea, also, for Mr. McLeod invited us to sup with him. Dearest mother, let me tell you how I am sustained by the Lord in all this journey. For two or three days past I have felt weak, restless, and scarcely able to sit on my horse, yesterday in particular. But see how I have been diverted by the scenery, and carried out of myself by conversation about home and friends. Mother will recollect what my feelings were, and had been for a year previous to my leaving home; the last revival I enjoyed on my visit to Onondaga, and the scenes there. These I call my last impressions of home, and they were of such a character that when we converse about home, these same feelings are revived, and I forget that I am weary and want rest. This morning my feelings were a little peculiar; felt remarkably strong and well, so much so as to mention it; but could not see any reason why I should feel any more rested than on the morning previous. When I began to see what a day's ride was before me, then I understood it. If I had had no better health today than yesterday I should have fainted under it. Then the

promise appeared in full view. "As thy days so shall thy strength be," and my soul rejoiced in God, and testified to the truth of another evidently manifest, "Lo, I am with you always."

30th. In consequence of the lengthy camp yesterday and failure of animals, two of the Company's men left their animals behind, with packs also. These occasioned some anxiety, lest the wolves should destroy their beaver. Today they sent back for them, and we made but a short move, to find more grass. On following the course of the stream on which we encamped last night, we found cherries in abundance, and had time to stop and gather as many as we wished. They are very fine, equal to any we find in the States. When we arrived, Mr. Gray had the dinner waiting for us. This afternoon the men rested and made preparations to enter Walla Walla. The men who went for the animals returned late. We all regretted this hindrance, for Mr. McLeod intended to see Walla Walla today, and return again with a muskmelon for Mrs. Whitman (so he said). He will go in tomorrow. It is the custom of the country to send heralds ahead to announce the arrival of a party, and prepare for their reception.

31st. Came to the Walla Walla River, within eight miles of the Fort. [Now Wallula]. Husband and I were very much exhausted with this day's lengthy ride. Most of the way was sandy, with no water for many miles. When we left Mr. Spalding, husband rode an Indian horse, which he had never mounted before, and found him a hard rider in every gait, except a gallop; and slow in his movements, nor could he pace, as mine did, so for the last six days we have galloped most of the way, where the ground would admit of it.

September 1st, 1836. You can better imagine our feelings this morning than we can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our long journey was so near. We arose as soon as it was light, took a cup of coffee, ate of the duck we had given us last night, and dressed for Walla Walla. We started while it was yet early, for all were in haste to reach the desired haven. If you could have seen us you would have been surprised, for both man and beast appeared alike to be impelled by the same force. The whole company galloped almost



FORT WALLA WALLA

the whole of the way to the Fort. The first appearance we saw of civilization was the garden, two miles this side of the Fort. The fatigues of the long journey seemed to be forgotten in the excitement of being so near the close. Soon the Fort appeared in sight, and when it was announced that we were near, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Pambrun, the gentleman of the house, and Mr. Townsend [a traveling naturalist], sallied forth to meet us. After the usual introduction and salutation, we entered the Fort and were comfortably situated in cushioned arm chairs. They were just eating breakfast as we rode up, and soon we were seated at the table, and treated to fresh salmon, potatoes, tea, bread and butter. What a variety, thought I. You cannot imagine what an appetite these rides in the mountains give a person. I wish some of the feeble ones in the States could have rode over the mountains; they would have said, like me, that victuals, even the plainest kinds, never relished so well before.

After breakfast we were shown the novelties of the place. While at breakfast, however, a young rooster placed himself upon the sill of the door and crowed. Now, whether it was the sight of the first white woman, or out of compliment to the company, I know not, but this much for him, I was pleased with his appearance. You may think me simple for speaking of such a small circumstance. No one knows the feelings occasioned by objects once familiar after a long deprivation, especially when it is heightened by no expectation of meeting with them. The door yard was filled with hens, turkeys, and pigeons. In another place we saw cows and goats in abundance, and I think the largest and fattest cattle and swine I ever saw.

We were soon shown to a room which Mr. Pambrun said he had prepared for us, by making two bedsteads, or bunks, on hearing of our approach. It was the west bastion of the Fort, full of port holes in the sides, but no windows, and filled with firearms. A large cannon, always loaded, stood behind the door by one of the holes. These things did not disturb me. I am so well pleased with the possession of a room to shelter me from the scorching sun that I scarcely notice them. Having arranged our things, we were soon called to a feast

of melons, the first I think, I ever saw or tasted. The musk-melon was the largest, measuring eighteen inches in length, fifteen around the small end, and nineteen around the large end. You may be assured that none of us were satisfied or willing to leave the table until we had filled our plates with chips.

At four o'clock we were called to dine. It consisted of pork, turnips, cabbage, tea, bread and butter—my favorite dishes, and much like the last dinner I ate with Mother Loomis. I am thus particular in my description of eatables, so that you may be assured that we find something to eat beyond the Rocky Mountains as well as at home. We find plenty of salt, but many here prefer to do almost and some entirely without it on their meats and vegetables.

Sept. 2. Have busied myself today in unpacking my trunk and arranging my things for a visit to Vancouver. Mother will wonder at this, and think me a strange child for wishing to add three hundred miles to this journey; not from necessity, but my husband is going, and I may as well go as to stay here alone. If we were obliged to go on horseback, I think I should not wish to undertake it, but we are going in a boat, and it will not take us more than six days to go there. It is a very agreeable change and I think that I shall enjoy it as well as to stay here. I feel remarkably well and rested, do not need to lounge at all, and so it is with us all. I can scarcely believe it possible of myself, but it is true. I feel as vigorous, and as well able to engage in any domestic employment as I ever did in my life. I have not yet introduced you to the lady of the house. She is a native from a tribe east of the mountains. She appears well, does not speak English, but her native language and French. The cooking and housework is done by men, chiefly. Mr. Pambrun is from Canada, and much the gentleman in his appearance.

Sept. 3. Mr. McLeod and Townsend left for Vancouver today, but Mr. McLeod is so loaded as not to be able to give us a comfortable passage. Mr. Pambrun is going by himself next week, and offers us a passage with him.

About noon Mr. and Mrs. Spalding arrived with their company, having made better progress than was anticipated. Here

we are all at Walla Walla, through the mercy of a kind Providence, in health, and all our lives preserved. What cause for gratitude and praise to God. Surely, my heart is ready to leap for joy at the thought of being so near the long desired work of teaching the benighted ones the knowledge of the Saviour, and having completed this journey under such favorable circumstances. Mr. Pambrun said to us the day we arrived, that there never had been such a company previous to ours that came into the Fort so well fed as ours for the last days of the journey. All our friends of the East Company, who knew anything about the Company, dreaded this part for us very much, but the Lord has been with us, and provided for us all the way, and blessed be His holy name. Another cause for gratitude is the preservation of our animals, in this difficult, dangerous and lengthy route, while many parties previous to ours have had every animal taken from them, and left on foot in a dangerous land, exposed to death. Two horses have given out with fatigue and have been left, two have been stolen or lost, but most that we have now have come all the way from the settlements, and appear well. Two calves have been lost; the remainder came on well, except those we left at Snake Fort.

Sabbath, 4th. This has been a day of mutual thanksgiving with us all. Assembled at the Fort at twelve o'clock for worship; our feelings are better imagined than described. This first Sabbath in September, a Sabbath of rest, first after completing a long journey, first in the vicinity of our future labors. All of us here before God. It is not enough for us alone to be thankful; will not my beloved friends at home, the disciples of Jesus, unite with us in gratitude and praise to God for His great mercy? It is in answer to your prayers that we are here, and are permitted to see this day under such circumstances. Feel to dedicate myself renewedly to His service among the heathen. And may the Lord's hand be as evidently manifest in blessing our labors among them, as it has in bringing us here, and that, too, in answer to your prayers, beloved Christian friends.

5th. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding have concluded to go with us to Vancouver, as nothing can be done by either of the party

about location until the Indians return from their summer's hunt. Expect to leave tomorrow. Have had exceedingly high winds for two days and nights past, to which this place is subject. Our room shakes, and the wind makes such a noise that we can scarcely hear each other converse.

Sept. 7, 1836. We set sail from Walla Walla yesterday at two o'clock p. m. Our boat is an open one, manned with six oars and the steersman. I enjoy it much; it is a very pleasant change in our manner of traveling. The Columbia is a beautiful river. Its waters are clear as crystal and smooth as a sea of glass, exceeding in beauty the Ohio; but the scenery on each side of it is very different. There is no timber to be seen, but there are high perpendicular banks of rocks in some places, while rugged bluffs and plains of sand in others, are all that greet the eye. We sailed until near sunset, when we landed, pitched our tents, supped our tea, bread and butter, boiled ham and potatoes, committed ourselves to the care of a kind Providence, and retired to rest.

This morning we arose before sunrise, embarked and sailed until nine o'clock, and are now landed for breakfast. Mr. Pambrun's cook is preparing it, while husband and myself are seated by a little shrub, writing. We are this moment called. Farewell.

8th. Came last night quite to the Chute [above The Dalles], a fall in the river not navigable. There we slept, and this morning made the portage. All were obliged to land, unload, carry our baggage, and even the boat for half a mile. I had frequently seen the picture of the Indians carrying a canoe, but now I saw the reality. We found plenty of Indians here to assist in making the portage. After loading several with our baggage and sending them on, the boat was capsized, then placed upon the heads of about twenty of them, who marched off with it, with perfect ease. Below the main fall of water are rocks, deep, narrow channels, and many frightful precipices. We walked deliberately among the rocks, viewing the scene with astonishment, for this once beautiful river seemed to be cut up and destroyed by these huge masses of rock. Indeed, it is difficult to find where the main body of water passes. In high water we are told that these rocks are

all covered with water, the river rising to such an astonishing height.

After paying the Indians for their assistance, which was a twist of tobacco about the length of a finger to each, we reloaded, went on board, sailed about two miles, and stopped for breakfast. This was done to get away from a throng of Indians. Many followed us, however, to assist in making another portage, three miles below this.

Sept. 9th. We came to The Dalles just before noon. Here our boat was stopped by two rocks of immense size and height, all the water of the river passing between them in a very narrow channel, and with great rapidity. Here we were obliged to land and make a portage of two and a half miles, carrying the boat also. The Dalles is the great resort of Indians of many tribes for taking fish. We did not see many, however, for they had just left.

Now, mother, if I was with you by the fireside, I would relate a scene that would amuse you, and at the same time call forth your sympathies. But for my own gratification I will write it. After we landed, curiosity led us to the top of a rock to see the course of the river through its narrow channel. But as I expected to walk that portage, husband thought it would be giving me too much fatigue to do both. I went with him to its base, to remain there until his return. I took a handful of hazel nuts and thought I would divert myself with cracking and eating them. I had just seated myself in the shade of the rock, ready to commence work, when feeling something unusual on my neck, I put my hand under my cape and took from thence two insects, which I soon discovered to be fleas. Immediately I cast my eyes upon my dress before me, and to my astonishment, found it was black with these creatures, making all possible speed to lay siege to my neck and ears. This sight made me almost frantic. What to do I knew not. Husband was away, Sister Spalding had gone past hearing, to stand still I could not. I climbed up the rock in pursuit of my husband, who soon saw and came to me. I could not tell him, but showed him the cause of my distress. On opening the gathers of my dress around the waist every plait was lined with them. Thus they had already laid themselves

in ambush for a fresh attack. We brushed and shook, and shook and brushed for an hour, not stopping to kill, for that would have been impossible. By this time they were reduced very considerably, and I prepared to go to the boat. I was relieved from walking by the offer of a horse from a young chief. This was a kindness, for the way was mostly through sand, and the walk would have been fatiguing. I found the confinement of the boat distressing on account of my miserable companions, who would not let me rest for a moment in any one position. But I was not the only sufferer. Every one in the boat was alike troubled, both crew and passengers. As soon as I was able to make a change in my apparel, I found relief. We made fine progress this morning till 9 o'clock, when we were met with a head wind, and obliged to make shore. We met the crew last night with the Western Express. This express goes from and returns to Vancouver twice a year.

Eve. Have lain still all day because of the wind. This is a detention, as we intended to have been at Vancouver by to-morrow evening. A party of Indians came to our camp this eve. Every head was flattened. These are the first that I have seen near enough to be able to examine them. Their eyes have a dull and heavy expression.

10th. High winds, and not able to move at all today.

11th. We came to the Cascades for breakfast; another important fall in the river, where we are obliged to make a portage of a mile. The boat was towed along by the rocks with a rope over the falls. This is another great place for salmon fishing. A boat load was just ready for Vancouver when we arrived. I saw an infant here whose head was in the pressing machine. This was a pitiful sight. Its mother took great satisfaction in unbinding and showing its naked head to us. The child lay upon a board between which and its head was a squirrel skin. On its forehead lay a small, square cushion, over which was a bandage drawn tight around, pressing its head against the board. In this position it is kept three or four months or longer, until the head becomes a fashionable shape. There is a variety of shapes among them, some being sharper than others. I saw a child about a year old

whose head had been recently released from pressure, as I supposed from its looks. All the back part of it was of a purple color, as if it had been sadly bruised. We are told that this custom is wearing away very fast. There are only a few tribes of this river who practice it.

Sept. 12. Breakfasted at the sawmill five miles from Vancouver, and made preparations for entering it. You may be surprised to hear of a sawmill here, when I said that there was no timber on the Columbia. Since we passed the Cascades the scene is changed, and we are told there is timber all the way to the coast.

Eve. We are now in Vancouver, the New York of the Pacific Ocean. Our first sight as we approached the fort was two ships lying in the harbor, one of which, the Neriade, Captain Royal, had just arrived from London. The Columbia, Captain Dandy, came last May, and has since been to the Sandwich Islands and returned. On landing we first met Mr. Townsend, whom we saw at Walla Walla. He is from Philadelphia, and has been in the mountains for two years. He is sent here by a society to collect the different species of bipeds and quadrupeds, peculiar to this country. We brought a parcel of letters to him, the first he had received since he had left home. Mr. Townsend led us into the Fort. But before we reached the home of the chief factor, Dr. McLoughlin, we were met by several gentlemen, who came to give us a welcome, Mr. Douglas, Dr. Tolmie, and Dr. McLoughlin, of the Hudson Bay Company, who invited us in, and seated us on the sofa. Soon we were introduced to Mrs. McLoughlin and Mrs. Douglas, both natives of the country—half-breeds. After chattering a little we were invited to walk in the garden.

What a delightful place this is; what a contrast to the rough, barren sand plains, through which we had so recently passed. Here we find fruit of every description, apples, peaches, grapes, pears, plums and fig trees in abundance; also cucumbers, melons, beans, peas, beets, cabbage, tomatoes and every kind of vegetable too numerous to mention. Every part is very neat and tastefully arranged, with fine walks, lined on each side with strawberry vines. At the opposite end of the garden is a good summer house covered with grape vines. Here

I must mention the origin of these and apples. A gentleman, twelve years ago, while at a party in London, put the seeds of the grapes and apples which he ate into his vest pocket. Soon afterwards he took a voyage to this country and left them here, and now they are greatly multiplied.

After promenading as much as we wished, and returning, we were met by Mrs. Copendel, a lady from England, who arrived in the ship Columbia last May, and Miss Maria, daughter of Dr. McLoughlin, quite an interesting young lady. After dinner we were introduced to Rev. Mr. Beaver and lady, a clergyman of the Church of England, who arrived last week in the ship Neriade. This is more than we expected when we left home, that we should be privileged with the acquaintance and society of two English ladies. Indeed, we seem to be nearly allied to Old England, for most of the gentlemen of the Company are from there and Scotland.

We have not found Rev. Samuel Parker here, to our great disappointment. He went to Oahu in the ship Columbia, a few weeks before we arrived. We have mourned about it considerably, for we thought it would be so acceptable to our dear parents and friends at home to hear him say that he had seen us alive here after completing this long, unheard-of journey. Besides, I wish to send home many things which I cannot now. More than all this, his counsels and advice would have been such a relief to us, at this important time, as to location, character of the Indians, and the like. But it was wisely ordered, and we submit. He appears to have been a favorite here, and to have done much good. The Messrs. Lee left Vancouver on Saturday last for their station on the Wallamet. Mr. Daniel Lee has been out of health, and for the year past has been at Oahu. He returned on the Neriade, benefited by his visit.

Sept. 13. This morning visited the school to hear the children sing. It consists of about fifty-one children who have French fathers and Indian mothers. All the laborers here are Canadian French, with Indian wives. Indeed, some of the gentlemen of the Company have native wives and have adopted the customs of the country not to allow their wives to eat with them. French is the prevailing language here. English is spoken only by a few.

FORT VANCOUVER

Just before dinner we went on board the Neriade, the first ship I ever saw. She is a man-of-war, and goes to the Northwest coast soon.

The Columbia returns to London this fall. The Company have lost three ships on the coast.

Sept. 14. We were invited to a ride to see the farm—have rode fifteen miles this afternoon. We visited the barns, stock, etc. They estimated their wheat crops at four thousand bushels this year, peas the same, oats and barley between fifteen and seventeen hundred bushels each. The potato and turnip fields are large and fine. Their cattle are numerous, estimated at a thousand head in all the settlements. They have swine in abundance, also sheep and goats, but the sheep are of an inferior kind. We find also hens, turkeys and pigeons, but no geese.

You will ask what kind of beds they have here. I can tell you what kind of bed they made for us, and I have since found it a fashionable bed for this country. The bedstead is in the form of a bunk, with a rough board bottom, upon which are laid about a dozen of the Indian blankets. These with a pair of pillows, covered with calico cases, constitute our beds, sheets and covering. There are several feather beds in the place, made of the feathers of wild ducks, geese, cranes and the like. There is nothing here suitable for ticking. The best and only material is brown linen sheeting. The Indian ladies make theirs of deer skin. Could we obtain a pair of geese from any quarter I should think much of them.

Sept. 16. Every day we have something new to see. We went to the stores, and found them filled above and below with the cargo of the two ships, all in unbroken bales. They are chiefly Indian goods, and will be sent away this fall to the several different posts of the Company in the ship Neriade. We have found here every article for comfort and durability that we need, but many articles for convenience, and all fancy articles are not here. Visited the dairy also, where we found butter and cheese in abundance. Saw an improvement in the manner of raising cream. Their pans are an oblong square, quite large but shallow, flaring a little, made of wood and lined with tin. In the center is a hole with a long plug. When

the cream has risen, they place the pan over a tub or pail, remove the plug, and the milk will run off, leaving only the cream in the pan. I think that these must be very convenient in a large dairy. They milk between fifty and sixty cows.

On visiting the mill, we did not find it in a high state of improvement. It goes by horsepower, and has a wire bolt. This seemed a hard way of getting bread, but better so than no bread, or to grind by hand. The Company have one at Colville that goes by water, five days' ride from Walla Walla, from whence we expect to obtain our flour, potatoes and pork. They have three hundred hogs.

Dr. McLoughlin promises to loan us enough to make a beginning and all the return he asks is that we supply other settlers in the same way. He appears desirous to afford us every facility for living in his power. No person could have received a more hearty welcome or be treated with greater kindness than we have been since our arrival.

Sept. 17th. A subject is now before the minds of certain individuals, in which I feel a great interest. It is that we ladies spend the winter at Vancouver, while our husbands go to seek their locations and build. Dr. McLoughlin is certain that it will be the best for us, and I believe is determined to have us stay. The thought of it is not very pleasant to either of us. For several reasons I had rather go to Walla Walla, where if we failed to make a location, or of building this fall, we could stay very comfortably, and have enough to eat, but not as comfortably or have as great a variety as here; besides there is the difficulty of ascending the river in high water, not to say anything of a six months' separation, when it seems to be least desirable; but all things will be ordered for the best.

Sept. 18. Mr. Beaver held two services in a room in Dr. McLoughlin's barn today. Enjoyed the privilege much. This form of worship, of the Church of England, differs in no way from that of the Episcopalians in the States. The most of the gentlemen of the Fort are Scotch Presbyterians, very few being Episcopalians. The great mass of the laborers are Roman Catholics, who have three services during the Sabbath, one of which is attended at this house, at which Dr. McLough-

lin officiates in French. He translates a sermon or a tract and reads a chapter in the Bible and a prayer. The singing in Mr. Beaver's church was done by the children, some of their tunes having been taught them by Rev. Mr. Parker, and others by the Mr. Shepherd, of the Methodist Mission.

Sept. 19. The question is decided at last, that we stay here about four or five weeks. There is so much baggage to be taken up now, that the boat will be sufficiently loaded without us. Have the cheering promise that our husbands will come for us in a short time if prospered. One thing comforts us, they are as unwilling to leave us as we are stay, and would not, if it were possible for us to go now. From this we are sure that they will make every effort to return for us soon. We are told that the rainy season will commence soon, and continue through the winter and late in the spring, while at Walla Walla there is none. Vancouver, too, is subject to fever and ague. These are quite good reasons for preferring Walla Walla, even if we had to live in a lodge.

Have been making some necessary purchases for our two Indian boys, Richard and John, which we are glad to do, partly as a reward for their faithful care of the cattle during the journey. We left them at Walla Walla. They regretted our leaving them, and now I cannot feel willing to stay away from them all winter. Their anxiety to study continues the same, especially Richard. We love them both, and feel deeply interested in their welfare, and shall treat them as our own as long as they deserve it.

Sept. 20. Dr. McLoughlin gave my husband a pair of leather pantaloons today. All the gentlemen here wear them for riding, for economy. Riding horseback and carrying a gun is very destructive to cloth pantaloons.

Our husbands have been making preparations to leave us today, but have found so much to do, that they could not get ready to leave much before tonight. They have concluded to start the boat a short distance and camp, while they, with Mr. Pambrun and Mr. Gray, remain in the Fort, to leave early in the morning.

Sept. 21. Our friends left us this morning early. One thing I should have mentioned, as decided upon before they

left, was the propriety of making two stations. After consideration, it was decided best to do so for several reasons. The Cayuses, as well as the Nez Perces, are very anxious to have teachers among them. They are a numerous tribe,[1] and speak the same language as the Nez Perces. There are other fields open, ready for the harvest, and we wish that there were many more laborers here ready to occupy them immediately. Several places have been recommended, which our husbands intend visiting before they fix upon any place. You will recollect that we had Grand Ronde in view as a location when we left home. Our reasons for not fixing upon that place are insurmountable. The pass in the Blue Mountains is so difficult, and the distance so great that it would be next to impossible to think of obtaining supplies sufficient for our support. We could not depend upon game, for it is very scarce and uncertain. Mr. Parker recommends a place on the Kooskooska (Clearwater) River, six days' ride above Walla Walla. I hope to give you our exact location before I send this.

Sept. 22. Dr. McLoughlin has put his daughter in my care, and wishes me to hear her recitations. Thus I shall have enough to do for diversion while I stay. I could employ all my time in writing and work for myself if it were not for his wishes.

I have not given you a description of our eatables here. There is such a variety I know not where to begin. For breakfast we have coffee or cocoa, salt salmon and roast ducks with potatoes. When we have eaten our supply of them, our plates are changed and we make a finish on bread and butter.

For dinner we have a greater variety. First we are always treated to a dish of soup, which is very good. All kinds of vegetables in use are taken, chopped fine, and put into water with a little rice and boiled to a soup. The tomatoes are a prominent article, and usually some fowl meat, duck or other kind, is cut fine and added. If it has been roasted once it is just as good (so the cook says), and then spiced to the taste. After our soup dishes are removed, then comes a variety of meats to prove our tastes. After selecting and changing, we

[1] Not numerous, but wealthy and influential.

change plates and try another, if we choose, and so at every new dish have a clean plate. Roast duck is an every-day dish. Boiled pork, tripe, and sometimes trotters, fresh salmon or sturgeon, yea, articles too numerous to be mentioned. When these are set aside, a nice pudding or an apple pie is next introduced. After this a water and a muskmelon make their appearance, and last of all cheese, bread or biscuit and butter are produced to complete the whole. But there is one article on the table I have not yet mentioned and of which I never partake, that is wine. The gentlemen frequently drink toasts to each other, but never give us an opportunity of refusing, for they know that we belong to the Teetotal Society. We have talks about drinking wine, but no one joins our society. They have a Temperance Society here and at Wallamet, formed by Mr. Lee. Our tea is very plain. Bread and butter, good tea, plenty of milk and sugar.

Sept. 30th. We are invited to ride as often as once a week for exercise, and we generally ride all the afternoon. Today Mrs. McLoughlin rode with us. She keeps her old habit of riding gentleman fashion. This is the universal custom of Indian women, and they have saddles with high backs and fronts. We have been recommended to use these saddles, as a more easy way of riding, but we have never seen the necessity of changing our fashion.

I sing about an hour every evening with the children, teaching them new tunes, at the request of Dr. McLoughlin. Thus I am wholly occupied, and can scarcely find as much time as I want to write.

Oct. 18th. The Montreal Express came this afternoon, and a general time of rejoicing it is to every one. News from distant friends, both sad and pleasing.

Mr. Spalding has come with it, and brought a letter from my husband filled with pleasing information. The Lord has been with them since they left us, and has prospered them beyond all expectations. They have each selected a location, my husband remains there to build, while Mr. Spalding comes after us. Cheering thought this, to be able to make a beginning in our pleasing work so soon.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION WORK.

The Cayuse Indians, among whom Dr. Whitman settled, were a small, but rich, powerful and influential tribe. Early writers differ largely in their estimates of their number. Rev. S. Parker, in 1836, gives two thousand, which is evidently far too high. Captain C. Wilkes, in 1841, puts the number down as five hundred. Dr. A. G. Dart, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, says that in 1851 there were 38 men, 48 women, and 40 children, a total of 126. A census of 1853 says a hundred and twenty. When Dr. Whitman went there it is probable that they did not number over three hundred. But they had very large bands of horses, and were a proud and haughty tribe. Joining them on the west were the Walla Wallas, which Mr. Parker places at 500, Captain Wilkes at 200, Dr. Dart at 130. To the northeast were the Nez Perces, where Mr. Spalding had located, which was by far the strongest, most numerous, and most friendly to Americans of all the tribes east of the Cascade Mountains. All estimates place them between seventeen and twenty-five hundred. North were the Spokanes, numbering eight hundred, according to Mr. Parker, 232 according to Dr. Dart, and 450 according to the census of 1853.

The Cayuses originally had a language of their own, but having intermarried largely with the Nez Perces, they had mainly adopted that of this tribe, so that when books were printed in the Nez Perces, the Cayuses used them. The Walla Wallas likewise used largely the same language, so that Dr. Whitman could reach them and also assist Mr. Spalding when needed. All belonged to the Sahaptin family, while the Spokane language belongs to the Selish family, which is spoken in British America and in northern and western Washington.

Dr. Whitman's account of some of their manners and cus-

toms, which was published in the *Missionary Herald* for September, 1843, is as follows:

Migrations. "Their migrations are much in the following order and manner. The spring return is the most general and uniform. During this period, the congregations on the Sabbath are from two to four hundred, and from twenty to fifty on weekday evenings. Planting commences about the middle of April, which is also the period for commencing the raush harvest. To obtain this farinaceous root, known to travelers and traders as the biscuit root, they disperse along the streams coming out of the Blue Mountains. Some are not more than ten or fifteen miles from the station, while others are thirty or forty. This root forms a great staple of native food, and will be likely to continue such for a long time. From six to eight weeks are spent in gathering, drying and depositing this root. During this time, and about the 10th or 15th of May, the salmon arrive, and some fruits are ripe, which receive their share of attention. At this season all the smaller tributaries of the Columbia are barred by a web or wicker-work of willows for taking salmon. The skill of the natives is favorably displayed in this simple contrivance, and their toil is amply repaid by the quantity taken. While thus occupied, they visit the station to attend to the cultivation of their crops—a labor, in most cases, performed with ease and neatness. The latter part of June is the usual period for buffalo hunters to set out on their expedition. A migration of from forty to sixty miles takes them across the Blue Mountains into the Grande Round. The river of Grande Round is well supplied with fish, and the mountains abound with bear, deer, etc. The wheat harvest, which begins the latter part of July, and the care of their other crops, bring many to the station, who remain till the 1st of October, or until the potato harvest is past. During this period there are more in the neighborhood of the station than at any other period, except the spring. Our congregation averages from fifty to two hundred. A great number come and remain for a short time, and then leave, while others take their places. During this period, their attention is divided between their crops and herds, hunting and fishing, and preparing dried fruit. Soon after the potatoes

are secured, they begin to disperse to their winter quarters. From fifty to sixty only remain during the winter."

Indian Superstitions. "Their belief is that the present race of beasts, birds, reptiles and fish were men, who inhabited the globe before the present race. Although doomed to their present state their language is still retained, and these beasts, birds, reptiles and fish have the power to convey this language to those people into whom they see fit to pass. To obtain this boon, boys are required to leave the lodge and repair to the mountains alone, and there to stay for several days without food in order to be addressed by some of these supernatural agencies. Some return without any assurance of the kind; others believe themselves to be addressed, and they are very free to communicate what was said to them, while others profess great secrecy and claim great reverence on account of their mysterious possession.

"At these times they profess to be told what is to be their future character, and in what way they may secure honor, wealth and long life; how they will be invulnerable, and if wounded, by what means they will be healed. The surgical knowledge imparted generally consists in directions how to cast off the extravasated blood, and then to sit in a stream of water and sing according to certain rules. At these times they say that one person becomes possessed of power to strike or shoot another with an invisible influence or arrow, so that disease and death will follow. This is the foundation of the system of sorcery, as seen in the so-called medicine-men.

"Most of their efforts to cure the sick consist in obtaining one medicine-man to counteract another, who is supposed to have caused the sickness. The sorcerer employed for this purpose calls to his aid a number of persons, who sing and beat upon sticks with a horrible noise, while he himself sings and talks and practices sundry contortions, using at the same time a variety of incoherent expressions, supposed to be the language of the former race of men, as delivered to him by the beast, bird, reptile or fish which is helping him in his conjurations. After a sufficient display of this sort of machinery and

a full lecture to his coadjutors about the disease, its cause and cure, he proceeds to extract the evil by placing his hands on the diseased or painful spot, and then, if successful, he casts himself upon the floor, with his hands in water, as though what he had extracted burnt him. He then shows what he has drawn out, and afterwards drives it off into the broad space and prognosticates a cure; but when he sees a prospect of death, he often points out some one who, he says, is causing the sickness, and declares the other to be possessed by a more powerful agent than himself, so that he cannot overcome him. Should death occur in such a case as this, they watch the dying person to see if any expression of his fastens suspicion upon the person named; and all are careful to remember if any hard words had passed, or any cause whatever confirms the supposition. Very often in cases of this kind, nothing can save the conjuror. The number and horror of such deaths that have come under my observation have been great.

"In the same way individuals arrogate to themselves power over the winds, the clouds, the rain, the snow, and the seasons—in short, all and every desired or desirable object is sought for from this source. Some are losing their confidence in such things, while others are yet strong in the belief of their reality.

A Mode of Gaining Supernatural Power. "A young man shot himself through the body last July, in order to convince his countrymen of the strength of his supernatural protecting agent. The ball entered the abdomen a little to the right and below the umbilicus, and came out by an oblique line above and near the spine on the same side. This occurred sixty miles from my house, at the Grande Round, and the third day he encamped near me for the night, and I saw him and examined his wound in the morning. He was walking about and making his preparations to depart; and soon he rode off on horseback. This was the second trial of his strength, having shot himself through in much the same way, about two years before. The body was preserved from the flash by his leather shirt. He will now be regarded as a strong mystery, or medicine-man."

Beginning of Missionary Work.

During the first year or two everything was favorable for missionary work. The Indians had received some instruction from members of the Hudson's Bay Company, so that at the lodge of the chief of the Cayuses religious worship was held every morning, night, and on the Sabbath. This consisted of singing, a form of prayer, and an address from the chief. Hence the Indians received the Doctor gladly, and were disposed to accept religious instruction. A year after he first began work, he made a journey to Lapwai, Mr. Spalding's station, leaving his own premises, stock and produce almost entirely without protection, and on his return found everything safe.

On the 4th of March, 1837, on Mrs. Whitman's twenty-ninth birthday, their first and only child was born, a daughter. She was named Alice Clarissa, after her two grandmothers. For a time she was visited almost daily by the Indian chiefs and principal men, while the women thronged the house to see her. They called her Cayuse te-mi (girl) because she was born on Cayuse land, and as long as she lived she was a strong bond between the missionaries and the Indians. In regard to her, Mrs. Whitman wrote to her home relations: "O, the responsibilities of a mother. To be a mother in heathen lands, among savages, gives feelings that never can be known only to those who are such. You see our situation. If ever we needed your prayers and sympathies, it is at the present time. Ye mothers of the maternal associations, let me beg an interest in your prayers, especially for your unworthy sister, now that she has become a mother, and for her little one. I feel utterly incompetent for the place, and were it not for the strong hand of the Lord, I should sink under the responsibilities resting upon me."

One trouble which the Doctor had at first was that, when he needed help, he could not depend on the Indians, because they did not like to work steadily. He was assisted in this trouble, however, by employing a few Hawaiians, of whom there were a number then in the country. Another trouble which he met was in regard to sickness and the medicine men. In the spring of 1837 many of the Indians were sick with inflammation of

THE WHITMAN MISSION (WAIILATPU) IN 1843

the lungs. The Doctor attended them, but many of them after getting better would overeat or expose themselves, and have relapse, after which they must have their medicine men. One old chief, Umtippe, told the Doctor that if his wife should die one night, he would kill him. The anxiety and excitement nearly made the Doctor sick, but fortunately none died to whom the Doctor gave medicine. Notwithstanding these trials Mrs. Whitman, however, felt that their situation was far preferable to that of some missionaries east of the Rocky Mountains, because no alcohol was to be had, the Indians did not steal (so that she left her clothes out over night, feeling as safe about them as when in Prattsburg), and there was not a man or woman, and scarcely a child but what was clothed, some with American clothes, some with a shirt and leggings, with a blanket or buffalo robe over their shoulders, and the women and girls with dresses made entirely of skins.

By March, 1838, the Doctor wrote to the Board: "During the winter we have been greatly favored by having a few very kind Indians near us, so that we have had a school of from fifteen to twenty scholars, many of whom have made good proficiency in learning to read the English language. Those who have been away for the winter hunt are now returned, and the present number of children is greater than we have books or ability to teach. The only books we have for teaching were kindly and gratuitously furnished us by our Methodist brethren of the Willamette Mission."

This school was kept in their kitchen, which was crowded much of the time. Mrs. Whitman copied a book of seventy-two pages, in the Nez Perces language, which Mr. Spalding intended to send to the Sandwich Islands, that it might be printed. This was probably not done, as a press was received from the Islands the next year.

Doctor Whitman added: "The disposition of the Indians appears much more friendly than last year, but still I need not tell you we have many perverse dispositions to encounter, for which we often feel we lack wisdom, and should be discouraged were it not for the promises of God to be with us and enlighten us. We have two meetings for the Indians on

the Sabbath, and in the evening what we call a Sabbath school for the children and youth. The attention to religious instruction is good and solemn. Worship is strictly maintained in the principal lodges morning and evening. Lately I have been explaining the Ten Commandments and our Saviour's first and great commandment, to which they listen with strict attention, and, from their inquiries, I think they understand them.

"My plan for teaching the children is not to take them to board, but let them live with their parents, and come for instruction. When their parents are to be gone for a short time I will give them food and let them lodge in my Indian room until their parents return. Some of the parents begin to be unwilling to be absent, because it takes their children off from learning to read.

"The Indians are making arrangements for planting, and I am in hopes they will do much. But their fear that other Indians will steal from them is a great hindrance to them, and all are anxious to plant where I can watch their crops; for, as they say, the Indians fear me, but do not fear them. Indians from a distance are continually coming for seed to plant, and as I am not straightened, it affords me great pleasure to give them. There seems to be a general interest among the neighboring Indians to plant. I am anxious to cultivate largely, as I expect we may have associates, and perhaps some of our friends from the Sandwich Islands may spend some time with us for their health. Our situation renders it necessary to entertain many friends and passing strangers.

"It has seemed important to make a beginning that would encourage the Indians at the outside, that we might the sooner gain access to them, and try the influence of cultivation and a settled manner of life, not forgetting that it is the gospel which we come to bring, and that our great business is with the mind, and not the body. But while we acquire their language, and are preparing to instruct them, they are not idle spectators. They must be encouraged in the most useful habits. Everything seems encouraging in our prospects. May the Lord bless us, and direct our efforts in the best way!"

The summer of 1838 was very favorable for vegetation, and the mission crops were abundant. Many of the Indians also had fair crops, enough to show them how much more comfortably they might live by agriculture than by the chase, and many more prepared to follow their example the following year.

In March, 1838, Mrs. Whitman wrote her parents that two years had passed and she had not received a single letter from the loved ones there. The following July, on the 11th, two years and four months after leaving home, she received the first letters, dated January and August of the year before. More were received in August, brought by the band of missionaries who came that year, and then she had to wait two years longer for her next letters from the East. Of newspapers, too, she says, in September, 1838, that she had seen none of any kind except a few numbers of the *New York Observer* for 1836. She wrote her sister about that time that they must calculate that it would be three years before either of them could expect to receive an answer to any letter which they should write. She, however, wrote, September 25, 1838, "When the contemplated railroad over the Isthmus of Darien shall have been opened, which is expected to take place within two or three years, I hope communications will be more frequent than they are at the present time." This is the first mention of a railroad at that place seen by the author, and seems strange, when we take into consideration the state of the coast at that time.

Visits, too, were very infrequent. It was not until November, 1837, that she was able to go and see her nearest white female neighbor, Mrs. Spalding, after a separation of about a year. At that time the four parents gave their two daughters to God in baptism, for Mr. and Mrs. Spalding had their little Eliza, born November 15th, 1837. Of this event, Mrs. Whitman wrote: "We had the unspeakable satisfaction of giving away our babes to God, and having the seal of that blessed covenant placed upon their foreheads. Surely, dear mother, if this is a comfort to mothers in a Christian land, it is doubly so in the midst of heathen. We also had the privilege of commemorating the dying love of the Saviour, a blessing which we

have not enjoyed since we sat at the table with our beloved friends in Angelica, on the eve of our marriage. O, ye privileged ones, who can sit together in heavenly places, and mount upon wings as eagles, little do you realize the feelings of the solitary missionary in the land of darkness, as Egyptian darkness itself."

A visit in the spring of 1838 from Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist Mission in the Willamette Valley, greatly refreshed them. He had arrived in the country in 1834, and was in 1838 returning East for more laborers. He also carried with him a memorial to Congress, signed by thirty-six persons, about three-fourths of all the white male inhabitants of the Willamette Valley, asking our government to take formal and speedy possession of the country. His preaching, his visit, here and at Mr. Spalding's, his conference on religious questions, and without doubt also on the national subject of the possession of the country, were all like a refreshing rain to a thirsty land.[1]

In August, 1838, the Indians at Dr. Whitman's seemed so much interested in the Gospel that the Doctor sent for Mr. Spalding, who came, and a series of meetings was held. It seemed as if some had decided for Christ. At the close of these meetings, August 18th, a church was organized of seven members, Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Joseph Mahi and wife, Hawaiians, and Charles Compo, a settler from the mountains and Mr. Parker's interpreter in 1835, who had become a Christian at Dr. Whitman's. This church was Presbyterian in name, the first of that denomination on the Pacific Coast. It was, however, Congregational in practice, as long as the mission lasted, not being connected with any Presbytery or Synod, but being governed by a majority of its members. When the reinforcement to the mission arrived, the latter part of the month, all united with it, making sixteen members. Mr. Spalding was pastor of it, a position he held

[1] Rev. H. K. Hines has described this event graphically in his missionary "History of the Pacific Northwest," Chapter 8.

for thirty-eight years, until his death, and Dr. Whitman was chosen its ruling Elder.[1]

After the first winter it was thought that the need for more missionaries was so great that Mr. Gray was sent East in 1837 to obtain the needed help. He was successful in this, and returned to Oregon in 1838 with his wife, Reverends A. B. Smith, Elkanah Walker, and Cushing Eells and their wives, and Mr. Cornelius Rogers. Mr. Gray and his wife during the latter part of the journey went ahead of the others and arrived at Walla Walla on August 14th, the rest on August 29th. Messrs. Walker and Eells went north the same fall and selected a station among the Spokane Indians, called Tshim-a-kain, but they were not able to prepare homes in which they could winter, and consequently wintered at Dr. Whitman's. There, December 7th, 1838, Cyrus Hamlin Walker was born, who, though not the first American white boy born on the coast, was the first to live to be of any age. The next March these two families left for their place of work, where they remained nine years. Mr. Smith and wife stayed at Waiilatpu during the winter, but the next spring began a new station among the Nez Perces at Kamiah, sixty miles east of Mr. Spalding's. Mr. Gray and his wife and Mr. Rogers went to Lapwai for the winter. From a letter received by the Board, written by Dr. Whitman in July, it appeared that previous to their arrival he had given up all hope of having any help for that year at least, but when they arrived, he wrote, "We feel like Paul when he met the brethren from Rome, we thank God and take courage."

[1] Although the mission was broken up after the massacre of Dr. Whitman in 1847, yet so many Indians united with it that it remained in existence until after Mr. Spalding's return to Lapwai in 1871, when it grew rapidly, having at one time several hundred members. In 1888 its semi-centennial was celebrated at Walla Walla and Dr. Whitman's grave. A large number of prominent persons were present at that time, among them Hon. W. H. Gray, who had joined it almost fifty years previous, and Rev. Myron Eells, who was baptized in it in his infancy, and who by request represented the American Board at that time. All of the original seven members were then dead, and of the sixteen mentioned above who united with it in 1838, the only ones living besides Mr. Gray were Rev. Cushing Eells, then at Tacoma, Washington, and Mrs. M. R. Walker, at Forest Grove, Oregon.

In April, 1839, a printing press arrived from the Sandwich Islands, for the benefit of the mission. It was the first one on the Pacific Coast, and on it was done the first printing on the coast. It had been sent by the American Board in 1819 to the Sandwich Islands to be used by the mission there. That was the year when the first missionaries were sent to those islands, and, in 1822, their language had been so far reduced to writing that the press came into use. It was the pioneer press there as well as now on the Pacific Coast. It was a Ramage writing, copying and seal press, No. 14. After using it for twenty years the Hawaiian mission had grown so that it needed a larger press, and consequently, the native church at Honolulu bought it, with type, furniture, paper and a few other articles, altogether valued at five hundred dollars, and donated it to the Oregon Mission of the American Board. E. O. Hall, a practical printer, at the Islands, came to Oregon with it. His wife's health was quite poor, and it was hoped that the voyage and change would do her good, and as there was no printer in Oregon, he came also to teach the art of printing. On April 30th Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding met it and Mr. and Mrs. Hall at Fort Walla Walla. By common consent it was taken on horseback to Lapwai, where, on the sixteenth of May, it was set up, and on the eighteenth the first proof sheet was struck off. On the twenty-fourth a small booklet of eight pages in Nez Perces was printed.[1]

[1] Lapwai remained the home of the press until 1846, and during that time, as near as can now be learned, there were printed an elementary book of twenty pages, another of fifty-two pages of 800 copies, another in 1840 of eight pages, some simple laws adopted through the influence of Dr. E. White, U. S. Sub. Indian Agent, in 1843, a small Nez Perces and English vocabulary, a hymn book, 1842, and a translation of Matthew. All of these were in the Nez Perces language. Dr. Whitman was appointed by the mission to prepare the one of 800 copies, but he was so busy professionally and felt that Messrs. Smith and Rogers were so much better qualified in the language that he employed them to prepare it. The rest were prepared, as far as can be learned, by Mr. Spalding. In 1842 one of sixteen pages in the Spokane language was printed. This was prepared by Messrs. Walker and Eells, chiefly by the former, who may properly hence be called the pioneer book writer of the State of Washington, as Mr. Spalding

On Sabbath, June 23rd, 1839, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman met with their first great sorrow through the death by accidental drowning of the only child they ever had, Alice Clarissa, aged about two years and three months. Without the knowledge of her parents she had gone to the banks of the Walla Walla River, not far from the house, taking a cup to get a drink where they were accustomed to get water for family use, and fell in. Her mother was in the house, her father a short distance away on the premises. The alarm was conveyed to them almost instantly, and they and others rushed to the stream, seeking for their child with frantic eagerness. But the strong current had carried her down and lodged her in a clump of bushes under the bank. They passed the spot a number of times while life remained in the child; but they found her too late. Word was immediately sent to Mr. Spalding, who, with his wife and Mr. Hall, came to Dr. Whitman's as soon as possible.

Mr. Spalding says: "Our brother and sister appear to be remarkably reconciled to the afflictive Providence which has removed from them their dearest earthly treasure. Her parents feel that their sins have made it necessary for their Heav-

was of Idaho. Mr. Hall remained in the country until 1840, when he returned to the Sandwich Islands. By that time he had taught Messrs. Spalding and Rogers the art of printing so well that they carried it on with the help of some of the Indians. In 1844 M. G. Foley, an emigrant of that year, was employed to take charge of it, and his name appears as printer on some of the booklets. In 1846, six persons in Salem, Oregon, wished to publish a paper: Daniel Leslie, Joseph Holman, W. H. Wilson, J. B. McClaine and Messrs. Robinson and Judson. They sent A. Hinman to see if the mission press could be obtained. Having interviewed all the missionaries, he obtained it on certain conditions, and packed it on horseback to The Dalles. The conditions were such, however, that the company declined to accept them, and the press remained at The Dalles until after the Whitman massacre, when, with the consent of Mr. Spalding, Rev. J. S. Griffin took it to his home near Hillsboro, and printed on it eight numbers of the "Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist." It remained with Mr. Griffin for a score or so of years, when it was taken to Salem and deposited in the State Historical Rooms. Afterwards the Oregon Historical Society obtained it, and removed it to their rooms for historical relics at Portland, where it now rests. It has not been used since about 1849.

enly Parent thus sorely to afflict them. Mrs. Whitman very humbly remarked, 'It has been a great pleasure to take care of our little one thus far, and I can cheerfully give her up.'" She was buried on the 27th, Mr. Pambrun of Fort Walla Walla, and a few domestics being present. Mr. Spalding preached the sermon from II. Kings iv:26. "She is the first of our number," he said, "to find a grave in these dark regions." He and his wife remained at Waiilatpu for a week, after which the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman went home with them for a short time.

The missionaries were not angels, but human beings, and there was considerable trouble between some of them about this time, especially between Messrs. Gray, Spalding, Whitman and Smith. On account of this Dr. Whitman had concluded to leave the mission and take the consequences; but the reading of Henry on "Meekness" checked him, and the death of Alice completely broke down all his hard feelings. Thus the affliction was so overruled that it played no unimportant part in keeping the Doctor in the mission, and consequently in the performance of his subsequent great life-work.

In regard to this event Mrs. Whitman wrote that on that morning, at family prayers, Alice had chosen for the hymn to be sung, "Rock of Ages," which was a favorite of hers. It being the Sabbath, it was sung again at the services at noon. She sang it with great clearness and with such ecstacy as almost to lift her out of her chair. "And no wonder," says her mother, "for what words could be more appropriate to her than those:

'While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee.'"

Her mother added, "That we loved her most ardently is true, and it is no less true that we feel keenly the severe pangs of a separation from her, who was so much the joy and comfort of our hearts in our lonely situation, yet it is the Lord that

hath done it and He hath dealt with us as a tender parent deals with the children whom he loves. O, how often have I felt and thought what a privilege it would be, if I could see and unburden to my dear parents the sorrows of my broken and bleeding heart, since we have been bereft of our dear, sweet babe. Although deprived of this inestimable consolation, yet, dearest father, I desire to ask you to unite with us in praise and gratitude to God, that He has so mercifully sustained me, and that when crushed to the earth, because His hand lay heavily upon me, His grace was manifest to preserve and sustain my soul from murmuring or repining at His dealings with us. This unspeakable consolation is ours, and our daughter is at rest in the bosom of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' We rejoice, too, that we have been permitted to become parents, and that she has been spared to us as long as she was, and for the pleasure we had of witnessing the development of her ardent, active mind.

"On what a tender thread hang these mortal frames, and how soon we vanish and are gone. She will not come to me, but I shall soon go to her. You know not, neither can I tell you, how much He comforts and sustains me in this trying moment. He enables me to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed, ever blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

The arrival of Catholic missionaries about this time was a source of trial to Dr. Whitman. The first were Vicar General F. N. Blanchet and Rev. M. Demers, who reached Fort Walla Walla November 18th, 1838. They remained at first but one day, celebrating mass and baptising three persons. As this was the nearest that these priests came to any of the mission stations of the American Board, it was not strange that Dr. Whitman was more affected than the other missionaries. Mr. P. C. Pambrun, then in charge of the Fort, was a Catholic, and although his family were at Vancouver, yet his three girls and wife were baptized there in December, and the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Pambrun was blessed on the same day by the priest. While Mr. Pambrun was personally very kind to the Whitmans, yet Mrs. Whitman says that he secured the baptism

of one of the principal Cayuses, and acted upon his band, keeping many away who would gladly have come to them. In 1841 he was accidentally injured by a horse and died. His place was then filled by Archibald McKinley, a Scotch Presbyterian, and a very true friend to the Whitmans.

Both the Catholic and Protestant missionaries of that day agree in saying that the object of the Catholics at that time was to draw the minds of the Indians away from the Protestant missionaries. In October, 1839, Mrs. Whitman wrote: "A Catholic priest has recently been at Walla Walla, and held meetings with the Indians, and used their influence to draw all the people away from us. Some they have forbidden to visit us again, and fill all of their minds with distraction about the truths we teach and their own doctrines; say we have been talking about their bad hearts long enough, and too long, say we ought to have baptized them long ago, etc., etc. The conflict has begun; what trials await us we know not."

Still there was some encouragement. In October, 1839, Mrs. Whitman wrote, "We never had greater encouragement about the Indians than at the present time." The Cayuses became much interested in the books printed in their language, and that was an incentive to them to attend the school, so that in the same month the Doctor wrote that the school had averaged sixty or eighty scholars for a month.

The following incident, of which the Doctor wrote, which occurred about this time, was one of the encouraging items of his life. An Indian boy lay dying. The father said to him, "You are dying now, do you know it?" He replied, "I am not dying; I shall always live. This will be but for a little while, and then I shall always live." The father again said, "Do you think?" He replied, "Yes, I think." "What do you think about?" was the question. "About Heaven. I love God more than any one else," was the reply; and he died without a struggle or groan, like going to sleep.

In 1839 Rev. J. S. Griffin, Mr. A. Munger, and their wives arrived at Dr. Whitman's. They were independent missionaries to the Indians, not being under any missionary society, but intending to support themselves. Mr. Griffin and his wife soon went to Mr. Spalding's, where they worked during the

winter. Afterwards, having tried one or two plans for working alone among the Indians, and finding them impracticable, they went to the Willamette Valley, settled near Hillsboro, and remained there as long as they lived, both dying at a good old age.

Mr. Munger was a good mechanic, and as Dr. Whitman was needing one, he remained at Waiilatpu during the winter. Afterwards he became partly deranged, and it was thought best for him to return East. He started with his wife and infant child, in company with a Hudson's Bay Company party, in 1841. When, however, they reached the American Rendezvous on Green River, they found no representatives of the American Fur Company there, and so had to turn back. On the way he became worse, and burned and otherwise injured himself so that he died. Mrs. Munger then went to the Willamette, married Henry Buxton, Sr., and lived at Forest Grove for many years. Another person, afterwards well known in Oregon, to come to Dr. Whitman's that year was William Geiger, who, with a Mr. Johnson from New York, arrived in August, 1839. Mr. Geiger had lived in Mrs. Whitman's town of Angelica. He passed on to the Willamette, but came back in 1842 and had charge of Dr. Whitman's station during the winter of 1842-3, while the Doctor went East. He was there again in 1845 and 1846 as teacher. He settled at Forest Grove, Oregon.

Another person to arrive was Mr. T. J. Farnham. He did not remain long in the country, but was quite a writer, publishing two books about his travels on the Pacific Coast. In his *Travels Across the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains,*[1] he gives the following account of his arrival and visit at Dr. Whitman's, which is here given both because it is by one not connected with the mission, and because it is much more full on some points than any by the missionaries:

"*September 23rd.* A ride of five miles brought us in sight of the groves around the mission. We crossed the river, passed the Indian encampment hard by, and were at the gate of the mission fields in presence of Dr. Whitman. He was speaking

[1] P. 147, etc.

Skyuse [Cayuse] at the top of his voice to some lazy Indians, who were driving their cattle from his garden, and giving orders to others to yoke the oxen, get the axes, and go into the forest for the lower sleepers of the new mission house. Mr. Hall, printer at the Sandwich Islands, soon appeared in working dress, with his ax on his shoulder. Next came Mr. Munger, pulling the pine shavings from his plane. All seemed desirous to ask me how long a balloon line had been running between the States and the Pacific, by which single individuals crossed the Continent.[1] The oxen were, however, yoked and axes glistening in the sun, and no time to spend, if they would return from their labor before nightfall, so that the whence and the wherefore of my sudden appearance among them were left for an after explanation. The Doctor introduced me to his excellent lady and departed to his labor.

"The afternoon was spent in listless rest from the toils of my journey. At sunset, however, I strolled out and took a bird's-eye view of the plantation and plain of the Walla Walla. The old mission house stands on the northeast bank of the river, about four rods from the water side, at the southeast corner of an enclosure containing about two hundred and fifty acres, two hundred of which are under good cultivation. The soil is a thin stratum of clay, mixed with sand, and a small proportion of vegetable mold, resting on a base of coarse gravel. Through this gravel water from the Walla Walla filtrates, and by capillary attraction is raised to the roots of vegetation in the incumbent earth. The products are wheat, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, Irish potatoes, etc., in the fields; and beets, carrots, onions, turnips, rutabagas, water, musk and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, etc., in the garden—all of good quality and abundant crops. The Doctor returned near night with his timber, and appeared gratified that he had been able to find the requisite number of sufficient size to support the floor. Tea came on and passed away in earnest conversation about native land, and friends left there, of the pleasures they derived from their present oc-

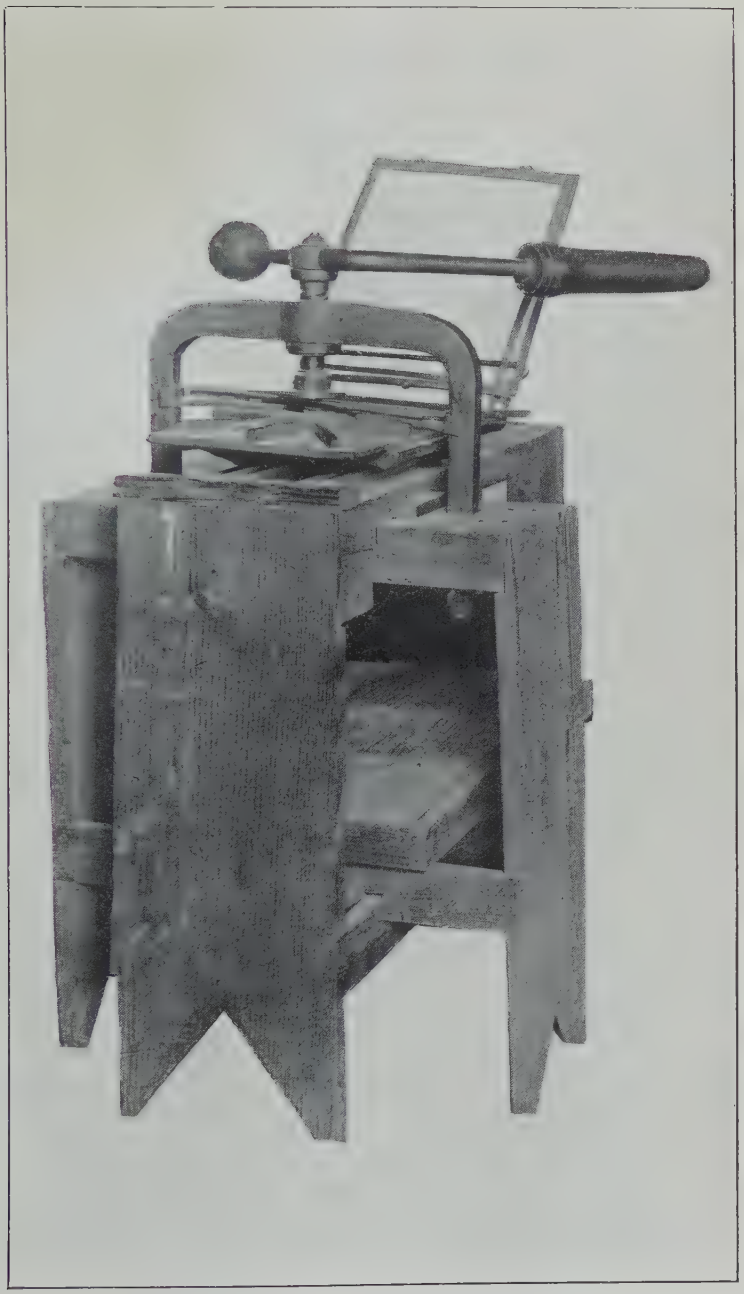
[1] Mr. F. had come the last part of the way alone, except as he had his Indian guide and the guide's family for company.

cupation, and the trials that befell them while commencing the mission, and afterwards.

"The morning of the 24th opened in the loveliest hues of the sky. When the smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly churned butter, graced the table, and the happy countenances of countrymen and countrywomen shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land and all its features. But during breakfast this pleasant illusion was dispelled by one of the causes which induced it. Our steak was horseflesh! On such meat this poor family live on most of the time. It enables them to exist, to do the Indians good, and thus satisfies them. But can it satisfy those who give money for the missionaries that the allowance by their agents for the support of those who abandon parents and home, and surrender themselves not only to the mercy of the savages, but their offspring also, and should be so meager as to compel them to eat horseflesh? This necessity existed in 1839 at Walla Walla.

"The breakfast being over, the Doctor invited me to stroll over his premises. The garden was first examined—its location on the banks of the Walla Walla, the beautiful tomato and other vegetables burdening the grounds. Next, to the fields. The Doctor's views of the soil and its mode of receiving moisture from the river were such as I have previously expressed. Then, to the new house. The adobe walls had been erected a year. It was about 40x120 feet, and one and a half stories high. To the main building was attached another of equal height, designed for a kitchen, with chambers above designed for servants. Mr. Munger and a Sandwich Islander were laying the floors, making the doors, etc. The lumber was a very superior quality of yellow pine plank, which Dr. Whitman had cut with a whip-saw among the Blue Mountains, fifteen miles distant. Next, to the 'corral.' A fine yoke of oxen, two cows, an American bull, the beginning of a stock of hogs, were thereabouts. At last, to the grist-mill. It consisted of a spherical wrought-iron burr, four or five inches in diameter, surrounded by a counterburred surface of the same materials. The spherical burr was permanently attached to a

shaft of a horizontal waterwheel. The surrounding surface was firmly fastened to timbers in such a position that when the water-wheel was put in motion the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the Doctor was grateful. It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family for a week, and that was better than to beat it with a pestle and a mortar. It appeared to me quite remarkable that the Doctor should have made so many improvements since the year 1836; but the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character, and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are perhaps circumstances which render possibility probable, that in three years one man, without funds for such purposes, without other aid for that business than that of a fellow missionary for short intervals, should fence, plow, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness, learn an Indian language, and do the duties, meanwhile, of physician to the associate stations on the Clearwater and Spokane. In the afternoon Dr. Whitman and his lady assembled the Indians for instruction in reading. Forty or fifty children between the ages of seven and eighteen, and several older people, gathered on the shady side of the new mission house, at the ringing of a hand bell, and seated themselves in an orderly manner on ranges of wooden benches. The Doctor then wrote monosyllables, words, and instructive sentences on a large blackboard suspended on a wall, and proceeded first to teach them the nature and power of the letters, in representing the simple sounds of the language, and then the construction of words, and their uses in forming sentences expressive of thought. The sentences written during these operations were at last read, syllable by syllable, and word after word, and explained, until the sentiments contained in them were comprehended. And it was delightful to notice the undisguised avidity with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up the countenances, and animated the whole frame. A hymn in the Nez Perce language, learned by rote from their teachers, was then



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sung, and the exercises closed with prayer by Dr. Whitman in the same tongue.

"*Twenty-fifth.* I was awakened at early dawn by the merry sounds of clapping boards, the ax, the hammer, and the plane —the sweet melodies of the parent of virtue at the cradle of civilization. When I rose, everything was in motion. I said everything was alive. Not so. The Skyuse village was in the deepest slumber, save a few solitary individuals, who were stalking with slow and stately tread up a neighboring butte to descry the retreat of their animals. Their conical skin lodges dotted the valley above the mission, and imparted to the landscape a peculiar wildness. As the sun rose, the inmates began to emerge from them.

"This is the imperial tribe of Oregon. They are also a tribe of merchants (often doing the trading between the Indians east of the Blue Mountains and those towards The Dalles). They own large numbers of horses. A Skyuse is thought to be poor who has not fifteen or twenty of them. One fat, hearty old fellow owns something over two thousand, all wild except so many as he needs for use or sale.

"*Twenty-seventh.* I attended the Indian school today. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructress. The children read in monosyllables from a primer lately published at the Clearwater station. They afterwards sung. They learn music readily. At nightfall I visited the Indian lodges in company with Dr. Whitman. The Skyuse have two distinct languages —the one used in ordinary intercourse, the other on extraordinary occasions, as in war, councils, etc. Both are said to be copious and expressive. They also speak the Nez Perce and Walla Walla.

"The course pursued by Dr. Whitman and the other Presbyterian missionaries to improve the Indians is to teach them the Nez Perce language, according to fixed grammatical rules, for the purpose of opening to them the arts and religion of civilized nations through the medium of books. They also teach them practical agriculture and the useful arts for the purpose of civilizing their physical condition. By these means they hope to make them a better and happier people.

"This was the evening before the Sabbath, and Dr. Whit-

man, as his custom was, invited one of the most intelligent Indians into his study, translated to him the text of Scripture, from which he intended to teach the tribe on the morrow, explained to him its doctrines, and required of him to explain in return. This was repeated again and again, until the Indian obtained a clear understanding of its doctrines.

"The 29th was the Sabbath. At 10 o'clock the Skyuse assembled for worship in the open air. The exercises were according to the Presbyterian form—the hymn, the prayer, the hymn, the sermon, the hymn, and the blessing, all in the Nez Perce tongue. The principal peculiarity about the exercises was the mode of delivering the discourse. When Dr. Whitman arose and announced the text, the Indian, who had been instructed on the previous night, rose and repeated it, and as the address proceeded, repeated it also, by sentence or paragraph, till it was finished. This is the custom of the Skyuse in all their public speaking; and the benefit resulting from it, in this case, apparently, was giving the doctrines which the Doctor desired to inculcate a clearer expression in the proper idiom of the language. During the recess the children assembled in the Sabbath-school. In the afternoon the service was similar to that of the morning. Everything was conducted with much solemnity. After the service the Indians gathered in their lodges and conversed together concerning what they had heard. If doubt arose as to any point, it was solved by the instructed Indian. Thus passed the Sabbath among the Skyuse."

Mr. Farnham had belonged to what was called the "Peoria Party," organized at Peoria, Illinois, in the spring of 1839, largely because of the lectures and influence of Rev. Jason Lee of the Methodist mission, who had returned in 1838 for more help. It was originally composed of nineteen men, none of whom knew anything of mountain life. Their avowed object was to take possession of Oregon for the United States, and they carried a flag, given them by Mrs. Farnham, on which was the motto, "Oregon or the Grave." When asked if they thought their party sufficient to drive out the Hudson's Bay Company, their Captain, Mr. Farnham, replied, "O, yes, plenty." They did not, however, get along well together; seven

returned to Peoria. The rest became demoralized, and divided. A few reached Oregon that year, others wintered in the mountains and finished their journey the next year. Among them was Robert Shortess, who wintered at Dr. Whitman's and proceeded down the Columbia the next March. In his account of the party, he speaks quite favorably of Dr. Whitman's mission and the few Indians there.[1]

Mr. Farnham in this account refers to the eating of horseflesh. During all the earlier years of the mission cattle were altogether too scarce and too valuable to use for food. The Hudson's Bay Company had all there were in the country, except those owned by the missions, and that Company would not sell any. The missionaries wished to get enough cattle for their own use, and also enough to begin small bands for the Indians; hence they seldom, if ever, at first, killed them for food, and so horseflesh was a common article of food. The horses, however, used for this purpose were not those which were old and worn out and good for nothing else; but as horses were very abundant, they used the best there were, fattened on the rich bunch grass of the region, and not as unpalatable as some might suppose. It is said that at one time, after cattle became so abundant that beef was occasionally used, there was company at the Doctor's, one man of whom said he would never eat horseflesh; he would go without meat rather than do it. At meal time the Doctor said: "Gentlemen, there are two kinds of meat on the table—beef and horseflesh. I shall not help you to either, but you may help yourselves, and we will see whether you can tell the difference." They looked at both carefully, helped themselves, and when they had finished that man was quietly told that he had eaten the horseflesh and left the beef.

In 1837 Mrs. Whitman wrote that they had bought and killed ten wild horses of the Indians as a supply for their men and visitors, but she added in the letter to her friends, "This will make you pity us, but you had better save your pity for more worthy subjects. I do not prefer it to other meat, but can eat it very well when we have nothing else."

[1] For a full account of this party see "Oregon Pioneer Transactions," 1896, p. 92.

In 1838 the first cow used for beef east of the Cascades was killed. She was twenty years old, without a tooth in her head, and belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. Being useless to keep longer, she was beefed at Fort Walla Walla and a part was sent to Dr. Whitman's station.

In October, 1841, horse-meat went out of use there. Seven hogs were killed that fall at Dr. Whitman's, also a beef fed on grass, which yielded a hundred and forty-eight pounds of tallow after it was tried out. Mrs. Whitman then wrote, "We do not need to kill any more horses for meat."

Returning now to the missionary work, we find that the next winter there were but few Indians at the station, they being absent for food, but they returned in the spring so as to plant their crops. The interest in agriculture seemed to increase. They wished to buy hoes and plows for themselves, and they seemed to feel that they cultivated the land for their own benefit, and not to please the Doctor as they had previously done. The school during that winter numbered ten scholars, and was taught by Mrs. Whitman; but as the Indians returned it increased to forty or fifty. A new book, just printed, of fifty-two pages, larger and more correct than the first one, made a fine addition to their means of instruction.

The following winter (1840-41) the Doctor and his family were much afflicted with sickness, and consequently were able to do but little for the Indians. The Doctor, however, held the usual Sabbath services, except when he was sick abed, and then Mr. Gray supplied his place. The Indians were very quiet, having settled some important difficulties among themselves; a troublesome chief, Cutlip, died, and the rest appeared better disposed than ever toward the mission work. The demand for plows was greater than the supply, and the interest in farming increased.

In a letter to his brother, dated May, 1841, the Doctor gives the following account of his labors and sickness: "My labor was excessive last fall, after the death of our dear Joseph. At the same time I was called suddenly to go to Mr. Smith's station, which I did, without sufficient precaution for my health. After I got home, we had much to do to prepare for winter, and, winter approaching, we had much to do to prepare a race

for our mill, at which I worked very hard. By these several causes I was reduced to the same affliction of which I complained before I left the United States.

"After taking medicine for two weeks, and feeling somewhat relieved, I was called to see a sick man at Walla Walla, twenty-five miles distant. Mrs. Whitman went with me. We stayed two nights. In the morning we found that the water had risen, so that on returning it was most difficult to cross. Mrs. Whitman was on a strong horse, and, by having her saddle set up high, and putting on my boots, she came across safely. Unfortunately, I chose a tall but weak horse, and set myself with both feet on one side of the horse, to try and keep out of the water. But in crossing the beast rolled and tumbled until she threw me into the water, and I had to swim some rods to the shore. I had on a great many clothes to keep me from exposure, as I had been taking blue pills for nearly three weeks. It was the last of December. Some Indians, in passing at the same time, were there and had a fire, and rendered us very important assistance. We were yet twelve miles from home, but by means of two blankets, which we had kept dry, I was enabled to wrap up and keep comfortable, while my clothes were so far dried as to enable me to come back by substituting a blanket for my overcoat. But the second day after I found myself so much worse that I was obliged to be bled, and for some weeks I kept my bed and room, and from that time to this I have not recovered, nor do I ever expect fully to do so. I am, however, now in comfortable health, but unfit for bodily labor. I have no idea that you know how hard I have worked in this country, besides all my care, both of my family and the Indians, and the labor of acquiring the language and teaching the people and going at the calls of the mission."

The following item from a letter of March, 1841, shows plainly Mrs. Whitman's feelings about herself: "Of all persons, I see myself to be the most unfit for the place I occupy on heathen ground. I wonder that I was ever permitted to come; not that I would shrink from anything the Lord would call me to endure, but that I am unworthy of a place or a name among His chosen people, especially His dear missionaries."

The Joseph mentioned in the Doctor's letter was a Ha-

waiian who had been with the Doctor some years, and was one of the original members of the church. He was very faithful; the Doctor depended much on him, and felt his loss greatly. He died August 8, 1840. Mrs. Whitman says of him: "Our loss is very great. He was so faithful and kind; always anxious and ready to relieve us of every care, so that we might give ourselves to our appropriate missionary work, increasingly so to the last. He died as a faithful Christian missionary dies—happy to die in the field—rejoiced that he was permitted to come and labor for the good of the Indians, while his heart was in Heaven all the time. Who that could witness him in his dying moments and see the calm and sweet serenity of his countenance, but would feel it to be a privilege to be a missionary and be the means of saving one such soul from the midst of a heathen darkness. His wife is just as faithful, but she is a feeble person. I know not how we could do without her." She, however, returned to the Sandwich Islands in 1841 with Rev. A. B. Smith.

In 1840 Rev. Harvey Clark and Messrs. P. B. Littlejohn, Alvin T. Smith and their wives arrived at Dr. Whitman's and stayed for a while. They also came as independent missionaries to the Indians, but found it impracticable. Mr. Clark settled at Forest Grove, in Oregon, where he organized a Congregational Church, and laid the foundation of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University. He died there March 25, 1858.

Mr. Smith went to Mr. Spalding's and worked for a time, but afterwards settled at Forest Grove, where he was known as a firm, upright Christian, and where he died at a good old age.

This company remained at Dr. Whitman's at least two months, and their society was appreciated. Mrs. Whitman wished that Mr. Clark had been connected with the mission of the American Board, for she felt that he would have been a very valuable acquisition, but under their instructions from the Board it could not be.

That fall these three couples, besides Mr. Griffin, Mr. Munger, Mr. Gray and their wives, were all at the Doctor's at one time, making two houses full. In regard to this plan of independent missionaries, Mrs. Whitman wrote: "We wish

that they had come out under the Board, both for our sakes, theirs, and the mission cause. We fear they will suffer. At any rate, they cannot do anything at present, and for a good while to come, of missionary work, but take care of themselves. We hope no more will come in this way. Those who came last year got themselves into difficulties when they started; it increased all the way, and they still are not reconciled, and we fear never will be. They are living upon us; have done nothing yet, but explore a little, and appear to know not what to do, but rather die than to give up their plans and say to the Christian world, 'It is wrong to go out in opposition to the Board.'"

The housekeeping arrangements were for a long time a trial. Even as late as 1840 the Whitmans were living in the house they first built, which was very open. It was of adobes, or sun burnt brick. They began a new one in 1838, but were not able to finish it so as to move into it until 1840, after Mr. Munger came to help them. There was no good wood for boards nearer than the Blue Mountains, about fifteen miles away, and no wagons, so that it was necessary to drag some of the timber on sleds that distance, and then saw them with pit-saws. At other times they sawed them in the mountains and packed the boards on horses to the station. For tables, bedsteads and the like, they used the alder which grew near home. For lime to whitewash the adobes they burned fresh water clam shells. It was a great relief for them when the house was finished, to move where they could have a room or two to themselves, after living thus for four years, where Mrs. Whitman had to do her cooking generally in the presence of the Indians, who would come in whenever they wished. To clean after them was also a great trial both to her feelings and also to her strength, but she felt that she must do it, for they had come to elevate the Indians, and not to sink down to a level with them. A cook stove received in 1842 is spoken of as a great comfort and help.

During 1841 there was much trouble with the Indians, who demanded the right to go into any room they pleased, to have pay for the use of their lands, to have Dr. Whitman teach them that part of the Bible which they wanted to hear and not

what he thought best (for they did not like to hear about their sins), to turn their horses into his gardens and corn field, and the like, but as all this may have some reference to his death, it will be reserved for a separate chapter. Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, there was not a word of murmuring or complaint or a desire to return East, even on a visit. In 1840 Mrs. Whitman wrote: "Our united choice would be to live and die here, to spend our lives for the salvation of this people. We have ever been contented and happy, notwithstanding all our trials, and let come what will, we had rather die in the battle than to retreat, if the Lord will only appear for us, and remove all that is in the way of His salvation, take up every stumbling block out of our hearts and from this mission, and prosper His own cause here. Our ardent prayer is, 'Lord, let not this mission fail,' for our Board says it is the last effort they will make for the poor Indians."

We will now take another view of Dr. Whitman's mission, as it was seen by Mr. Joseph Drayton, of Commodore Wilkes' exploring squadron, which visited the Coast in 1841. He and his companions reached the place about dark, and were welcomed by Dr. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Gray. This account says that there were two houses built of adobes to insure cooler habitation in summer.

"All the premises looked comfortable. They have a fine kitchen garden, in which grow all the vegetables raised in the United States, and several kinds of fine melons. The wheat—some of which stood seven feet high—was in full head and nearly ripe. Indian corn was in tassel, and some of it measured nine feet in height. They will reap this year about three hundred bushels of wheat, with a quantity of corn and potatoes. The missionaries live quite comfortably and seem contented. They are, however, not free from apprehensions of Indian depredations. Dr. Whitman, being an unusually large and athletic man, is held in much respect by the Indians, and they have made use of his services as a physician, which does not seem to carry with it so much danger here as among the tribes of the lower country, or farther north. The missionaries have quite a number of cattle and horses, which require little or no attention. As respects missionary success, it is

very small here. The Indians are disposed to wander, and seldom continue more than three or four months in the same place. After they return from the Grand Ronde, which is in July, they remain for three or four months, and then move off to the north and east to hunt buffalo. Dr. Whitman has 124 on his rolls, male and female, that receive instruction in the course of the year. He preaches to them on the Sabbath when they are on the Walla Walla River. The school consists of about twenty-five scholars daily, and there is some little disposition to improve in these Indians. The great aim of the missionaries is to teach them that they may obtain a sufficient quantity of food by cultivating the ground. Many families have now patches of wheat, corn and potatoes growing well, and a number of these are to be seen near the missionary farm. The Indians have learned the necessity of irrigating their crops by finding that Dr. Whitman's succeeded better than their own. They therefore desired to take some of the water from his trenches, instead of making new ones of their own, which he very naturally refused. They then stopped up the Doctor's. This had well-nigh produced much difficulty, but finally they were made to understand that there was water enough for both, and they now use it with as much success as the missionaries."

At the other stations of the mission the work was carried on with varying success. At Tshimakain, where Messrs. Walker and Eells labored, there was a school most of the time and regular preaching. At first the Indians were quite enthusiastic, but as the novelty wore off, the work became more difficult. The Spokane Indians were by no means as intelligent and enterprising as the Nez Perces and Cayuses, and the work during the lifetime of the mission was never as encouraging as that among the other tribes, but it was quite deep and in the end brought forth excellent results. At Kamiah, among the Nez Perces, where Mr. Smith and his wife had gone, there had been some troubles, mainly about land in 1840, so that Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman had been called to go there to assist in settling them, but before they arrived all had been peaceably settled. However, in the spring of 1842 Mr. Smith found his own health somewhat impaired and that

of Mrs. Smith alarmingly so, and they felt it best to leave the place and go to the genial climate of the Sandwich Islands. This they did in 1841, and the station was not afterwards occupied by any missionaries of the American Board.

At Mr. Spalding's there was more successful work than at any other of the stations. The Indians took great interest in agriculture, the school, and religion. Two protracted meetings were held among them, one in the winter of 1838-9, and the other during that of 1841-2. Thousands attended these, and here in November, 1839, the first two Indians joined the mission church, Timothy and Joseph. The former was ever noted as a friend to the whites and one who clung to his religion, even when all teachers had been driven away; but the latter turned at the time of the massacre of Dr. Whitman, pillaged Mr. Spalding's house, and was the father of the young Joseph who became renowned as the leader in the war against the whites in 1877. There were discouragements here, however, so that both Mr. Spalding and his wife were insulted, his mill dam was torn away, and the gate at the head of his ditch was carried away.

In 1841 Mr. Rogers resigned his connection with the mission and went to the Willamette Valley, and in 1842 Mr. Gray and family followed him, thus leaving three stations, with four men and their wives to manage them. Two missionaries, however, had been sent from the East by the Board to join the mission in November, 1840, Rev. J. D. Paris and Mr. W. H. Rice, with their wives. These started by water and reached the Sandwich Islands in May, 1841.

The Methodist missions in the Willamette received three reinforcements by way of Cape Horn. The first arrived in May, 1837, and consisted of Dr. E. White, A. Beers, and their wives, W. H. Wilson, Miss Susan Downing, Miss Elvira Johnson and Miss Ann M. Pitman. Of these Miss Pitman was married to Rev. Jason Lee and Miss Downing to Cyrus Shepherd July 16th, 1837, the first white marriages on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Lee died July 16th, 1838. Dr. White remained in connection with the mission until 1841, when he resigned and returned East, whereupon he was appointed Sub-Indian Agent for Oregon, the first United States officer for the Pacific Coast.

TSHIMAKAIN

He continued in this capacity until 1845, when he returned East to remain. The second reinforcement arrived in September, 1837, and consisted of Rev. Mr. Leslie and family, Rev. H. K. W. Perkins and wife, and Miss Margaret Smith. The third reinforcement arrived in May, 1840, because of the personal work of Rev. J. Lee, whose return East in 1838 has already been mentioned. This consisted of thirty-six adults and seventeen children. Among them were Reverends A. F. Waller, G. Hines, J. L. Parrish, L. H. Judson and J. Olley, Dr. L. H. Bagcock, and Mr. (afterwards Governor) George Abernethy. With this assistance missions were begun among the Indians at Clatsop under Mr. Parrish, at Nisqually under Mr. Richmond, and at The Dalles under Messrs. D. Lee and Perkins, while others labored among the whites.

Of other settlers in Oregon in 1840, nearly all of whom were in the Willamette Valley, there were, outside of the Hudson's Bay Company, thirty-six Americans, twenty-five of whom had native wives. Many of these had been trappers in the mountains, but had settled at last in the garden spot of Oregon. Including all who were connected with the missions there were a hundred and thirty-seven Americans and sixty-three Canadian French. In 1841 Mrs. Whitman speaks of an emigration of twenty-four persons, two of them with a large number of children. In 1842 a larger emigration came, organized mainly through the efforts of Dr. E. White, who came with it after his appointment as Sub-Indian Agent. It consisted of about a hundred and ten persons, over fifty of whom were eighteen years old or upwards, and capable of bearing arms.

CHAPTER V.

MISSION WORK—CONTINUED.

Some troubles existed in the mission from 1838 to 1842, especially between Messrs. Gray, Smith, Spalding and Whitman, and these facts, together with the fact that the Indians did not seem to be as many as were at first estimated and other discouragements, decided the Prudential Committee of the Board at Boston to send an order to discontinue the stations among the Cayuses and Nez Perces, to discharge Messrs. Spalding, Gray, Rogers and Smith, and to transfer Dr. Whitman to the station among the Spokanes. By the time, however, that this order was received, in the fall of 1842, Messrs. Smith, Gray and Rogers had left the mission voluntarily, and affairs had taken such a favorable turn that a meeting of the mission was held at Dr. Whitman's, September 26-28, 1842, at which it was determined to see if this decision could not be reversed. The mission, as a body, sent a petition to the Board to this effect. Mr. Spalding wrote earnestly on the subject. Messrs. Walker and Eells wrote privately their earnest protest, because it would open the way for the Catholics; because it would soon be the death of their station among the Spokanes, as it could not live long if the others should be discontinued, and because, if the southern stations should remain, they would have beneficial influence on the whites who were sure to come. Mr. A. McKinley, then in charge of Fort Walla Walla, wrote in the same line, and Dr. Whitman determined to make a personal appeal to the Board. There is no evidence, however, that he would have gone East during the dead of that winter, if at all, had he not had other objects in view. He believed that there was great danger that the Northwest Coast, or a part of it, would fall into the hands of Great Britain, and he wished to visit Washington to see if he could not do something to prevent it, and also, as another means for the same

object, to induce as many emigrants as he could to come to Oregon. But as these are subjects of great importance, they will be discussed separately hereafter. At the same time, however, he intended to try to accomplish two missionary objects. One was to try to induce the Board, if possible, to reverse the decision which would destroy his station and that of Mr. Spalding, and in this he was successful; the other was to induce a few lay Christian families to come as missionaries, so as to release the regular missionaries from secular pursuits, to contribute to the social and religious advancement of the Indians, and to form the nucleus of settlements, in order to withstand Roman Catholic influence. In this he was not successful, to his great regret.

A report of these difficulties reached the Sandwich Islands, so that when Messrs. Paris and Rice arrived there, because of this report and the great need of laborers at the Islands, it was thought best for them to remain there temporarily, an arrangement which was afterwards made permanent by the Board. A part of the immigration of 1842 arrived at Dr. Whitman's September 14. Says Captain Medorem Crawford in his journal of that date: "I was never more pleased to see a house or white people in my life; we were treated by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman with the utmost kindness. We got what provision we wanted on the most reasonable terms." In the immigration was A. L. Lovejoy, then about thirty-two years old. Dr. Whitman asked him if he thought he could go East during that winter, and Mr. Lovejoy thought it might be possible. Then the Doctor asked him if he would accompany him, and after a little thought he consented to do so. As this journey was undertaken mainly for the purpose of doing what he could to save the country to the United States, the account of it will be given in a later chapter.

After Dr. Whitman's visit to Washington and other places on national business, he went to Boston, where he arrived March 30, 1843. He attended to the missionary business at Boston and secured the rescinding of the order to discontinue the two southern stations of the mission. After spending three days at his former home in New York State, he bade it good-bye forever on the 20th of April, and stated West, with

his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, then a young man. Nearly every incident of this journey, worthy of note, has reference to his assistance to the emigration of that year, the first one to reach the Columbia River with wagons, and these services were so great that they will be discussed separately, after this sketch of his missionary life is completed.

While at Boston Dr. Whitman made the following statement about the results of his mission work: "Many are benefitted by this station who seldom, if ever, bring their families here. Individuals from different places visit us for the purpose of being taught or receiving medicine, or other favors. Occasional visits are also made to some of these places, and instruction is imparted. In this way an extensive acquaintance is made, and much useful information and religious instruction given.

"Those who resort to this station are the Waiilatpu, Walla Walla and Numipa Indians. The attention given to us during religious worship is generally good; instruction is listened to with solemnity and interest. Worship is maintained by the principal men, morning and evening, at which most are present. Those who do not attend have what comes nearer to family worship in their separate lodges. Their migrations do not occasion any departure from this practice, as far as I am apprised.

"I have abundant evidence of the restraining power of religious truths upon the minds of the natives, both from their remarks and my own observation. A chief of great notoriety for his jugglery has often told me what he would have done in such and such cases, which he named, intimating in what way he would have taken revenge; but, he added, 'I am now made weak by what I have been taught of my future accountability.' Murder, violence and revenge are a terror to him now. The most violent and ungovernable fits of rage I have ever seen among them have calmly passed into kindness, and perhaps submission, under the restraining influence of the gospel."

During the absence of the Doctor in the East, affairs at his station were somewhat checkered. Mrs. Whitman was left there, and arrangements were made for Mr. William Geiger, a young Christian man who had come to the country in 1839,

to have charge. But Dr. Whitman left so suddenly that Mr. Geiger, who was then in the Willamette Valley, did not arrive until after the Doctor left. Before he arrived, however, and only four days after the Doctor left, an Indian entered the house one night, and attempted to insult Mrs. Whitman; but her own efforts and the presence of a young man in the house, prevented this. Thinking it not prudent to remain there longer, at the urgent request of Mr. McKinley of Fort Walla Walla, who sent a wagon for her, she left the station and went to the fort. Shortly after, she went to the Methodist mission at The Dalles, where she remained during the winter, as her health was not very good and she did not feel able to go by land to either of the other stations of the American Board.

In May, 1843, she visited her own home, when Dr. E. White held a council with the Cayuses, after which she went to the Willamette and Astoria to visit friends.

In November, 1842, the Doctor's grist-mill and several hundren bushels of grain were burned by an Indian. Yet, notwithstanding these adverse events, before the Doctor returned in the fall of 1843, the Indians seemed anxious to have him come back, and one of them said to Mrs. Whitman, "Oh, that I could eat the word of God to the full!"

The following extracts from letters written by her during this time are here inserted, as being of interest. October 4, 1842, she wrote to the Doctor: "The line you sent me today by Aps. did me great good. I thought I was cheerful and happy before it came, but, on the perusal of it, I found that it increased my happiness fourfold. I believe the Lord will preserve me from being anxious about you, and I was glad to hear you say, with so much confidence, that you trusted in Him for safety. He will protect you, I firmly believe. Night and day shall my prayer ascend to Him in your behalf, and the cause for which you have sacrificed the endearments of home, at the risk of your life, to see advancing more to the honor and glory of God. Mr. Gray and family did not leave here till this morning."

Saturday evening, 8th. I do not feel as lonely this evening as I have always formerly done when you have been away. I hope you do not have a sad moment about me. Where are you

tonight, my love, preparing to spend the holy Sabbath? My heart has met thine at the mercy-seat, and I trust blessings are in store for you on the morrow, both for body and mind; and, methinks, you have taken leave of Monsieur Payette and gone a comfortable day beyond. Again, let me say, be not anxious for me, for the sympathies of all are excited for me the moment they hear you have gone. I shall be well taken care of, and, no doubt, have more letters to answer than I am able to write. Received one today from Mr. Spalding, expressing the kindest sympathy and concern, both for you and myself, and desire for the success of your undertaking. It is the Lord sustains me. I know it is that, or I should not feel as happy about you as I do. Oh, may we continue to feel it until we are both brought together again, rejoicing in His goodness! . . . How will you feel, dear husband, when you seat yourself in sister Julia's house, or with our mothers, and do not see the windows filled with Indians, and the doors, also? Will you not feel lost? I can scarcely imagine how you will feel. Could it, consistently with duty, have been so, I should rejoice to be a partaker with you of the feelings produced by a visit to those dear firesides, but I am happy in remaining while you are permitted the prospect, and I hope the reality, of seeing those beloved objects once more.

9th. Sabbath Eve. My dear husband would like to know what kind of a Sabbath we have had here, for I know his heart is with this people. Ellis [a Nez Perce Chief], who brought me Mr. Spalding's letter, was their minister today. This afternoon I had a Bible class in English with him, John and Mungo [Hawaiians], besides the time I spent with the children. He read, and appeared to understand very well. He thinks he loves the Saviour. I urged the duty of secret prayer, in addition to family worship, and showed him the passage in Matthew. He said he would in the future attend to the duty daily. He told me yesterday that if he had been here he would have gone with you to the States. Although I am alone as to associates, and my husband is gone, yet I have not been lonely today. The presence of the Saviour fills every vacancy. My little children appear thoughtful and solemn."

Under date of February 7, 1843, Mrs. Whitman wrote from

Washkopam (The Dalles) to her parents, as follows: "It is with feelings of interest that I think of the home of my childhood; and why should I not, since every object I hold most dear on earth is there? Last evening was monthly concert; being too feeble to meet with the brethren and sisters here, I spent most of the evening in my room. How can I describe the hallowed influences that seemed to be shed around me, the inward peace and sacred sense of the presence of God in my soul. I could think of nothing else, but surely beloved friends must be praying for me. This cannot be in answer to my own individual prayers that I perceive all this. I felt as if in spirit I was in the midst of that loved circle, feeling the influence, and enjoying the sweets with you. My father, my mother, my sisters and brothers, and my beloved husband, too —what earthly objects can be dearer to me than these? They are my all, yet widely separated from me. I speak as if you were enjoying the society of my dear husband, and at this time, if the Lord has spared his life, and prospered him, according to his and my expectations, you are. Beloved parents, what do you think of your lonely child in this lonely world? You pray for her, I know; you must, or she would not feel the almost constant support of the Saviour's presence, which is granted under the trying circumstances in which I am placed. How do you like to see your son? How do you enjoy his society, after so long an absence? Did you ever dream of seeing him there without me? I flatter myself that it would add a little to the happiness of you all, if I was there with him. I am sure it would to mine, but if you enjoy his and make him happy, I shall be satisfied. I never have felt much as though I should see my friends again in the flesh. Since my husband has gone without me, I feel it more doubtful than ever; but we know not in what way the Lord may lead us. It is a great satisfaction to me to think that he will see them, and be able to give me information concerning them which I can get in no other way, and from no other source, should the Lord spare him to me. . . . My eyes are almost gone; my poor health affects them materially, and writing is very injurious to me. I am spending a very happy winter here, and I trust that it has been, and will be for my spiritual good. The society and

progress of such a society of living and growing Christians is very refreshing to me[1] after having lived so much alone, immerged in care and toil."

Most of the rest of the letter is occupied with an account of the burning of their mill, the councils with the Cayuses, a visit with Mr. C. Rogers and his death, and that of others at Oregon City by drowning, and her feelings about it. She closes with the following, which with the foregoing, probably gives the best picture of her own inner life extant: "It is very trying to be here in this desolate land without my husband, and were it not for sustaining grace I should sink under it; but the favors of the Lord are many and great, in giving us so many friends to cheer and comfort us. My health is very poor. This increases the trial. In consequence, I have too many gloomy and despairing and dark forebodings, which I have not strength to rise above. The Lord gives me much of His gracious presence and increased spiritual enjoyment in communion with Him, for which I desire to be thankful. My paper will not contain all that a poor heart pants to pour forth into the bosom of dear, long-absent parents; a privilege which would doubtless be too much for my weak nature to endure. With pleasing delight I look forward to that happy time when we may meet in yonder happy world, and enjoy in full fruition what eye hath not seen nor ear heard of things prepared for us. I love you all increasingly, and shall till I die. Believe me, dear friends, I am happy in making this sacrifice for Christ—it is for Him we have made it, and I rejoice in it; yea, and will rejoice, however trying to the flesh. I see no reason to regret my husband going home without me, nor shall I, if I suffer loss in all things.

"May we all meet in Heaven, prays your unworthy, your lonely, but your ever loving daughter, NARCISSA."

On his return, when Dr. Whitman arrived at the Grand Ronde Valley, he received a letter from Mr. Walker, urging him to hasten on, as Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were very sick. Accordingly he went direct to Mr. Spalding's, where he ar-

[1] That society consisted of Rev. D. Lee, Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, Mr. H. B. Brewer and their wives.

rived Sept. 25th. He found them both convalescent, but his presence was very needful, as both of their children were taken with the same disease. He then went home, but soon proceeded to the station among the Spokanes, on professional business, arriving on the 3rd of October. Having remained there a few days, he returned to his station, with Mr. Walker, reaching it about the 10th, and soon after went down the Columbia for his wife. He met her at The Dalles, on her way to join him, in company with Rev. Jason Lee.

Writing to the Board, November 1st, he stated that the Indians had succeeded well in cultivating the soil that year, and had never treated him or the mission as well as then. Those at his station also treated the immigrants very kindly, though other Indians, the lowest and least formidable, had annoyed the immigrants. He urged the Board to send a minister for his station, fitted to preach to the Indians, and also to come in contact with the frontier men and to be able to meet the Romanists. He also says: "You will do as you think best about encouraging teachers and others to come out as immigrants, and labor for a time for the mission. There can be no doubt that this upper country will soon be settled, and we very much need good men to be located, two, three or four in a place, to secure a good influence for the Indians, and form a nucleus for religious institutions, and keep back Romanism. The country must be occupied by Americans or foreigners; if it is by the latter, they will be mostly papists."[1]

A letter written by Mrs. Whitman, May 18, 1844, to Miss L. C. Porter, of Prattsburg, shows that she, too, was very desirous of having good people come to the country. Among other things she says: "I try to induce my friends to come to see me, and seek a home in Oregon. A wide door of usefulness is open here to the most philanthropic and benevolent heart. Multitudes are flocking to this land, and will in still greater numbers, and for every purpose. And our anxious desire is that the salt of the earth should be found among them, also; and that this entire country may be seasoned with heavenly influences from above. The powers of darkness have

[1] "Missionary Herald," 1844, p. 177.

long held undivided sway over this land, and we feel that Satan will not quietly yield his dominions to another. He is on the alert with all his hosts, and in as many ways as he has numbers employed, to gain the entire victory, to keep and drive from the field all who disturb or molest his quiet. Many souls are here for whom Christ died, and multitudes more, unconcerned, are hastening to this far-distant land to seek their fortune of worldly goods, regardless of their treasures in Heaven. But thanks be to the Hearer of Prayer, many have already found Christ in Oregon who have long rejected Him in a gospel land."

She also mentions that, soon after her return to her home, for three months her health was in a very precarious condition, and that at one time she was very near the gates of death.

During the first part of the next winter—1844-45—there were but few Indians at the station, and the school was suspended, but by the close of February nearly all had returned, and two or three hundred attended public worship. There was no marked change, but a gradual increase of knowledge, and less attachment to papal forms.

There were at this time several causes of disquiet among the Indians, which had an adverse influence on missionary work, partly on account of troubles between whites and Indians, and partly because of trouble between the Indians. The laws made by Dr. E. White. U. S. Sub-Indian Agent, in the spring of 1843, of which more full mention will be made hereafter, did not prove to be as successful as had been at first hoped. The Indians resorted to them chiefly to support claims against the whites, but not to settle difficulties among themselves. Their own offenders often went unpunished. A quarrel had also arisen between the Cayuses and the Snake Indians. An Indian doctor was also murdered at Dr. Whitman's station. There was trouble, too, at Oregon City between the whites and Molalla Indians, in which Mr. G. W. Le Breton was killed. This excited the Cayuses, as they and the Molallas talked the same language, it being said that they had been separated in some ancient wars.

From this time there are but few letters from Dr. Whit-

man in the *Missionary Herald.* There was an increasing desire by the Indians for the instruction of their children both in English and Indian, an increase in religious knowledge, and an upward tendency to industry and enterprise, owing partly to better markets, occasioned by the annual immigrations, while at the same time there was more cavilling and opposition to religion.

In 1844 the Doctor rebuilt his flouring mill, and the next year he built a saw-mill in the Blue Mountains, on Mill Creek [which obtains its name from this fact], about twenty miles from his station.

As teachers and assistants he had with him Mr. A. Hinman, during the winter of 1844-45; Mr. William Geiger, in 1845 and 1846; and Mr. Andrew Rodgers, an emigrant of 1845, from that time till the massacre. Mr. Rodgers, while there, began studying for the ministry with the expectation of becoming a missionary. Of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and their work, Mr. Rodgers wrote in 1846 as follows:

"I think Mrs. Whitman is one of the best women in the world. She has a family of eleven children (and also one of Mr. Walker's during the winter), and, strange to say, not one of them is her own [In a later letter he calls her 'my mother']. I can hardly tell you what kind of a man the Doctor is, for he is so much of an all-sorts-of-a-man, yet a very kind, generous, persevering man. I suppose, as to taking the lead in missionary affairs, he takes the lead. Of the difficulties and trials of a missionary life, few of us in the States have any definite idea. Indeed, no one can well do so until he has been among them for some time. Those things that are regarded as trials at home (leaving home and friends) are not considered such at all when they get here. They have doubtless done much good here, but it respects temporal affairs more than spiritual. Not that they have not labored as much for the latter as the former—much more. But the natural heart is always and in every place averse to religion, both in savage and civilized countries—Indians or white men."

In May, 1847, the Doctor wrote: "We think the affairs of this station, in regard to the Indians, are in a very favorable state, such as gives promise of continued prosperity." Dr.

Whitman still prosecuted his labors with cheerfulness and assiduity. As, at this time, there was unusual sickness, he spent much time in administering to their wants, not forgetting, however, their spiritual necessities. It was his purpose, at no distant time, to build a place of worship for the Indians, and he was taking measures to build some store houses for their use.

Dr. Whitman was also very anxious to provide means of grace for the whites, who were crowding into the country. In his latest communication to the Board he dwelt with great earnestness on this topic, and was urgent that the American Home Missionary Society and American Tract Society should enter the field without delay. The destinies of Oregon, he thought, depended, in a very important sense, upon the influences which should be thrown into it during the first years of its history, and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Romanism and irreligion were gaining a strong position in places which promised to be central points at a future day.

October 18, 1847, less than a month and a half before his death, he wrote to the Board: "It is a matter of surprise to me that there are so few pious men, who are ready to associate together and come to this country, where they could be so useful in setting up and maintaining religious society, and establishing the means of education. Is it indeed so, that none of the good people of the East can come to Oregon, for the double purpose of availing themselves of the government bounty of land, and of doing good to the country? Or do I lose my object in writing you so often upon the subject? Is it a matter of regret to you, and to the pastors generally, to lose a few of the best members of society, and church and business men, that they may benefit both themselves and the cause of religion, education, and their country? It is not too late yet, I hope, but I am sure if anything is done as it should be, that the people should come next year. The interior of Oregon is unrivalled probably for the growing of stock, of which sheep are the best. This interior will not be sought after, and I fear we are to have the half-breed and French population from the Willamette, as they show a disposition to sell out there and come here. It cannot be that we shall let

them have the ascendancy here. If we do, you may well see what will be the consequence. My plan is for you to confer with the pastors and individuals in some way, and lay the matter open before them. Let there be either a selection of men for the work or volunteers. Let them be the best of pastors and church members, for it is a work that needs good men. Why will pastors neglect to select their best and worthiest men to do good by their persons, their property and their influence? Can a mind be found so narrow as not to be willing to part with a pastor; or a pastor not willing to part with a church member, simply because they are good men and useful where they are? I fear this is the feeling, and I remember a conversation I had with you, which clearly showed that you knew that spirit prevailed to a considerable extent. I do believe ministers can be found, who will send out either good men for general distribution in the colony, as the wants of the colony shall be seen by them, or who will come out with those who will locate, so as to make a religious society. One or more ought to be with the intent to found a college. I know of no place so eligible as The Dalles, close by our station. There is a salubrious climate and near proximity to market, and the main settlement will be secured. A good school there would not want for support even now; and this might be the embryo of the intended college."

Here then were some of Dr. Whitman's far-reaching plans—colonies for the benefit of the Indians and the future good of the white settlement, with good schools and a college in view. The Dalles had been transferred during that season as a mission station by the Methodists to the American Board, through Dr. Whitman's agency. Mr. Walker had been requested to occupy it, and had at first concluded to do so, but had afterwards declined. It was hence temporarily occupied by Mr. A. Hinman and P. B. Whitman, the Doctor's nephew. According to his nephew, the Doctor himself intended to move there in the spring of 1848, not however with the idea of abandoning his station, but of manning it in some other way.

The last letter which the author has seen by Mrs. Whitman, dated July 6, 1847, and written to her mother, speaks in much the same way. She was especially anxious to have her

brother and sister, Edward and Jane, come and help in the work, and she also speaks of the importance of The Dalles.

Of the work among the Indians, she says: "Our prospects as a mission, we feel, were never brighter than at the present moment." And in the same letter, under date of August 23, she adds: "Very many of the principal Indians are dying, and some have been killed by other Indians, in going south into the regions of California. The remaining ones seem attached to us the closer, cultivate their farms quite extensively, and do not wish to see any Americans settle among them here. They are willing to have them spend the winter here, but in the spring they must all go on. They would be willing to have more missionaries stop, and those devoted to their good. They expect that eventually this country will be settled by them, but they wish to see the Willamette filled up first. Husband is wearing out fast. His heart and hands are so full all the time that his brethren feel solicitous about him. His benevolence is unbounded, and he often goes to the full extent of his ability, and often beyond, in doing good to the Indians and white men. Last winter my family averaged twenty, this summer sixteen."

Mrs. Whitman also speaks of the last meeting of the mission at which it was determined to build more mission houses at their station, so that the mission families could winter there and send their children to a school there; and so take a large amount of work from her hands, work occasioned by her boarding some of these mission children. Mr. Walker was to move to The Dalles; Mr. Eells to Dr. Whitman's, spending the winters for the benefit of the whites, and his summers itinerating among the Indians; and Mr. Spalding's family was also to be there. Fortunately, as the result proved, Mrs. Walker's health was such that she did not feel able to move to The Dalles, as contemplated, consequently Mr. Eells remained among the Spokanes with him, and, for some reason not given, Mr. Spalding, too, stayed at his home.

Father Brouillet has published a statement made by Mr. Thomas McKay that the Doctor had told him that for a couple of years before his death "he had ceased to teach the Indians because they would not listen to him." But the statement

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above, given directly by both the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman about the very favorable condition of their mission, must settle that point.

Mrs. Whitman also speaks of her large family. She had no child of her own, but had opened her heart to take care of those of others. In 1841 she took two half-breed girls, Mary Ann, the daughter of James Bridger (out of whose back the Doctor had cut an arrow in 1835), and Helen Mar, the daughter of Joseph L. Meek, another mountain man, who afterwards settled near Hillsboro, in the Willamette, where he became quite prominent. The next year a half-breed boy, whose father was a Spaniard, but who had left him, was brought to Mrs. Whitman by his grandmother. He was about two years old, and was called David Malan. He had been put down by his mother in a hole and left to die, but was rescued by other relatives. Again he was found by an interpreter in the same place, surrounded by other boys, who were tormenting him by burning his naked body with sticks of fire. When Mrs. Whitman learned this, she could not shut her heart against him.

Among the immigrants of 1844 was a man named Sager, who had a family consisting of his wife and seven children, between the ages of infancy and thirteen. The father died of typhoid fever on Green River, and the mother sank under her burdens when she reached Snake River and there died. The immigrants cared for the children until they reached Dr. Whitman's, but would take them no farther. The Doctor and his wife took the strangers in at first for the winter, but afterwards adopted them and cared for them as long as they lived.

Mrs. C. S. Pringle, one of these children, afterwards gave the following account of this event. It was written in answer to a charge made by Mrs. F. F. Victor that the Doctor was mercenary, making money out of the immigrants. "In April, 1844, my parents started for Oregon. Soon after starting we were all camped for the night, and the conversation after a while turned upon the probability of death before the end of the journey should be reached. All told what they would wish their families to do in case they should fall by the way. My father

said, 'Well, if I should die, I would want my family to stop at the station of Dr. Whitman.' Ere long he was taken sick and died, but with his dying breath he committed his family to the care of Captain Shaw, with the request that they should be left at the station of Dr. Whitman. Twenty-six days after his death, his wife died. She, too, requested the same. When we were in the Blue Mountains, Captain Shaw went ahead to see about leaving us there. The Doctor objected, as he was afraid the Board would not recognize that as a part of his labor. After a good deal of talk he consented to have the children brought, and he would see what could be done. On the seventeenth day of October we drove up to the station, as forlorn a looking lot of children as ever was. I was a cripple, hardly able to walk, and the babe of six months was dangerously ill. Mrs. Whitman agreed to take the five girls, but the boys must go on (they were the oldest of the family). But the 'mercenary' Doctor said, 'All or none.' He made arrangements to keep the seven until spring, and then if we did not like to stay, and he did not want to keep us, he would send us below. An article of agreement was drawn up in writing between him and Captain Shaw, but not one word of money or pay was in it. I had it in my possession for years after I came to the (Willamette) Valley, having received it from Captain Shaw. · Before Captain Shaw reached The Dalles he was overtaken by Dr. Whitman, who announced his intention of adopting the seven, on his own responsibility, asking nothing of the Board for their maintenance. The next summer he went to Oregon City and legally became our guardian, and the action is on the records of Clackamas County. Having done this, he farther showed his mercenary nature by disposing of our father's estate in such a way that he could not realize a cent from it. He exchanged the oxen and old cows for young cows, and turned them over to the two boys to manage until they should grow to manhood; besides this he gave them each a horse and saddle, which, of course, came out of his salary, as we were not mission children, as the three half-breeds were that were in the family. After doing all this he allowed the boys opportunities to accumulate stock by work or trade. Often he has said to us, 'You must all learn to work, for father

is poor and can give you nothing but an education. This I intend to do to the best of my ability.'"

Besides these, for the sake of the school which was kept at Dr. Whitman's, they had one or two of Mr. Spalding's and Mr. Walker's children. These, with the teacher and a few others stopping with them, sometimes made a family of about twenty.

Another incident with an immigrant is here related, given almost in the words of the narrator, Joseph Smith, who came to the country in 1846. He says: "I was mighty sick crossing the Blues, and was so weak from eating blue mass that they had to haul me in the wagon till we got to Dr. Whitman's place on the Walla Walla River. Then Mother Whitman came and raised the wagon cover and says, 'What is the matter with you, my brother?' 'I am sick, and I don't want to be pestered much, either.' 'But, but, my young friend, my husband is a doctor, and can probably cure your ailment; I'll go and call him.' So off she clattered, and purty soon Doc. came, and they packed me in the cabin, and soon he had me on my feet again. I eat up a whole band of cattle for him, as I had to winter with him. I told him I'd like to work for him, to kinder pay part of my bill. Wall, Doc. set me to making rails, but I only made two hundred before spring, and I got to worryin' 'cause I hadn't only fifty dollars, and a saddle horse, and I reckoned I owed the Doctor four or five hundred dollars for my life. Now, maybe I wasn't knocked out when I went and told the Doctor I wanted to go on to Webfoot and asked him how we stood; and Doctor p'inted to a Cayuse pony, and says, 'Money I have not, but you can take that horse and call it even, if you will.'"

A memorable event was the death of Joseph S. Findley at their house in 1846. He was an immigrant of 1840, and became an earnest Christian while at Dr. Whitman's. He had consumption, but Mrs. Whitman spoke of it as the triumphant death of a brother in Christ, whom she saw enter joyfully the New Jerusalem above. He had united with the church in February, and died the 28th of March.

At Tshimakain very little of importance occurred in the missionary work. There were no great encouragements, nor special discouragements. At Mr. Spalding's there was a little

more to encourage. In 1844 nineteen were received into the mission church, all but one of whom at least were Nez Perces. A single Cayuse was thus received.

The Methodist missions had been much more discouraging. The Indians had largely vanished, one or two scholars in their school had died, and this prejudiced the parents against it; other difficulties arose, so that in 1844, while the Superintendent, Rev. J. Lee, had gone East, he was superseded by Rev. George Gary. Having examined the field, in 1845 he closed all the missions among the Indians except the one at The Dalles. In 1847 this was transferred, as already stated, to the American Board. Thus their foreign missionary work in Oregon closed.

In the meantime large immigrations came every year, beginning with 1843, and the Willamette Valley was rapidly filling up. In 1843 a provisional government had been formed, to provide for the government of the people until the United States should extend its jurisdiction over the country. In 1846 the treaty had been made with England, which settled the boundary line between the two nations, though the provisional government was not superseded by the regular territorial government until 1849, owing to the slow action of Congress.

CHAPTER VI.

NATIONAL WORK.

As the subject of the national bearings of Dr. Whitman's work has been discussed more than any other with which he was concerned, and even more widely than any other historical subject on the Pacific Coast, the treatment of it will be divided into three parts: First, a statement concerning the early history of Oregon and its political conditions in 1842; second, a statement of what, in the author's opinion, the Doctor did accomplish according to the evidence; third, a consideration of six objections which have been raised to the claim that he went East with a national object in view.

I. Oregon, as first known, included the country between the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Rocky Mountains on the east, the forty-second degree of north latitude, or the northern boundary of California, on the south, and fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, on the north. Its first discoverers belonged to different nations. Juan De Fuca, a Greek pilot, is said to have entered a large opening between the forty-seventh and forty-eighth degrees of latitude in 1592, and to have spent twenty days in exploring it. Some writers believe the story to be a myth, but his name is forever fixed to a part of Puget Sound. To rediscover this opening was the desire of the nations. Viscaino, a Spaniard, sailed north to forty-three degrees in 1602 and 1603. Juan Perez, another Spaniard, in 1774 and 1775 sailed to the fifty-eighth degree, seeing land at a few places. About 1775 Heceta and Bodega, Spaniards, sailed to the forty-eighth degree, probably also discovering the mouth of the Columbia River, but not entering it. Captain James Cook, an Englishman, discovered Cape Flattery in 1778. La Perouse, a Frenchman, made further discoveries in 1786.

Portlock and Dixon, Englishmen, were at Queen Charlotte's Island in 1787. The next year Duncan and Colnett,

Englishmen, made further discoveries in the same region. In 1787 Captain Berkely, an Englishman, rediscovered the Straits of Juan De Fuca, though he did not explore the passage. Lieutenant Meares, another Englishman, but sailing under the Portuguese flag, in 1788 bought some land of the Indians at Nootka Sound, where he says he raised the British flag. He also saw the Straits of Fuca. In 1792 Captain Robert Gray, an American, discovered the Columbia River, which he named after his vessel, entering its mouth. The same year Vancouver, an Englishman, explored Puget Sound thoroughly, and after Gray's discovery of the Columbia entered it, proceeded some distance up the river, and took possession of it in the name of England. Russia, too, coming from Asia by way of Bering Straits had made some discoveries, just when is a little uncertain, but by means of them she claimed the country between Bering Strait and the mouth of the Columbia.

Two prominent overland journeys were also made; one by Alexander Mackenzie, a subject of Great Britain, who reached the Pacific Coast, between latitude fifty-two and fifty-three, in 1793; and the other under the direction of President Jefferson, by Lewis and Clark, who reached the mouth of the Columbia in 1805.

This practically completed the period of exploration, in which the Spanish, Russians, English and Americans had the main share, while the French had a small part. They, however, under De Soto, had discovered the Mississippi River, and, according to some writers, claimed not only all the country drained by its branches to the Rocky Mountains, but by contiguity still further west to the Pacific Ocean. Others deny this, and it matters but little, because in 1803 the United States bought of France Louisiana and all the rights of the French on the continent in connection with the discovery of the Mississippi.

The next period was that of the fur hunters, although some of the vessels already mentioned had visited the coast far more for furs than for discovery. The first of these was the Northwest Company of Montreal. Simon Frazier, of that Company, built a fort on Frazier's Lake, in about fifty-four degrees, north latitude. In 1809 William Weir and nine others, Amer-

icans, crossed the Rocky Mountains, trapped down the Columbia, and wintered on its lower waters. The Missouri Fur Company made the first American settlement west of the Rockies in 1809, establishing Fort Henry on the headwaters of Snake River [It was abandoned in 1810 because of the hostility of the Indians]. In 1810 Captain Jonathan Winship sent a vessel around Cape Horn and established a post on the south side of the Columbia near its mouth, but it was flooded by the June freshet of the Columbia and abandoned. In 1811 John Jacob Astor built Astoria, intending it to be the headquarters on the Pacific Coast of the Pacific Fur Company, a very great enterprise, but on account of the war of 1812 between England and the United States, it passed into the hands of the Northwest Company of Montreal, which from 1813 to 1821 reigned supreme in Oregon. It is said that Astor's company lost a million dollars in this enterprise.

Thus both Great Britain and the United States had strong claims to the country. An attempt was made in 1818 to settle the question of ownership by treaty between them, but it was impossible to do so, and it was agreed that for ten years the country should be open to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two powers. It being no more possible to settle the question ten years later, it was agreed to continue the same arrangement indefinitely, either party being at liberty to withdraw from it by giving twelve months' notice. This is known as the period of "Joint Occupancy." Spain, too, had some strong claims, but in 1819 the United States bought from her Florida and also all of her rights on the Pacific Coast north of California, thus eliminating her from the contest. Russia, although in 1821 she had by public decree claimed all the country as far south as forty-five degrees and fifty minutes, yet because of strong protestations both by the United States and Great Britain in 1824, withdrew them so far as to claim nothing south of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes. The contest for possession was accordingly narrowed down to Great Britain and the United States.

When the treaty of 1818 was made, the Northwest Company had virtually complete possession. About that time trouble arose between it and the Hudson's Bay Company which re-

sulted in bloodshed in Manitoba. The British government settled the trouble by consolidating the two companies in 1821, under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. From that time for about twenty years it reigned supreme in Oregon, although Americans made several attempts to gain a foothold. In 1821 the brig *Owyhee* and schooner *Convoy*, owned in Boston, entered the mouth of the Columbia to trade with the Indians, and returned the next year.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was composed of William Sublette, David Jackson and Jedediah S. Smith. The latter crossed the Continent into California in 1827, and attempted to come north into Oregon, but was attacked in the Rogue River Valley by the Indians. He lost all his furs, and all but Smith and three others were killed. They found their way to Vancouver. Dr. McLoughlin obtained from the Indians some of the furs, which he bought of Smith, but the Rocky Mountain Company retired from the field.

The North American Fur Company was formed by Astor, after the failure of his enterprise at Astoria, for trade east of the Rockies. Usually it kept on its side, but agreed with the Hudson's Bay Company to meet their traders and the Indians for trade at some rendezvous in the Rocky Mountains each summer, after which each company retired to its own side. After a time its traders crossed the mountains, but never dared to go very far, and never built any post west of them.

Major Pilcher in 1828 conducted a private enterprise with forty-five men on Snake River and Flathead Lake, going to Fort Colville, and then returning East. His party were all cut off except himself and two men, and it is said that his furs were taken by the Hudson's Bay Company.

Ewing Young in 1829 led the next band of American trappers into the field of the Hudson's Bay Company. He went mainly into Northern California, where the Company had by this time gone, and into Southeastern Oregon. He afterwards gave up the business, returned to Oregon, and settled in the Willamette Valley, dying there in 1840.

Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, of the United States Army, in 1832 obtained leave of absence for two years to explore Oregon and the Rocky Mountains. He came as far as Walla

Walla, but owing to the competition of the Hudson's Bay Company his enterprise was financially a failure.[1]

Captain N. J. Wyeth in 1832 crossed the Continent with a view to trading in furs and canning salmon on the Lower Columbia. He sent a ship around the Horn, but it was lost on the way, and the enterprise proved a failure for that year. He returned East, and in 1834 sent another vessel around the Horn, the May Dacre, while he crossed the Continent, starting with seventy men. He built Fort Hall, and then came to the mouth of the Columbia, where he met his vessel, and built Fort William on Sauvie's Island. Fort Hall was fairly in the country of the Hudson's Bay Company, and they built Fort Boise, where they undersold him. His enterprise on Sauvie's Island also proved a failure, and he found himself obliged to sell out to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1837. He himself returned East in 1836, having lost a fortune of about thirty thousand dollars. This was practically the end of the American fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains.[2]

One more enterprise ought, however, to be mentioned. In 1827 Hall J. Kelley, a school teacher in Boston, who had become much interested in Oregon, presented a petition to Congress, asking for a grant of land for an association of emigrants. But Congress felt that the United States had not fully acquired Oregon and consequently could grant no title to any land in it. He then obtained a charter for an emigration company from the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1830-31. He started with a small party by way of Mexico and California. His party deserted him, but still he kept on, and having met Ewing Young, to whom reference has already been made, they came together to Oregon in 1834. He was then sick, and was sent home by Dr. McLoughlin by way of the Sandwich Islands. After that he worked for Oregon in the way of lectures and with Congress, but his efforts for a colony were fruitless, although he scattered much information about the country which in after years bore good fruit. He never returned to Oregon.

[1] "Bonneville's Adventures," by Washington Irving.
[2] "Wyeth's Journals," by Oregon Historical Society.

Thus, between 1808 and 1838 the Americans made twelve efforts, either individually or in companies, to trade with the Indians on the Northwest Coast, or to settle in it, and all proved failures. By 1834, when the first missionaries came to the country, there remained between latitudes 42 and 54 of all those who had been in it not more than fifteen persons whose presence was not attributable to the Hudson's Bay Company, and hardly one-half of these remained permanently in the country. They were mostly free trappers, adventurers, mountain men, sailors, and persons connected with Wyeth's first expedition. Several of them were married to native women. Even early in 1836 when Captain Wyeth left the country, there were only three more permanent residents, all of whom belonged to Wyeth's party, exclusive of the four Methodist missionaries, and not an American white woman was among them. This was a poor showing for peopling the country with Americans, when hundreds had entered it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent by Americans in trying to build up a business in it.

The Hudson's Bay Company had thus made joint occupancy to mean occupancy by themselves, and they intended if possible to have it continue. They did this both as loyal British subjects, and because, as Chief Factor McDonald, of Fort Colville, said to Dr. Cushing Eells, if England should obtain it, it would be made over to the Hudson's Bay Company as a fur producing country. Mr. McDonald expected that England would obtain it, and in the hearing of Dr. Eells asked the question: "Who fifty years hence will compose the inhabitants of the country?" and then himself answered the question by saying, substantially, "The descendants of the Hudson's Bay Company." Dr. Whitman said with reference to the same class (of mixed blood): "Fifty years hence they will not be found."[1] For this reason Dr. McLoughlin, ruler of the Hudson's Bay Company on this coast, placed all the American missionaries either south or east of the Columbia, for while he had strong hopes that Great Britain would obtain all of Oregon, he believed that she would certainly retain all north of

[1] "Missionary Herald," December, 1866, pp. 370-371.

that river, and he did not wish any Americans north of it. When the Bishop of Juliopolis wrote to Sir George Simpson, asking that two Catholic priests might go under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company to Oregon, he replied, February 17, 1838: "When the Bishop first mentioned this subject, his view was to form a mission on the banks of the Willamette, a river falling into the Columbia from the south. To the establishing of a mission there the Governor and Committee in London and the Councils in Hudson's Bay had a decided objection, as the sovereignty of that country is still undecided; but I last summer intimated to the Bishop that if he would establish the mission on the banks of the Cowlitz River, or on the Cowlitz Portage, falling into the Columbia from the northward, and giving his assurance that the missionaries would not locate themselves on the south side of the Columbia River, but would form their establishment where the Company's representatives might point out as the most eligible situation on the north side, I should recommend to the Governor and Committee to afford a passage to the priests, and such facilities towards the successful accomplishment of the object in view as would not involve any great inconvenience or expense to the Company's service."

The Bishop yielded to these suggestions, and Governor Simpson added that the Company would assist them. It did so.[1]

The Company knew the value of the country, its resources of timber, agriculture, fish, minerals and the like, though they made special effort to produce the impression that it was of little value. In their business of collecting furs they had an opportunity to travel its whole length and breadth and see its value. Previous to 1843 Mrs. McDonald, wife of the Chief Factor at Fort Colville, had a collection of mineral specimens, a part of which she presented to Mrs. Eells. In 1843 employes of that Company told Charles A. Geyer, a German botanist, who was traveling with them, that they knew that precious metals existed in a certain place from actual investigation. In fact gold had been taken from near the Columbia River, sent

[1] "History of the Catholic Church in Oregon," p. 24.

to England, made into a watch seal, brought back, and worn by a gentleman connected with the Company. Still, special effort was made to produce the impression that the country was of little value.

When the Company saw that the Americans were beginning to come into the country in considerable numbers, they brought in 1841 a colony of about eighty persons from the Red River settlement of Manitoba, whom they at first settled near the waters of Puget Sound, so as to counteract American settlers. But they intended, if possible, to hold all of Oregon. In 1841-2 Sir George Simpson, Governor-General of the Company, made a tour around the world. In his book about it he discusses the question of the possession of the country quite fully. He says: "The United States will never possess more than a nominal jurisdiction, nor long possess even that, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains; and supposing the country to be divided tomorrow to the entire satisfaction of the most unscrupulous patriot in the Union, I challenge conquest to bring my prediction and its own power to the test, by imposing the Atlantic tariff on the parts of the Pacific."

After discussing the question a little further to the detriment of the claims of the United States, and showing its defects, he concludes by saying: "On behalf of England direct arguments are superfluous, for until some other power puts a good title on paper, actual possession must be held of itself conclusive in her favor."[1]

This powerful Company not only had virtual possession, but determined to continue in the possession, even if it should cost them a hundred thousand pounds sterling. As early as 1827, when the renewal of the treaty of 1818 was under consideration, England had said: "In the interior of the territory in question the subjects of Great Britain have had for many years numerous settlements and trading posts, several of these posts on the tributary streams of the Columbia, several upon the Columbia itself, some to the northward, and others to the southward of that river. And they navigate the Columbia as the sole channel for the conveyance of their pro-

[1] Simpson's "Journey Around the World," pp. 151-152.

duce to the British stations, nearest the sea, and for the shipment of it from thence to Great Britain. It is also by the Columbia and its tributary streams that these posts and settlements receive their annual supplies from Great Britain. In the whole territory in question the citizens of the United States have not a single settlement or trading post. They do not use that river either for the purpose of transmitting or receiving any produce of their own, to or from other parts of the world."[1]

At the same time, according to Greenhow, they "claimed and received the aid and consideration of government for their energy and success in expelling the Americans from the Columbia regions, and forming settlements there by means of which they were rapidly converting Oregon into a British Colony."[2]

After a treaty continuing "Joint Occupancy" had been renewed indefinitely from 1828, occasional references were made in official circles to the subject.

In August, 1831, Edward Livingston, Secretary of State, instructed Martin Van Buren, our minister at London, to open discussion at the Court of St. James with the view of settling the Oregon question. Nothing of importance, however, was done.

On February 7, 1838, Senator Linn, of Missouri, introduced a bill into the United States Senate to authorize the occupation of the Columbia or Oregon Territory, building a fort, occupying the country with the military force of the United States, and extending the revenue laws over the territory, but the bill did not pass. In March of the same year Rev. Jason Lee and P. L. Edwards prepared a memorial to Congress which was signed by J. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five others, and carried to Washington by Mr. Lee of the Methodist Mission. This spoke of the advantages of the country and asked our Government to take formal and speedy possession of Oregon. This was supplemented in January, 1839, by a letter from Mr. Lee to Hon. Caleb Cushing, pressing the subject still further.

[1] Greenhow's "Oregon and California," p. 454.
[2] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 67.

Again, in 1839, Rev. D. Leslie and about seventy others sent to Congress another memorial from Oregon, asking for the formation of a territorial government for Oregon. In 1840 two memorials from Ohio and one from Kentucky were sent to Congress on the same subject. Two of these, one from Ohio, and the one from Kentucky, asked for grants of land, and the other that the laws of the United States might be extended over Oregon. In March, 1840, Mr. Linn introduced further resolutions asking the government to settle the Oregon boundaries, establish a line of military posts from Fort Leavenworth to the Rocky Mountains, grant a thousand acres of land to every white male inhabitant of Oregon over eighteen years of age, and appoint an Indian Agent.[1]

In December, 1841, President Tyler in his first annual message recommended the establishment of a line of military posts from Council Bluffs to the Pacific Ocean.[2]

But nothing was done for two reasons: Southern people were afraid on account of the slavery question, for the acquisition of Oregon would probably add more territory to the non-slaveholding North; and some Northern persons were afraid that it would cause unfriendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

In the meantime some efforts were made in the Willamette Valley looking towards the organization of a provisional government for Oregon; that is, a government which should last until the United States should extend her jurisdiction over the region. The first effort was in February, 1841, owing to the death of Ewing Young, with a large estate and no known heirs. For several reasons the effort failed. The next year the subject was revived, but by that time the Government had done one thing which led the people to hope that the desired action by Congress was about to be taken. This was the sending out of Dr. Elijah White as Sub-Indian Agent. Dr. White had come to Oregon in 1837 as a physician of the Methodist Mission. He remained until 1841, when he resigned and returned East, and was then appointed by the Government in the

[1] Brown's "Political History of Oregon," vol. 1, pp. 54-61.
[2] "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," vol. 4, p. 87.

above mentioned capacity.[1] Commodore Wilkes, then in the Columbia River with his vessels, also advised that nothing be done.

The next year, 1843, after Dr. Whitman had gone East, and before his return, this provisional government was organized. It continued in operation until 1849, when the United States assumed complete control.

Such was the condition of the country in 1842 before Dr. Whitman went East. He had not been long on the Coast before he gained quite correct ideas of the situation. It became clear to him that the Hudson's Bay Company were using their utmost endeavors to obtain the country for England, so that it might be made over to them for their own use. He had learned, too, of its value and resources, having then traveled over a considerable part of it, both east and west of the Cascade Mountains, and he had met many persons, Americans as well as British subjects, who had been over parts where he had not been. He wrote Rev. Mr. Walker several times about it. One expression was as follows: "This country will soon be settled by the whites; it belongs to the Americans; it is a great and rich country; what a country this would be for the Yankees; why not tell them about it?"[2]

Says Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, who went East with him: "My party camped some two miles below Dr. Whitman's place. The day after our arrival, Dr. Whitman called at our camp, and asked me to accompany him to his house, as he wished me to draw up a memorial to Congress to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits in this country. The Doctor was alive to the interests of this coast, and manifested a very warm desire to have it properly presented at Washington."[3]

Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, a missionary of the Methodists at The Dalles in the early forties, wrote in 1849: "He (Dr. Whitman) looked upon them (the Indians) as doomed at no distant day to give place to a settlement of enterprising Americans. With an eye to this, he laid his plans and acted. His

[1] Brown's "Political History of Oregon," vol. 1, pp. 82-88, and Eells' "Indian Missions," pp. 187-189.

[2] "Eells-Whitman Pamphlet," p. 11.

[3] "Life of Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D.," p. 272.

American feelings, even while engaged in his missionary toils, were suffered to predominate. He wanted to see the country settled. . . . With his eye bent on this he was willing, meantime, to do what he could for the poor, weak, feeble, doomed Oregonians" (Indians).[1]

He felt strongly on the subject. At the time his missionary associates thought that he was disturbed to an unwarranted degree, but afterwards they acknowledged that he was right.[2]

For many years the eastern boundary question, especially between Maine and British America, had been a source of constant trouble. It had never been settled since the United States had become a nation. In December, 1841, the British Government determined to send Lord Ashburton to the United States, with full power to settle this question and all other subjects in controversy between the two governments. This included the Oregon question. Lord Ashburton arrived at Washington April 4, 1842, and on the eleventh Governor Fairfield of Maine was notified of his arrival and its object. The Maine boundary was settled by the treaty made by Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster, then Secretary of the United States, signed on August 9, 1842. The Oregon question came up for consideration, but nothing was done about it. In regard to it, President Tyler, in a special message to the Senate, August 11, 1842 (written by Mr. Webster), said: "After sundry informal communications with the British Minister on the subject of the claims of the two countries to territory west of the Rocky Mountains, so little probability was found to exist of coming to any agreement on that subject at present that it was not thought expedient to make it one of the subjects of formal negotiation, to be entered upon between the government and the British minister, as part of his duties under his special mission."[3]

[1] "Oregonian," November 21, 1895.

[2] "Missionary Herald," 1866, pp. 371, 372, and Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 11.

[3] "Webster's Works," vol. 6, pp. 270, 272, 273, 351, and "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," p. 166.

The pressing of this subject at this time, it was feared, would have endangered the other questions, believed to be more important. The treaty was confirmed the same month.

II. What Dr. Whitman did.

On May 16, 1842, the emigration of that year left Independence, Missouri, for Oregon. This had been for many years the place of rendezvous for the emigrants before making their regular start across the Continent. The start was made forty-two days after Lord Ashburton's arrival at Washington. In this emigration were a hundred and twelve persons, among whom were A. L. Lovejoy, Medorem Crawford and Dr. E. White, the newly appointed Indian Agent for Oregon. The two latter kept journals of this trip which have been published. Mr. Crawford arrived at Dr. Whitman's September 14, but Dr. White several days earlier, having left the main party August 23rd [They left their wagons at Fort Hall]. They brought letters for Dr. Whitman and news about Oregon and Lord Ashburton. Some of the letters had reference to the discontinuance of the southern stations of the mission, which has already been treated of in the last chapter. These emigrants gave Dr. Whitman information about the danger of the United States losing Oregon. This aroused him still more. He called a meeting of the mission to discuss various subjects, the most important one being that a purpose of his to go East immediately to do what he could to save Oregon to the United States be approved. The meeting was held September 26-28, and although Messrs. Walker and Eells thoroughly disapproved of it, yet when they found how earnest he was, and that he was determined to go, even if he had to resign his connection with the mission to do so, they voted in favor of it, as did all the rest. The time set for his departure was October fifth, and letters were to be prepared and forwarded to him to carry East accordingly. For some reason he started two days earlier, and when the letters of Messrs. Walker and Eells reached his station, he was already two days on the way. Mr. Lovejoy, under date of February 14, 1876, furnished

the following graphic description of the sufferings endured during this journey:[1]

"We left Waiilatpu October 3, 1842, traveled rapidly, reached Fort Hall in eleven days, remained two days to recruit and make a few purchases. The Doctor engaged a guide, and we left for Fort Winte. We changed from a direct route to one more southern, through the Spanish country, via Salt Lake, Taos and Santa Fe. On our way from Fort Hall to Fort Winte we had terribly severe weather. The snows retarded our progress and blinded the trail, so we lost much time. After arriving at Fort Winte, and making some purchases for our trip, we took a new guide and started for Fort Uncumpagra, situated on the waters of Grand River, in the Spanish country. Here our stay was very short. We took a new guide and started for Taos. After being out some four or five days we encountered a terrific snow storm, which forced us to seek shelter in a deep ravine, where we remained snowed in for four days, at which time the storm had somewhat abated, and we attempted to make our way out upon the highlands, but the snow was so deep and the winds so piercing and cold, we were compelled to return to camp and wait a few days for a change of weather. Our next effort to reach the highlands was more successful; but, after spending several days wandering around in the snow, without making much headway, our guide told us that the deep snow had so changed the face of the country that he was completely lost and could take us no further. This was a terrible blow to the Doctor, but he was determined not to give it up without another effort.

We at once agreed that the Doctor should take the guide and return to Fort Uncumpagra and get a new guide, and I remain in camp with the animals until he could return, which he did in seven days with our new guide, and we were now on our route again. Nothing of much import occurred but

[1] This letter was written to Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D.D., and was first published in an address of his delivered before "The Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon," Feb. 22, 1876. It appears in the "Biography of Dr. Atkinson," p. 272. A very similar one to W. H. Gray is found in Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 324, dated November 6, 1869.

LOST IN THE SNOW

hard and slow traveling through deep snow until we reached Grand River, which was frozen on either side about one-third across. Although so intensely cold, the current was so very rapid that about one-third of the river in the center was not frozen. Our guide thought it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the river in its present condition, but the Doctor, nothing daunted, was the first to take the water. He mounted his horse; the guide and myself shoved the Doctor and his horse off the ice into the foaming stream. Away he went, completely under water, horse and all, but directly came up, and after buffeting the rapid foaming current, he reached the ice on the opposite shore a long way down the stream. He leaped from his horse upon the ice and soon had his noble animal by his side. The guide and myself forced in the pack animals, and followed the Doctor's example, and were soon on the opposite shore, drying our frozen clothes by a comfortable fire. We reached Taos in about thirty days, having suffered greatly from cold and scarcity of provisions. We were compelled to use mule meat, dogs and such other animals as came in our reach. We remained at Taos a few days only, and started for Bent's and Savery's Fort, on the head waters of the Arkansas River. When we had been out some fifteen or twenty days we met George Bent, a brother of Governor Bent, on his way to Taos. He told us that a party of mountain men would leave Bent's Fort in a few days for St. Louis, but said we would not reach the fort with our pack animals in time to join the party. The Doctor, being very anxious to join the party so he could push on as rapidly as possible to Washington, concluded to leave myself and guide with the animals, and he himself, taking the best animal, with some bedding and a small allowance of provision, started alone, hoping by rapid travel to reach the fort in time to join the St. Louis party, but to do so he would have to travel on the Sabbath, something we had not done before. Myself and guide traveled on slowly and reached the fort in four days, but imagine our astonishment when on making inquiry about the Doctor we were told that he had not arrived nor had he been heard of. I learned that the party for St. Louis was camped at the Big Cottonwood, forty miles from the fort, and at my request Mr. Savery sent an express, tell-

ing the party not to proceed any further until we learned something of Dr. Whitman's whereabouts, as he wished to accompany them to St. Louis. Being furnished by the gentleman of the fort with a suitable guide, I started in search of the Doctor, and traveled up the river about one hundred miles. I learned from the Indians that a man had been there who was lost and was trying to find Bent's Fort. They said they had directed him to go down the river and how to find the fort. I knew from their description it was the Doctor. I returned to the fort as rapidly as possible, but the Doctor had not arrived. We had all become very anxious about him.

"Late in the afternoon he came in very much fatigued and desponding; said that he knew that God had bewildered him to punish him for traveling on the Sabbath. During the whole trip he was very regular in his morning and evening devotions, and that was the only time I ever knew him to travel on the Sabbath.

"The Doctor remained all night at the fort, starting early on the following morning to join the St. Louis party. Here we parted. The Doctor proceeded to Washington. I remained at Bent's Fort until spring, and joined the Doctor the following July near Fort Laramie, on his way to Oregon, in company with a train of emigrants."

When they reached Fort Hall Captain Grant, desirous to prevent the Doctor from going, told him a falsehood, that a war had broken out between the Pawnees and Cheyennes, and that it was not safe for him to proceed. But this did not stop the Doctor, though he took a route far to the south through New Mexico; but it was evidently his salvation, for because of the great depth of snow which fell that winter and the extra severe cold, the party would probably have perished had they taken the usual route.

The width of the Grand River where they crossed it was about six hundred feet, making two hundred feet of ice on each side. General Lovejoy afterwards told Colonel J. K. Kelley, who was at one time United States Senator from Oregon, that when "they were penned in that dreadful ravine, they one evening saw a camp fire on the bluffs above, and Whitman made his way up the steep bank to learn if they were savages

or white men. He had reached where a fallen tree protected him from their view, and soon saw that they were whites, though they used the Spanish language. They were surprised when he appeared, and seized their guns, but when they realized his being a white man, greeted him cordially, and sent some down to assist his friends up there with their animals. They were a company from Taos, New Mexico, who had hunted buffalo. They had abundance of jerked meat, fed them bountifully, treated them kindly, and took them to Taos. It was a friendly procedure."[1]

On account of the loss of valuable time provisions became short. A dog that had followed them was eaten; a mule came next, presumably not fat, after its journey, but it lasted them to Santa Fe. When they came to one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River it was frozen over, but with ice hardly thick enough to bear a man, and the firewood was all across the river. Wood they must have; so the Doctor took the ax and wormed himself across the stream. Having obtained plenty of wood he skated it back and returned it safety; but unfortunately split the ax-helve. It was tied up with a piece of fresh deer skin, but as it lay at the edge of the tent that night a hungry wolf, wishing for the piece of deer skin, stole it and also the ax. Had this occurred a thousand miles back, there is no telling what might have been the result, for an ax was one of the most necessary articles of camping.[2]

When Dr. Whitman arrived at St. Louis he made his home at the house of Dr. Edward Hale, a dentist. In the same house was William Barrows, then a young school teacher, afterward a clergyman and author of Barrows' *Oregon*.

Reaching Cincinnati, he went to the house of Dr. Weed.[3] Here, according to Prof. Weed,[4] he obtained a new suit of clothes, but whether he wore them all the time until he left

[1] From a forthcoming volume by S. A. Clarke.

[2] "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," by O. W. Nixon, pp. 117, 118.

[3] The father of Professor George L. Weed, who has written two articles about him, one in the "Philadelphia Public Ledger" of May 25, 1895, and the other in the "Ladies' Home Journal" of November, 1897.

[4] Barrows' "Oregon," Chapter 18.

the East or not is a question. Some writers speak of him as appearing in his buckskins, or something akin to them, afterwards both at Washington and Boston. Some, as Dr. S. J. Parker, say he was not so dressed. It is just barely possible that both may be true—that he kept his buckskins and buffalo coat and occasionally wore them. It is quite certain that he did not throw them away, as according to accounts he wore his buckskins in returning to Oregon the next summer.[1]

The next visit on record was at Ithaca, New York, at the home of his old missionary friend and fellow traveler, Rev. Samuel Parker. Here after the surprise of his arrival was over, he said to Mr. Parker: "I have come on a very important errand. We must both go at once to Washington, or Oregon is lost, ceded to the English." Mr. Parker, however, did not think the danger to be so great, and not for lack of interest in the subject, but because of other reasons, did not go. Dr. Whitman went alone, and reached Washington.[2]

The Doctor, or his brother, had been a classmate of the Secretary of War, James M. Porter. Through him the Doctor obtained an introduction to Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, with whom he talked about Oregon and the saving of it to the United States, but Mr. Webster received him very coolly, and told him it was too late, as far as he was concerned, for he had considered it, decided it, and turned it over to the President, who could sign Oregon away or refuse to do so. Accordingly Dr. Whitman went to President Tyler, and for some time they talked about Oregon. Even the Cabinet were called together, it is said, and an evening was spent on the subject. The objection was made that wagons could never be taken to Oregon and that consequently the country could never be peopled overland by emigrants, while the distance around Cape Horn was altogether too great to think of taking settlers to the country in that way. In reply to this, Dr. Whitman told of the great value of the country and of his plans to lead an emigration through with their wagons the next summer. He stated that he had taken a wagon into Oregon six years

[1] Barrows' "Oregon," pp. 174-177.
[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 15.

before to Fort Boise, that others had taken one from Fort Hall to Walla Walla, and that with his present knowledge, having been over the route twice, he was sure he could take the emigrant wagons through to the Columbia. The President then said that he would wait, before carrying the negotiations any further, until he could hear whether Dr. Whitman should succeed, and if he should there would be no more thought of trading off Oregon. This satisfied the Doctor.

He then went to New York to see Mr. Horace Greeley, who was known to be a friend of Oregon. He went there dressed in his rough clothes, much the same that he wore across the Continent. When he knocked at the door a lady came, Mrs. Greeley or a daughter, who, on seeing such a rough-looking person, said to his inquiries for Mr. Greeley, "Not at home." Dr. Whitman started away. She went and told Mr. Greeley about him, and Mr. Greeley, who was of much the same style and cared but little for appearances, looked out of the window, and seeing him going away, said to call him in. It was done, and they had a long talk about this Northwest Coast and its political relations.[1]

From New York Dr. Whitman went to Boston, where the officers of the American Board at first received him coldly, because he had left his station for the East without permission from them, on business so foreign to that which he had been sent to Oregon to accomplish. Afterwards, however, they treated him more cordially.

From Boston he went to New York State and visited relatives. Then taking with him his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, he bade them good-bye and left for Missouri. While there he did all he could to induce people to join the emigration for Oregon, then went with the emigration, assisting the guide, Captain Gantt, until they reached Fort Hall, and aiding the emigrants very materially. Fort Hall was as far as Captain Gantt had agreed to guide them, and from that place Dr. Whitman guided them or furnished an Indian guide, so that the emigrants reached the Columbia River safely with their wagons.

[1] Testimony of Hon. A. Hinman, Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 14.

"Over the hills rode Whitman,
Scaled the snow-capped mountain wall,
Over the pathless plains in winter,
Boldest rider of them all.
Down deep ravines, in canyons hoary,
Over roaring, rapid streams,
Through savage lands, with murder gory,
The eye of the statesman gleams;
For he sees far off in the future
For his own fair country won,
The wonderful vales and hills and dales,
Of bounteous Oregon.

Over the hills rode Whitman,
Bearing an empire's fate,
From sea to sea on his good gray steed,
A courier that could not wait—
Far away to the west was a fairer land
Than Moses beheld of old,
A land of fruits and evergreen hills,
Where the gray Columbia rolled.

Over the hills rode Whitman,
And into the halls of State,
Where Webster sat with kingly men
Engaged in high debate.
There in the nation's Congress
Our missionary won
The rich veined hills and laughing rills
Of bounteous Oregon."[1]

[1] Mrs. E. E. Dye, in October, 1891.

CHAPTER VII.

NATIONAL WORK. OBJECTIONS.

Six objections have been made to the statements in the last chapter in regard to what Dr. Whitman did. It has been said that he did not go East with any national object in view, or even to Washington; that he did not do anything to save Oregon or any part of it to the United States; that at that time it was impossible for him or any one to have done so, as there was no danger of Oregon being lost; that the whole story was an immense afterthought, gotten up for some special purpose; that he did nothing worthy of mention to induce the immigration of 1843 to start; and that he likewise did nothing worth speaking of to enable it to reach the Columbia River. These objections will now be considered, the first four in this chapter and the remaining two in the next.

It is true that much of the evidence given is from memory and written many years after the events occurred, but the reason is that the objections were never made public until thirty-five or forty years after Dr. Whitman went East. It has been said that such evidence is not good when unaccompanied with contemporary written documents, but to the author this objection is of little weight. Members of the Western historical and pioneer societies know well that one great object of these societies is to rescue from oblivion important items of history, while the actors and witnesses are living, even though they may be three score and ten or four score years old, and though the events may have occurred forty to sixty years previous. There are very many persons in the West who have seen and helped to make important events of history,

but who never had the advantage of a good education and to whom writing is so great a task that they seldom write anything for publication. These historical societies are glad to write down and publish the statements of such persons, even if they are made two or three score years after the events occurred.

1. The first objection to be considered is that Dr. Whitman, when he went East, went solely on missionary business, to save his station and that of Mr. Spalding from being given up, and to procure more laborers, but that he had no national object in view, and that he did not even go to Washington.

(a) Dr. Cushing Eells arrived in Oregon in 1838, was one of Dr. Whitman's co-laborers, was present at the meeting of the Oregon mission which authorized the Doctor to go, and was its clerk. He says in a statement, sworn before L. E. Kellogg, a Notary Public in Spokane County, August 23, 1883: "September, 1842, a letter written by Dr. Whitman, addressed to Rev. Messrs. E. Walker and C. Eells at Tshimakain, reached its destination, and was received by the persons to whom it was written. By the contents of said letter, a meeting of the Oregon Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was invited to be held at Waiilatpu. The object of said meeting, as stated in the letter named, was to approve of a purpose formed by Dr. Whitman that he go East on behalf of Oregon, as related to the United States. In the judgment of Mr. Walker and myself that object was foreign to our assigned work. With troubled thoughts we anticipated the proposed meeting. On the following day, Wednesday, we started, and on Saturday, P. M., camped on the Touchet, at the ford near the Mullan bridge. We were pleased with the prospect of enjoying a period of rest, reflection and prayer—needful preparation for the antagonism of opposing ideas. We never moved camp on the Lord's Day. On Monday, A. M., we arrived at Waiilatpu, and met the two resident families of Messrs. Whitman and Gray. Rev. H. H. Spalding was there. All the male members of the mission were thus together. In

the discussion the opinion of Mr. Walker and myself remained unchanged. The purpose of Dr. Whitman was fixed. In his estimation the saving of Oregon to the United States was of paramount importance, and he would make the attempt to do so, even if he had to withdraw from the mission in order to accomplish his purpose. In reply to considerations intended to hold Dr. Whitman to his assigned work, he said: 'I am not expatriated by becoming a missionary.' The idea of his withdrawal could not be entertained, therefore to retain him in the mission a vote to approve of his making the perilous endeavor prevailed. He had a cherished object, for the accomplishment of which he desired consultation with Rev. David Greene, secretary of correspondence with the mission at Boston, Mass., but I have no recollection that it was named in the meeting. A part of two days was spent in consultation. Record of the date and acts of the meeting was made. The book containing the same was in the keeping of the Whitman family. At the time of their massacre, Nov. 29, 1847, it disappeared. The fifth day of October following was designated as the day on which Dr. Whitman would expect to start from Waiilatpu. Accordingly letters, of which he was to be the bearer, were required to be furnished him at his station in accordance therewith. Mr. Walker and myself returned to Tshimakain, prepared letters, and forwarded them seasonably to Waiilatpu. By the return of the courier information was received that Dr. Whitman started on the 3rd of October. It is possible that transpirings at old Fort Walla Walla hastened his departure two days.

"Soon after his return to this coast, Dr. Whitman said to me he wished he could return East immediately, as he believed he could accomplish more than he had done, as I understood him to mean, to save this country to the United States. I asked him why he could not go. He said, 'I cannot go without seeing Mrs. Whitman.' She was then in the Willamette Valley."

This meeting was held September 26-28, according to Dr. Eells' memory and Mr. Walker's journal of that time.[1]

(b) Mrs. Mary R. Walker came to Oregon at the same time as Dr. Eells and was the wife of Rev. E. Walker. As it had not been publicly denied at this time that Dr. Whitman went East for national purposes, it was not possible to obtain the evidence of Mr. Walker, because he died in 1877. Mrs. Walker says:

"Forest Grove, Oregon, June , '83.

Rev. M. Eells:

Sir—In answer to your inquiries about Dr. Whitman, I will say that he went East in 1842, mainly to save the country from falling into the hands of England, as he believed there was great danger of it. He had written Mr. Walker several times before about it. One expression I well remember he

[1] The following is from Mr. Walker's journal of September 28, 1842: "Then (some time after breakfast) the question was submitted to us of the Doctor's going home, which we felt that it was of too much importance to be decided in a moment, but finally came to the conclusion that if he could put things at that station in such a state, we would consent to his going, and with that left them and made a start for home." At first it seems as if this contradicted Dr. Eells' statement in regard to their having heard of this desire before leaving their station, but it is not necessarily so. If either of the two witnesses were to arise today and say that the letters were received as Dr. Eells states; that they went to Dr. Whitman's dreading all the time to discuss the matter; that on arrival on Monday they had at first heard nothing about his proposed trip East and hoped that the project had been abandoned, and themselves had said nothing on the subject, but that on Wednesday he spoke of it, we would believe them. The writer has been through exactly similar experiences. No one who knew Dr. Eells will believe that he either forgot or misstated purposely the above, as he was noted for his integrity and his tenacious memory. Before Mr. Walker's journal had been searched, the writer heard Dr. Eells trying to fix the date of the meeting. Having October 3rd as the date of Dr. Whitman's leaving, for a starting point, he then counted backward the camping places of the trip and what he did each day, until he had fixed September 26-28 as the date of the meeting, exactly as recorded in Mr. Walker's journal, although between thirty-five and forty years had intervened. Dr. Eells did forget many things, but what he remembered he remembered very correctly almost universally.

wrote, about as follows: 'This country will soon be settled by the whites. It belongs to the Americans. It is a great and rich country. What a country this would be for Yankees? Why not tell them of it.' He was determined to go East on this business, even if he had to leave the mission to do so."[1]

[Rev. H. H. Spalding came to Oregon in 1836 with Dr. Whitman. He died in 1874, before the controversy in regard to Dr. Whitman arose, hence his statement with direct reference to this subject was not obtained. In a general way, however, he left a statement, but it is evidently so full of mistakes that it will be considered separately in Chapter IX.]

(c) Hon. W. H. Gray came to Oregon in 1836 with Dr. Whitman, and was connected with the mission from that time until 1842. He says that the Doctor said to him, as he bade him good-bye and mounted his horse to see what could be done at Washington, "If the Board dismisses me, I will do what I can to save my country." He also said, "My life is of but little worth if I can save this country for the American people."[2]

(d) William Geiger, M. D., lived at Forest Grove, Oregon, a man of unquestioned integrity. In a statement sworn to before S. Hughes, a Notary Public of that place, he says:

"Forest Grove, Oregon, June 5, 1883.

Rev. M. Eells:

Sir—In answer to your inquiries about Dr. M. Whitman I will say that I came to this country in 1839, and was at Dr. Whitman's request in charge of his station in 1842-3 while he went East, and remained there after his return about three weeks, and had many conversations with him on the object of his going, after his return. I was there again in 1845 and 1846.

His main object in going East was to save the country to the United States, as he believed there was great danger of its falling into the hands of England. Incidentally he intended to obtain more missionary help, and for this object I sent provisions to Fort Hall for them in 1843. The immigration of 1842, especially Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, brought word that there was dan-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 11.
[2] Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 609.

ger that the English would obtain Oregon, hence Dr. Whitman went East."[1]

(e) Hon. Alanson Hinman now lives at Forest Grove, Oregon. He has been a member of the Oregon Legislature; since 1854, one of the trustees of Pacific University, at Forest Grove, and for twenty years President of the Board. His testimony is as follows:

"Forest Grove, Oregon, June 8, 1883.

Rev. M. Eells:

Sir—In answer to your inquiries about Dr. Whitman, I will say that I came to this coast in 1844, and remained that winter at Walla Walla (then Waiilatpu) teaching school for Dr. M. Whitman. About the next June (1845), I came to the Willamette with Dr. Whitman. In 1847, at the time of his massacre, I was temporarily in charge of the station at The Dalles, with Mr. P. B. Whitman.

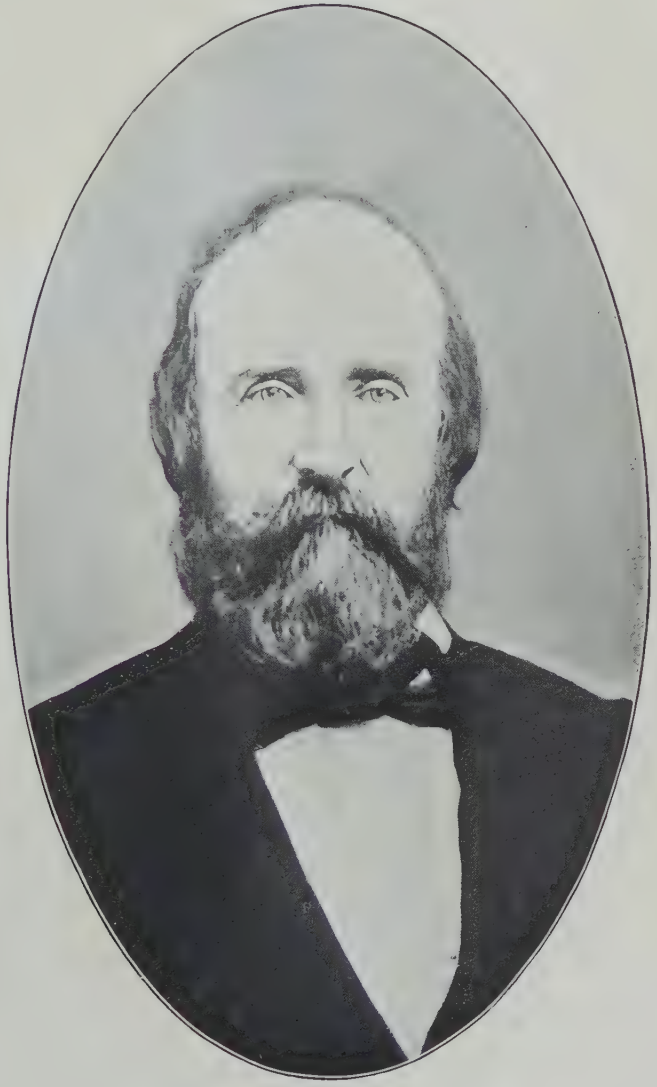
Dr. Whitman told me that he went East in 1842 with two objects, one to assist the mission, the other to save the country to the United States. I do not think he would have gone that winter had it not been that the danger seemed to him very great that the country would be obtained by England, but would have deferred the journey until spring."

(f) A. L. Lovejoy was Dr. Whitman's traveling companion during his journey East in 1842-3. Afterwards he was several times a member of the Oregon Legislature, President of its Council (Senate), Attorney-General of the Territory, its Chief Justice, Mayor of Oregon City, and a member of the convention that formed the constitution of Oregon. Few of the pioneers have done more for the State or have been more honored by it than Mr. Lovejoy. He says that "The whole burden of Dr. Whitman's speech during the long ride was to immediately terminate the treaties of 1818 and 1828, and extend the laws of the United States over Oregon."[2]

Says the editor of the *Willamette Farmer:* "Mrs. Lovejoy assures us that he (Mr. Lovejoy) was aware of Whitman's aims

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 3.

[2] Paper by Miss M. S. Barlow, in "Oregon Pioneer Transactions," 1895, p. 74.



A. L. LOVEJOY

and motives; knew that his great object in the journey was to save Oregon from British rule, and gives him credit in great part for accomplishing his patriotic intention."[1]

Again, after giving an account of his trip across the Continent: "Here we parted (at Bent's Fort). The Doctor proceeded to Washington. I remained at Bent's Fort until spring and joined the Doctor the following July near Fort Laramie on his way to Oregon, in company with a train of emigrants. He often expressed himself to me about the remainder of his journey, and the manner in which he was received at Washington."[2]

(g) Perrin B. Whitman came to Oregon in 1843 with his uncle. He says, October 11, 1880: "Dr. Whitman's trip East, in the winter of 1842-43, was for the double purpose of bringing an immigration across the plains, and also to prevent, if possible, the trading off of this Northwest Coast to the British Government. . . . While crossing the plains I repeatedly heard the Doctor express himself as being very anxious to succeed in opening a wagon road across the Continent to the Columbia River, and thereby stay, if not entirely prevent, the trading of this Northwest Coast, then pending between the United States and the British Government. In after years the Doctor, with much pride and satisfaction, reverted to his success in bringing the immigration across the plains, and thought it one of the means of saving Oregon to his government. I remained with him continuously till August, 1847, when he sent me to The Dalles."[3]

Again, "I heard him say repeatedly on the journey, and after we reached his mission, Waiilatpu, that he went to the States in the winter of 1842 and 1843 for the sole purpose of bringing an immigration with wagons across the plains to Oregon."

(h) Rev. William Barrows, D.D., afterwards author of Barrows' *Oregon,* but then a school teacher in St. Louis, met Dr. Whitman there. He says: "It was my good fortune that

[1] Seattle "Post-Intelligencer," Nov. 17, 1882.

[2] "Biography of G. H. Atkinson," p. 274.

[3] "Weekly Astorian," Dec. 17, 1880, and Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 13.

he should be quartered at St. Louis as a guest under the same roof, and at the same table with myself. The announcement of his arrival in the little city of twenty thousand, as it was then, came as a surprise and novelty. In those times it was a rare possibility for one to come up in mid-winter from Bent's Fort or Santa Fe, much more from Fort Hall and the Columbia. The Rocky Mountain men, trappers and traders, the adventurers in New Mexico, and the contractors for our military posts, the Indian men laying up vast fortunes, half from the government and half from the poor Indian, gathered about Dr. Whitman for fresh news from their places of interest. Those who had friends on the plains or in the mountains or in Spanish territory, sought opportunity to ply him with questions, for none had come over since the river closed, or crossed the frontier inward since the winter set in. What about furs and peltries? How many buffalo robes would come down by June on the spring rise of the Missouri? Were the Indian goods at the posts in flush, or fair or scant supply? What tribes were on the war path? What were the chances of breaking Indian treaties, and for removals from old reservations? Who seemed to have the inside favor with the Indian Agents? What American fur traders had the Hudson's Bay Company driven to the wall? What could he say of the last emigrant company for Oregon in which one Amos Lawrence Lovejoy went out? What had become of so and so, who were in previous companies that broke up at Fort Hall?

"But the Doctor was in great haste, and could not delay to talk of beaver and Indian goods, and wars, and reservations, and treaties. He had questions and not answers. Was the Ashburton treaty concluded? Did it cover the Northwest? Where and what and whose did it leave Oregon? He was soon answered. Webster and Ashburton had signed that treaty on the 9th of August preceding. On the 26th the Senate had ratified it, and on the tenth of November President Tyler had proclaimed it the law of the land. Then instantly he had other questions for his St. Louis visitors. Was the Oregon question under discussion in Congress? What opinions, projects or bills concerning it were being urged in Senate and House? Would anything important be settled before the

approaching adjournment on the fourth of March? Could he reach Washington before the adjournment? He must leave at once, and he went.

"Marcus Whitman once seen, and in our family circle, telling of his one business—he had but one—was a man not to be forgotten by the writer. With all the warmth, and almost burden, of skin and fur clothing, he bore the marks of the irresistible cold and merciless storms of his journey. His fingers, ears, nose, and feet had been frost-bitten, and were giving him much trouble. Dr. Whitman was in St. Louis, midway between Washington and Oregon, and carried business of weighty import, that must not be delayed by private interests and courtesies. In the wilds and storms of the mountains he had fed on mules and dogs, yet now sumptuous and complimentary dinners had no attraction for him. He was happy to meet men of the army and of commerce and fur, but he must hasten on to see Daniel Webster. Exchanging saddle for stage—for the river was closed by ice—he pressed on, and arrived at Washington March 3rd."[1]

(i) Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., afterwards for about forty years editor of the *New York Evangelist,* was in 1842-3 pastor of a Presbyterian church in St. Louis. He says: "I there met and welcomed Dr. Whitman, still bearing on his person the marks of his fatigue and sufferings, and was one of those who cheered him on his way to Washington, where he made reports to government, based upon a personal knowledge of the country, of which hardly another man at the capital knew anything."[2]

(j) Samuel J. Parker, M. D., was the son of the Rev. Samuel Parker, who came to Oregon in 1835, and with whom Dr. Whitman then traveled to the Rocky Mountains. Dr. S. J. Parker was in 1843 twenty-four years old. In a letter from Ithaca, N. Y., dated February 16, 1883, to the author, he wrote: "I was at home in the room in which I now write (I own the old homestead), when Dr. Whitman unexpectedly arrived in a rather rough, but not as outlandish a dress as some writers

[1] Barrows' "Oregon," pp. 174-177.
[2] "Oregonian," Nov. 21, 1895.

say he had on. After the surprise of his arrival was over, he said to my father, 'We must both go at once to Washington, or Oregon is lost, ceded to the English.' "[1]

(k) Dr. Edward Hale, M. D., then seventy years old, wrote to Rev. H. H. Spalding, in a letter from North Cornwall, Conn., dated July 19, 1871: "I had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Whitman at St. Louis on his last visit Eastward to confer with the President and heads of departments in relation to the settlement of the northeastern boundary question with Great Britain, by bartering away for a song the whole of the Northwest Pacific Territory. Also on his return to Oregon my house was his home while in St. Louis."[2]

(l) Says Judge James Otis, of Chicago, in a letter to Rev. Thomas Laurie, D. D., of Providence, R. I., in 1885: "In the month of April, 1843, Dr. M. Whitman and myself were at the same hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., waiting for the ice to leave the harbor so that we could take the steamboat for Cleveland, Ohio. After some four days we took the stage for Dunkirk, and thence went by boat to Cleveland. He was a good talker and a man of great observation. He gave me an account of his experience among the western Indians; his trip to Washington."[3]

(m) Says Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, in a letter to the author, dated August 15, 1883:

"Dear Sir: I was first elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in October, 1842. For technical reasons the election went for naught, and I was re-elected in 1843, and again in 1845, serving throughout the 28th and 29th Congresses, from December, 1843, to March, 1847. In the winter of 1842-43 I visited Washington and called upon Mr. Joshua Giddings, who was at that time boarding at Mrs. ————, on Capitol Hill, in what was then called Duff Green's Row. The building is still standing. When so visiting, Mr. Giddings introduced me to Dr. Whitman, who talked to me and others of the diffi-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 15.
[2] This letter is now in the possession of the author's heirs.
[3] "Missionary Herald," 1885, pp. 353, 354.

culties of his journey, of the character of the country, Indian affairs, British encroachments, etc."[1]

(n) Dr. Silas Reed saw Whitman in Washington.[2]

(o) John Tyler, a son of the President, and his private secretary, said that "he remembered Whitman very well, that he was in Washington 1842-3, full of his project to carry emigrants to Oregon, that he waited on the President, and received from him the heartiest concurrence in his plans."[3]

(p) Hines' *History of Oregon*, although not published until 1851, was evidently written about 1845, the year he closed his connection with the Methodist mission and returned East, for it gives no material history of the country after that year. In his journal of April 1, 1843,[4] he gives an account of the Indian troubles, which Dr. E. White, the Sub-Indian Agent, was called to Walla Walla to settle, Mr. Hines accompanying him. He says: "The arrival of a large party of emigrants at this time (1842), and the sudden departure of Dr. Whitman to the United States, with the avowed intention of bringing back with him as many as he could enlist for Oregon, served to hasten them to the above conclusion," that is, that there was "A deep laid scheme of the whites to destroy them, and take possession of their country."[5]

(q) Questions may here be asked. According to the testimony at the meeting of the mission which authorized the Doctor to go East, it was expected that he would start on the fifth of October. Messrs. Walker and Eells were to prepare a letter which the Doctor was to carry. When this letter reached the Doctor's station he had been about two days on the way. So the letter was carried back.[6] It is addressed to the American Board, and is a strong plea for not abandoning the

[1] "Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 16.

[2] "Life and Times of the Tylers," vol. 2, p. 439.

[3] Letter of President L. G. Tyler, a son of President John Tyler, and himself president of College of William and Mary, Virginia, to Dr. W. A. Mowry, dated June 6, 1898.

[4] Hines' "Oregon," p. 143.

[5] Hines' "Oregon."

[6] A copy of it was afterwards sent to the Board. The original is now in the possession of the author's son.

stations of Messrs. Whitman and Spalding, covering fourteen pages of letter paper. If now the Doctor went purely for missionary purposes, to save his station, why did he not wait for this letter, which would have been a great help to him?

(r) Although the order had been given to discontinue the station of Messrs. Whitman and Spalding, yet in view of changed conditions at the time when this order was received (namely, the withdrawal of Messrs. Smith, Gray and Rogers from the mission, the reconciliation of all parties remaining in the mission, the importance of Dr. Whitman's station to Americans who should come to the country, and to the success of Mr. Spalding's work among the Nez Perces), it had been voted by the mission to continue those stations until new representations could be made to the Board and new instructions received. Was it then necessary for Dr. Whitman to risk his life to secure what he had already secured, when most certainly his station would have been continued, if he had waited until spring to go?

(s) At first he was not cordially received at Boston. Says Dr. Geiger: "Mr. Hill, treasurer of the Board, said to him, in not a very pleasant way, 'What are you here for, leaving your post?' Says P. B. Whitman, 'The Board censured him in very strong terms for leaving his post of duty; also informed him that they had no money to spend in opening the western country to settlement.'" Says Dr. Whitman, in a letter to the Board, dated April 1, 1847: "I often reflect on the fact that you told me that you were sorry I came" (East). After this he speaks of the great value of his services to the emigration and of the influence the emigration virtually had in securing Oregon to the United States. Now, why was the Board so sorry he went, if he went solely or mainly to help his mission?

(t) Why did the Doctor go to Washington at all, or to Washington first, if his intention was wholly or mainly to save his station? To have done so would have been the height of absurdity—would have made him one of the most foolish of human beings—to have hastened to Washington to prevent the American Board at Boston from discontinuing his mission station. When Rev. Jason Lee went East in 1838 mainly on mis-

sionary business, yet carrying a petition from the people of Oregon to our government, asking for the extension of the laws of the United States over Oregon, he hastened first to report to his home Board in New York, and afterwards went to Washington. Not so Dr. Whitman, which shows which business he thought the most important.

(u) Lastly, the testimony of Dr. Whitman in regard to where he went and why he went should be introduced. After his return to his station, in accordance with a request made by the Secretary of War, he prepared and sent to him a bill which it was hoped would be passed by Congress for establishing a line of military posts from the western boundary of Missouri to the Willamette Valley for promoting safe intercourse with the Territory of Oregon, and for various purposes. Accompanying it was a letter from the Doctor, which was not dated, but which was endorsed as having been received at Washington, June 22, '44. It begins with these words:

"To the Honorable James M. Porter, Secretary of War. In compliance with the request you did me the honor to make last winter, while at Washington, I herewith transmit you the synopsis of a bill."[1] Again, April, 1847, he wrote his home Board as follows: "It was to open a practical route and safe passage, and secure a favorable report of the journey from the emigrants, which in connection with other objects, caused me to leave my family, and brave the toils and dangers of the journey, notwithstanding the unusual severity of the winter and the great depth of snow."[2]

Thus, according to the testimony of Hon. A. Hinman, Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, Dr. Edward Hale, Judge James Otis, Dr. H. M. Field, Dr. S. Reed, John Tyler, Governor A. Ramsey, and

[1] Brown's "Political History of Oregon," vol. 1, p. 148.

[2] "Missionary Herald," 1885, p. 350. Prof. Bourne tries to get rid of this evidence by saying, "As the years passed, Dr. Whitman attached so much importance to his services to the emigration, that he evidently came to regard such services as the purpose of his journey to the East." This plainly means that the Doctor got so twisted by the results, that he claimed for the object what was not the object, and that the Professor has learned what it was fifty-seven years afterwards, better than the Doctor did five years after.

Whitman himself, he went to Washington; and, from evidence given by Dr. Cushing Eells, W. H. Gray, Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, Mrs. M. R. Walker, Dr. William Barrows, Dr. S. J. Parker, Hon. A. Hinman, Dr. W. Geiger, P. B. Whitman, John Tyler, Dr. E. Hale, Hines' *History of Oregon,* and Whitman himself, he went not alone for missionary purposes, but mainly to do what he could to save Oregon to the United States.

One reason why some of those who were acquainted with the Doctor, especially some of the immigrants of 1843, have said that they did not believe he went for any other than missionary purposes, was because in their travels with him they never heard him say anything about it. But this proves nothing, for all know that a person may go to a place with several objects in view, some of which he will tell to certain friends, while he will not tell others, for reasons perfectly satisfactory to himself. This subject will be discussed more fully later.[1]

2. The second objection to be considered is the assertion that he did not do anything to save the North Pacific Coast or any part of it to the United States. In reply, the following evidence is given:

(a) Says Dr. William Geiger: "Either himself or brother had been a classmate of the Secretary of War, and Dr. Whitman went to him, and through him obtained an introduction to Secretary Webster. But Webster said that it was too late, that he had signed the papers and given them to the President. He would not introduce him to the President. Dr. Whitman went back to the Secretary of War, and through him obtained an introduction to the President, who heard his statements of the value of Oregon, and the possibility of taking an emigration there. At last the President promised to wait before proceeding further in the business, until Dr. Whitman should see whether he could get the emigration through. 'That is all I want,' said Dr. Whitman. He immediately sent back word to Missouri to those who wished to go, and had it published in the papers and in a pamphlet.

"He then went to Boston. When he first met Mr. Hill, Treasurer of the Board, Mr. Hill received him quite roughly.

[1] See objection "four" in this chapter.

Mr. Hill said, 'What are you here for—leaving your post?' And at last said, in a not very pleasant way, as he offered him some money, 'Go and get some decent clothes.' Dr. Whitman turned on his heel and left. The next day Mr. Hill was more cordial. If Dr. Whitman told me this once, he told it to me perhaps twenty times. He told it to me first on his return at Mr. Spalding's station, as I was there temporarily on account of sickness in Mr. Spalding's family. About the same time he told Mr. Spalding the same. He afterwards told it to us both, and in riding together afterwards on the road he said the same, and these repeated statements, which were always precisely alike, impressed it on my mind, or I might perhaps have forgotten them. As far as I know, he told this only to Mr. Spalding and myself, and said he had his reasons for not telling everybody."[1]

Again: "Dr. Whitman praised the country as of immense value to the United States, and said that he had heard that there was a possibility of its being transferred to Great Britain. But Webster replied, 'You are too late, Doctor, Oregon is already bargained away.' Whitman still pleaded strongly for Oregon, but with no effect. Webster knew that the fishermen of his state had millions of annual interest in the Newfoundland fisheries, and he cared far more to favor them than to save Oregon. So he spoke of the distance, of the worthlessness of the country, and of the impossibility of making roads to Oregon. Finally he said that the question had been considered and turned over to President Tyler, who could sign Oregon away or refuse to do so, but so far as he had an interest in it, it was already decided, and had passed entirely from his hands.

"Through the Secretary of War Dr. Whitman then was introduced to the President, and for three or four hours they talked about the country. Finally the President said that if they could get a wagon road across from the western frontier, that fact would settle the question, but if it could neither be practically settled by land or by sea, as claimed, it would be better to let the country go, than to try to retain, settle and

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," pp. 3, 4.

defend it. Dr. Whitman responded, 'Hold on and I will take an emigration and their wagons through next summer.' They talked it all over, and the Doctor explained his plans at length. The President said he had signed no papers, and would hold now to see the issue of Dr. Whitman's undertaking. 'If you succeed,' he said, 'we will keep Oregon.' And this was the stimulus which made the Doctor so persevering on that point, all the next summer. Dr. Whitman replied emphatically, bringing his hand down vigorously on his thigh, 'I'll take them through.' And as Dr. Whitman and Dr. Geiger rode along from Lapwai to Walla Walla, he exultingly added, striking another significant blow with his hand, 'And I have brought them through.'"[1]

(b) Says Rev. H. H. Spalding: "The Doctor pushed on to Washington, and immediately sought an interview with Secretary Webster—both being from the same state—and stated to him the object of his crossing the mountains, and laid before him the great importance of Oregon to the United States. But Mr. Webster lay too near Cape Cod to see things in the same light with his fellow statesman, who had transferred his worldly interests to the Pacific Coast. He awarded sincerity to the missionary, but could not admit for a moment that the short residence of six years could give the Doctor the knowledge of the country possessed by Governor Simpson, who had almost grown up in the country, and had traveled every part of it, and represents it as one unbroken waste of sand deserts and impassable mountains, fit only for the beaver, the gray bear, and the savage. Besides he had about traded it off with Governor Simpson to go into the Ashburton treaty (!) for a cod fishery in Newfoundland.

"The Doctor next sought through Senator Linn an interview with President Tyler, who at once appreciated his solicitude and his timely representations of Oregon, and especially his disinterested though hazardous undertaking to cross the Rocky Mountains in winter to take back a caravan of wagons. He said that although the Doctor's representations of the char-

[1] "Oregonian," June 1, 1895, and "Whitman College Quarterly," March, 1898.

acter of the country, and the possibility of reaching it by wagon route, were in direct contradiction to those of Governor Simpson, his frozen limbs were sufficient proof of his sincerity, and his missionary character was a sufficient guaranty for his honesty, and he would therefore as President rest upon these and act accordingly; would detail Fremont with a military force to escort the Doctor's caravan through the mountains; and no more action should be had toward trading off Oregon till he could hear the result of the expedition. If the Doctor could establish a wagon route through the mountains to the Columbia River, pronounced impassable by Governor Simpson and Ashburton, he would use his influence to hold on to Oregon. The great desire of the Doctor's American soul, Christian withal, that is, the pledge of the President that the swapping of Oregon with England for a cod fishery should stop for the present, was attained, although at the risk of life, and through great sufferings, and unsolicited and without the promise or expectation of a dollar's reward from any source. And now, God giving him life and strength, he would do the rest, that is, connect the Missouri and Columbia Rivers with a wagon track so deep and plain that neither national envy nor sectional fanaticism would ever blot it out."[1]

(c) Says Hon. W. H. Gray, in a letter to the writer: "I met him in Oregon City in my own home, after his return from Washington. Spent an afternoon and evening with him, and learned of him the result of his visit to Washington, and the treatment he received from Webster and from the Prudential Board or Committee of Missions.[2] What I learned from Dr. Whitman personally was: "Mr. Webster was favorable to making a change of the eastern boundary, and giving the western or Oregon country for what had recently been in dispute, as Mr. Webster thought it would be a good exchange; and was not induced to listen to his (Dr. Whitman's) reasons against such a change. But the President listened more favorably, and said no such change or giving up of Oregon should be made, if he could get wagons and an emigration into

[1] "Executive Document, No. 37," 41st Congress, third session Senate 1871, p. 22.

[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 9.

Oregon. . . . Mr. Webster was strongly in favor of the Newfoundland codfishery. He was held in check by Benton, Adams and others. Benton had a better knowledge of Oregon than Webster, who had been or become unpopular for his yielding on the Eastern or Maine question with Ashburton. The petition that had been sent by the missionaries, and the statements made by different parties, added to the personal representations made by Dr. Whitman, as to the practicability of a wagon route, and the fact that the Doctor's mission in 1836 had taken cows and wagons to Fort Boise, and that they could be taken to the Columbia River—that fact, as affirmed by Dr. Whitman, stopped all speculations about giving up Oregon, till the practical road question was settled."[1]

(d) Says P. B. Whitman, in a letter to the author dated February 10th, 1882: "Secretary Webster received him coolly. He said he almost 'snubbed him,' but the President, Mr. Tyler, treated him and the possibility of a wagon road across the plains to the Columbia River, with a just consideration. He, the President, gave the Doctor a hearing, and promised him that the Ashburton treaty, then pending [a mistake], would not be signed until he would hear of the success or failure of the Doctor in opening a wagon road to the Columbia River."[2]

Again he adds: "Dr. Marcus Whitman arrived at my uncle's house about noon on the fifteenth of April, 1843, At the dinner table the Doctor asked me if I would accompany him to Oregon. I promised to go provided Captain Green [his great uncle] and my father would consent. My mother died four years before, when I was nine years old. Dr. Whitman started immediately after dinner, taking me with him to visit my father in Yates County. We arrived at Middlesex, the home of the Doctor's mother, where we found my father that day. We remained there four or five days visiting his people, some of whom he had not seen for seventeen years. He was, of course, pressed to extend his visit, but he always replied that he would sacrifice not only the pleasure of a visit with his mother, but all else in the world rather than fail to meet an en-

[1] Pamphlet by W. H. Gray, "Did Dr. Whitman Save Oregon," p. 17, and Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," pp. 8-9.

[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 13.

gagement to be on the west side of the Missouri River at the appointed time to conduct a party of American citizens across the plains. He said, 'They have my pledge to guide a wagon train to the Columbia River before the summer is over.'

"During the visit with his mother and my father I heard him say repeatedly that he had been to Washington City, and had an interview with President Tyler about the colonization of Oregon with American citizens. He said also that the President had promised anxiously to wait for news of the success or failure of the attempt to cross the mountains to the shores of the Columbia with wagons. The success or failure of the effort would in a measure determine the question of title to the Oregon country. I know Dr. Whitman carried home to the Pacific this promise from President Tyler, and that the ambition to save Oregon to the United States spurred him on to great self-sacrifice and labor that required almost more than mortal strength. . . . On April 20, 1843, Dr. Whitman bade his mother farewell, and we departed for Oregon, making the first halt at Westport, Missouri. The rendezvous of the emigrants was at Independence, a few miles from Westport. The Doctor remained for a time at the home of Dr. Waldo, a brother of the Oregon pioneer, Hon. Daniel Waldo, of Marion County. He gave Dr. Waldo an account of his trip across the great plains, and emphasized the fact that it was made to save the Pacific Northwest to the United States government. His whole soul was in the success of the wagon journey to the banks of the Columbia, and he assured Dr. Waldo that the President had promised him to withhold the transfer of the territory to the British until he learned whether he succeeded or not. He talked of this object of his visit with the enthusiasm of a sanguine nature, and he had but one object—to save Oregon.

"While waiting for the large train of immigrants to organize for the journey, Dr. Whitman visited for a week with Rev. Mr. Berryman, Superintendent of the Methodist Indian Mission. During that visit I heard him repeat the substance of that interview with the officials in Washington City, and recite his hopes and fears about the dangers and blessings upon

the failure or success of his effort to colonize Oregon with true Americans."[1]

(e) Says Hon. A. L. Lovejoy: "He often expressed himself to me about the remainder of his journey, and the manner in which he was received at Washington, and by the Board of Foreign Missions at Boston. He had several interviews with President Tyler, Secretary Webster, and a good many members of Congress, Congress being in session at that time. He urged the immediate termination of the treaty with Great Britain relative to this country, and begged them to extend the laws of the United States over Oregon, and asked for liberal inducements to emigrants to come to this coast. He was very cordially and kindly received by the President and members of Congress, and without doubt the Doctor's interviews resulted greatly to the benefit of Oregon and to this Coast."[2]

(f) Says Judge J. Otis, in a letter to Dr. Thomas Laurie: "They (the President and Cabinet) were called together, and Dr. Whitman spent an evening with the Cabinet, answering their questions, and giving them his views as to the importance of Oregon, and the steps that needed to be taken in order to secure it for this country." This Dr. Whitman told him at Buffalo, N. Y.[3]

(g) Dr. Whitman, November 5, 1846, wrote to Rev. L. P. Judson: "I had adopted Oregon as my country, as well as the Indians for my field of labor, so that I must superintend the emigration of that year, which was to lay the foundation for the speedy settlement of the country if prosperously conducted and safely carried through; but if it failed and became disastrous, the reflex influence would be to discourage for a long time any further attempt to settle the country across the mountains, which would be to see it abandoned altogether. . . . I have returned to my field of labor, and on my return brought a large immigration of about a thousand individuals safely through the long and the last part of it an untried route to the western shores of the Continent. . . .

[1] "Oregonian," December 4, 1895.
[2] "Biography of Dr. G. H. Atkinson," p. 275.
[3] "Missionary Herald," 1885, p. 354.

"Time is not so short yet but it is quite important that such a country as Oregon should not on one hand fall into the exclusive hands of the Jesuits, nor on the other under the English government."[1]

April 1, 1847, soon after Dr. Whitman heard of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, he wrote to his home Board: "I often reflect on the fact that you told me you were sorry I came East. It did not then nor has it since altered my opinion in the matter. American interests, acquired in the country, which the success of the immigration in 1843 alone did and could have secured, have become the foundation of the late treaty between England and the United States in regard to Oregon, for it may be easily seen what would have become of American interests had the immigration of 1843 been as disastrous as have been the two attempts in 1845 and 1846 to alter the route then followed [both of these years his route having been abandoned for another]. The disaster was great again last year to those who left the track which I made for them in 1843, as it has been on every attempt to improve it, not that it cannot be improved, but it demonstrates what I did in making my way to the States in the winter of 1842-3, after the third of October. . . . Any one can see that American interests as now acquired have had more to do in securing the treaty, than our original rights. From 1835 till now it has been apparent that there was a choice of only two things: (1) the increase of British interests to the exclusion of all other rights in the country, or, (2) the establishment of American interests by citizens (on the ground)."[1]

There is no doubt that Dr. Whitman, after his experience at Washington and with the immigration of 1843, knew what he was saying fully as much as those who have denied him any political or national intent (and who had then hardly learned to read). These statements of his fit as exactly into those Messrs. Geiger, Spalding, P. B. Whitman and Gray, as a

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1893, p. 200.

[1] For another letter of similar import dated October 18, 1847, see close of Chapter VIII, p. 231.

tenon does into a mortise. It is plain from this and other writings of the Doctor that he felt that the Catholics and Hudson's Bay Company were in reality working together; that if the Catholics won, it would not only break up his mission, but the English would obtain the country; and if the English won, the result would be the same. Hence, in order to save the whole mission the country must be saved to the United States.

It is alleged that the statement about Governor Simpson being in Washington about that time has no good foundation. The statement was first made by Mr. Spalding, but afterwards contradicted by some who denied the claims made for Dr. Whitman. The only reason given for this contradiction was that Governor Simpson could not have been in Washington because of his journey around the world, and because Mr. Spalding's statement was unsupported by other evidence.

As Governor Simpson reached London, after his journey around the world, in October, 1842, he could very easily have been in Washington by February, or March, or before. Dr. W. F. Tolmie came from England to Oregon in 1834, and for a long time was in charge of Fort Nisqually, under the Hudson's Bay Company. When that Company closed its business on the American side of the line, he moved to Victoria, where he lived many years and where he died, always loyal to England. December 15, 1884, he wrote to the author as follows: "Mrs. Victor is decidedly mistaken in stating on the alleged authority of George Barber Roberts, recently deceased at Cathlamet, Washington Territory, that George Simpson, afterwards Sir George, was not at Washington, D. C. Recollect having heard that he had been there diplomatizing for the Company. Cannot recall to mind in what year. . . . It was not the custom of the leaders of the H. B. Company to let their business in its intricacies be known to persons in the position held by the late Mr. Roberts" [a subordinate clerk at Vancouver].

As there is not a particle of evidence from his book or any other source that Governor Simpson was not at Washington either before his journey around the world or after the spring of 1843, the possibility is that he was there as Messrs. Gray

and Spalding say. Moreover, Mr. Buchanan in March, 1844, quoted from Simpson, who extolled the country, and said that the possession of it by Great Britain may become an object of very great importance, and that they were strengthening their claims to it (independent of their claims of prior discovery and occupation for the purpose of the Indian trade), by forming the nucleus of a colony through the establishment of farms, and the settlement of some of their retiring officers and servants as agriculturists.[1] W. H. Gray says that Dr. Whitman while at Fort Walla Walla learned about the Hudson's Bay Company having arranged for English settlers to come and to settle in Oregon, and at the same time that Governor Simpson was to go to Washington and secure the settlement of the question as to boundaries on the ground of the most numerous and permanent settlement in the country.[2]

As Governor Simpson had said that they were "resolved, even at the cost of one hundred thousand pounds sterling to expel the Americans from traffic on that coast,"[3] it would certainly be in accordance with this statement that he would use all of his influence to carry it out, even to his going to Washington; also, that while there he would not go to work with some one who had no influence, but would work with Mr. Webster, who had considered the question while negotiating the Ashburton treaty, who had very low views of the value of Oregon, and who hoped to negotiate the treaty which would settle the Oregon question.

3. The third objection which has been waged is that it was impossible at that time for Dr. Whitman or any one else to have done anything to save Oregon, as there was nothing to save, for all was safe; that there is no evidence that any treaty was then in progress; and that no State papers have been found which speak of Webster trading off Oregon for the Newfoundland codfisheries. Here the question very seriously

[1] "Congressional Record," vol. 13, p. 349.
[2] Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 289.
[3] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 85.

arises, shall we accuse these witnesses of falsehood, and reject all their evidence, especially that of Messrs. Gray, P. B. Whitman, Geiger, and Marcus Whitman, as well as that of Mr. Spalding. In the author's opinion it is not necessary to do so, for so much light has already been found that no one need to be accused of falsehood, and it can be shown how these statements may be reconciled with known events at Washington.

It is, however, not necessary to find any papers which would prove that a formal treaty was then in progress. Hon. George H. Williams, of Oregon, late Attorney-General of the United States, who was one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Washington which settled the Alabama claims, says that no record of a treaty is made until it is negotiated and approved by the President; and that cabinet officers and foreign ministers negotiate treaties for the President to approve.[1]

Here is where some have made, unknowingly perhaps, a great mistake, because they believed that papers referring to a treaty must be found, or else no treaty could have at the time been under consideration. A treaty is simply an acquiescing on both sides in rights already secured. The treaty with England by which she acknowledged the independence of the United States was not the main event which made us an independent nation. Back of that was the Revolutionary War which compelled England to sign the treaty. That "de facto" made us independent. So the treaty with Mexico was not the main event which gave Texas to the United States, but the Mexican War, which compelled Mexico to sign the treaty. Numerous instances of this kind might be cited, of wars, or discoveries, or prior settlements, or other things which were previous to the treaty and the cause of it, the treaty being merely the formal gathering up of rights already secured. So in this case, even if a treaty had not been actually in progress, the preliminaries to one might have been, and might be upset by Dr. Whitman's work, and so might he "de facto" save the country. The friends of Dr. Whitman claim this to be a fact,

[1] "Oregonian," June 1, 1895.

taking his interviews at Washington into consideration, in connection with his work with the immigration.[1]

It is proper here to consider what were the views of prominent men in Congress, of Government, and of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, concerning Oregon, and then to learn what negotiations or correspondence there were.

(a) The views of Prominent Men in Congress: That some of these men were friendly to Oregon, such as Senators Benton, Linn and others, is clear, but that a majority were friendly is not so evident. In the United States Senate, in 1844, a resolution was offered to give the necessary twelve months' notice to Great Britain for the termination of the treaty which granted joint occupancy to both nations. All the senators claimed our rights to be good as far north as 49 degrees, and yet for various reasons a majority opposed the motion—some for fear it would involve us in war, some for fear that it would have a bad effect on the negotiations which it was said would soon be made, and for which preliminary arrangements were in progress, some because of the worthlessness of the country, and some because they wanted no more territory. In regard to these latter points, Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, said (February 23 and 26, 1844), as he quoted a description of the country from the *Christian Advocate* of February 7th: "With the exception of the land along the Willamette and strips along a few of the water courses, the whole country is among the most irreclaimable barren wastes of which we have read, except the Desert of Sahara. Nor is this the worst of it. The climate is so unfriendly to human life that the native population has dwindled away under the ravages of its malaria to a degree which defies all history to furnish a parallel in so wide a range of country."

[1] The author once asked Dr. C. Eells if he knew whether any treaty was in progress at Washington, which was prevented by Dr. Whitman's visit, as no records of one could be found. His reply was substantially that he did not, but that something was going on which the Doctor thwarted, and thus saved the country. Gray's discovery of the Columbia River, the settlement at Astoria, and the purchase of Florida and the Spanish rights on the Pacific Coast had much to do in securing Oregon to the United States, though done long before.

He also read from the *Louisville Journal,* as republished in the *National Intelligencer,* of Washington: " 'Of all the countries on the face of this earth, it (Oregon) is one of the least favored by Heaven. It is the mere riddlings of creation. It is almost as barren as the Desert of Africa, and quite as unhealthy as the Campania of Italy. Now, that such a territory should excite the hopes and cupidity of citizens of the United States, inducing them to leave comfortable homes for its heaps of sand, is, indeed, passing strange.

" 'Russia has her Siberia, and England has her Botany Bay, and if the United States should ever need a country to which to banish its rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region as Oregon would be demonstrated. Until then we are perfectly willing to leave this magnificent country to the Indians, trappers and buffalo, that roam over its sand banks and by the sides of its rushing and unnavigable rivers.'

"I confess these descriptions are somewhat below my estimate. I had thought it a poor country as a whole, but not quite so poor as these authentic accounts would make it. Yet, these accounts are substantially correct as applied to the country as a whole, though I have no doubt there are some green spots, some strips along the streams, which may be good and even perhaps rich for agricultural purposes, and it is to these spots that the glowing descriptions have been applied. . . . Judging from all sources of authentic information to which I have had access, I should think the territory, taken together, a very poor region for agricultural purposes, and in that respect unworthy of consideration or contest at the hands of this government.

"How will the speedy settlement of Oregon affect us? In my judgment is must be injuriously. . . . The admission of Oregon as a state of this Union seems to me as undesirable on the one hand as it is improbable on the other—undesirable because, by the aid of the representative principle, we have already spread ourselves to a vast and almost unwieldly extent. I have no faith in the unlimited extension of this government by the aid of that principle. . . . We have already conflicting interests, more than enough, and God forbid that the time should ever come when a state on the banks of

the Pacific, with its interests and tendencies of trade all looking toward the Asiatic nations of the East, shall add its jarring claims to our already distracted and overburdened confederacy.

"But it is not only in my judgment undesirable, but improbable. Distance and the character of intervening country are natural obstacles forbidding the idea. By water, the distance around Cape Horn is said to be about 18,000 miles. By land, the distance by the only line of travel is about five thousand miles from this spot to Vancouver in the Valley of the Willamette. We are much nearer to the remote nations of Europe than to Oregon. And when considered with reference to the facilities of communication, Europe is in comparison our next door neighbor. And this state of things must continue unless some new agent of communication shall cast up. The power of steam has been suggested. Talk of steam communication—a railroad to the mouth of the Columbia. Why, look at the cost and bankrupt condition of railroads proceeding almost from your capital, traversing your great thoroughfares. A railroad across twenty-five hundred miles of prairie, of desert and of mountains. The smoke of an engine across those terrible fissures of that rocky ledge, where the smoke of a volcano only has rolled before! Who is to make this vast internal or rather external improvement? The State of Oregon or the United States. Whence is to come the power? Who supply the means? The mines of Mexico and Peru disemboweled would scarcely pay a penny in the pound of the cost. Nothing short of the lamp of Aladdin will suffice for such an expenditure. The extravagance of the suggestion seems to me to outrun everything which we know of modern visionary scheming. The South Sea bubble, the Dutchman's speculation in tulip roots, our own in the town lots and multicaulis, are all common-place plodding in comparison. But all the suggestion seems to me properly part and parcel of this great inflated whole."

This connection being out of the question, Mr. Dayton proceeded to discuss the question if Oregon might not be a colony, similar to the British colonies, and of this idea he made as much sport as he did of the railroad.

Other senators said that if we obtained Oregon we could not hold it, as it would set up itself as an independent nation after a time.

Mr. Archer, after describing the difficulties in getting to the Willamette, and the worthlessness of the intervening region, said: "These led to the third and last tract of valley on the seaboard of the Pacific, suited for an Asiatic (not an American) dependency, if it were to be regarded of value as a dependency at all. This was destitute of harborage and could never command any by art. The country, taken in its whole extent, could at no day certainly have a very large production, nor any considerable trade."[1]

Said Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, in 1845: "By a presumptuous assertion of a disputed claim to a worthless territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, we have kindled anew on the hearth of our mother country the smothered fires of hostile strife. . . . What just man would sacrifice a single human life to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon. . . . Some stolen Texas, some distant, worthless Oregon."[2]

George A. Prentice, in March, 1844, inveighed against entering into a war for the attainment of a lot of worse than useless territory, referring to Oregon.

Senator Winthrop, of Massachusetts, in 1844, quoted and commended these sentences from Senator Benton's speech of 1825 (although in 1844 Benton had entirely changed his views): "The ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named as a convenient, natural, and everlasting barrier. Along this ridge the western limits of this republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god, Terminus, should be erected on its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Again, in 1845, he added: "Are our western brethren straitened for elbow room, or likely to be for a thousand years? Have they not too much land for their own advantage already? . . . . I doubt whether the West has a particle of real interest in the possession of Oregon. . . . The West

[1] "Congressional Globe," vol. 13, p. 275, etc.
[2] Seattle "Post-Intelligencer," April 23, 1891.

has no interest, the country has no interest in extending our territorial possessions."[1]

Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, in January, 1843 (a little while before Dr. Whitman reached Washington), after ridiculing steam power to connect the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, said: "I would not for that purpose (of agriculture) give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. If there were an embankment of five feet to be removed, I would not consent to expend five dollars to remove it, and enable our population to go there. I thank God for His mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there."[2]

(b) On the actions of the government Benton said: "The great event of carrying the Anglo-Saxon race to the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and planting that race firmly on that sea, took place at this time, beginning in 1842, and largely increasing in 1843. It was not an act of the government, leading the people and protecting them; but like all the other great emigrations and settlements of that race on our Continent, it was the act of the people going forward, without government aid or countenance, establishing their possession, and compelling the government to follow with its shield and spread it over them. So far as the action of the government was concerned, it operated to endanger our title to the Columbia, to prevent emigration, and to incur the loss of the country. . . . The title to the country being thus endangered by the acts of the government, the evidence of it devolved on the people, and they saved it." In doing so, he refers to the emigration of 1843, and adds: "To check these bold adventurers was the object of the government; to enact them was the object of some western members of Congress, on whom (in conjunction

[1] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 200.

[2] "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," pp. 41, 42. It is a little refreshing to know that some of these statements were answered by quotations from the missionaries, Messrs. Parker, Spalding, and others, and that Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, said, January 24, 1844, "Religious enterprise and missionary zeal have done the most that has been done thus far for the settlement of Oregon." "Congressional Record," vol. 13, p. 92.

with the people) the task of saving the Columbia evidently devolved."[1]

Albert Gallatin, in 1846, said: "It is a remarkable fact that although the convention has now been in force twenty-seven years, Congress has actually done nothing with respect to either of those objects (the promoting of emigration, or the protection of our citizens). Enterprising individuals have, without any aid or encouragement by government, opened a wagon road eighteen hundred miles in length, through an arid or mountainous region, and made settlements on or near the shores of the Pacific, without any guaranty for the possession of the land improved by their labors."[2]

In 1843 a bill passed the Senate making some legal provisions for Oregon, but it was lost in the House under an adverse report made by John Quincy Adams.[3]

The further indifference of government may be seen from the fact that it was more than two years after the treaty of 1846 was made before Congress organized the Territory of Oregon; notwithstanding the great desire of the people of Oregon to have it done. Because of the appeal of Dr. Whitman to the provisional government of Oregon, as he felt that there was great danger from the Indians unless the government should extend its protection over the people, Governor Abernethy sent J. Q. Thornton, in 1847, to Washington to urge speedy action in the matter. He went by water. Because of the Whitman massacre soon after Judge Thornton left, the Legislature of Oregon sent J. L. Meek, in the winter of 1847-8, to Washington to still further show the need. The two worked together, and on the last day of the session, August 13, 1848, the Territory of Oregon was organized by Congress.

Even further Congress showed its indifference for the Oregon settlers by not passing any law by means of which these thousands of settlers in Oregon could have any title to their land for two years longer, until September, 1850.

(c) Webster's Position. It is important to know Web-

[1] "Benton's Thirty Years," vol. 2, chapter 112.
[2] "Oregon Question," by Albert Gallatin, p. 36.
[3] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 198.

ster's position, because he was, in March, 1843, Secretary of State, with power largely to shape the foreign policy of the United States; because he had already negotiated the Ashburton treaty, in which the Oregon question had been considered; and because he was remaining in the cabinet with the hope of being the one to negotiate the treaty which should settle the Oregon question. The plan of the administration was this: Either a special mission to England, on which it was expected Mr. Webster would be sent, so that he might be better able to negotiate the treaty; or a mission to China, to which Mr. Everett, our minister to England, would be transferred, thus allowing Mr. Webster to go to England in Mr. Everett's place, where he could still negotiate the treaty. But the special mission to England failed in Committee, the mission to China passed Congress, but Mr. Everett declined to go to China, and so Mr. Webster failed to go to England. Thus his hopes of reaching England for that purpose died, and this having been his main reason for remaining in the Cabinet, he soon resigned, and all danger of England ever gaining all or any part of Oregon then passed forever.[1]

But in March, 1843, Mr. Webster had not given up these hopes, and hence the necessity of knowing his position. True, in 1846, in a speech before the Senate, he stated that when he made the Ashburton treaty in 1842 he had said: "The government of the United States has never offered any line south of 49 degrees, and it never will." As far as the last sentence is concerned, "it never will," when said in 1842, this was merely his opinion, as he could not tell what the government would certainly do. As far as the first sentence is concerned, Mr. Benton gives the reason. In 1843, he said, senators were sounded by the American negotiator, Mr. Webster, each on the point which lay nearest to him which was to go into the treaty, and whatever they agreed to was put into the treaty, in order that they might feel bound to sustain the treaty by their votes. "The President said that there were conferences about Oregon, qualified as informal, which is evidence there would have been formal negotiations if the informal had promised suc-

[1] "Oregon Historical Society Quarterly," September, 1900, p. 240.

cess. The informal did not so promise, and the reason was that the two Senators from Missouri, being sounded on the subject of a conventional divisional line, repulsed the suggestion with an earnestness which put an end to it. If they had yielded the Valley of the Columbia would have been divided. . . ." Hence, according to Mr. Benton, Mr. Webster was willing privately to yield all north of the Columbia in August, 1842, and would have done so had it not been for Senators Benton and Linn.

While we accept Mr. Webster's statement made above, that the government had never offered any line south of forty-nine degrees, yet that statement does not settle the question of Mr. Webster's private opinion, nor any change which may have taken place in his opinion between August, 1842, when the Ashburton treaty was made, and March, 1843 (when Dr. Whitman reached Washington), on account of the influence of Sir George Simpson or others. Nor does it settle the point but what Webster, although he may have claimed that the rights of the United States extended as far north as forty-nine degrees, may have been willing to have exchanged some of those rights for an "equivalent" consideration. On these points other evidence must be introduced.[1]

As to his private opinion at the time the Ashburton treaty was made, Mr. Webster himself said in 1846, in the same speech in which he had stated that "The United States had never offered any line south of forty-nine degrees," that he had added, that while this "must be regarded as the general line of boundary, not to be departed from for any line farther south," yet, "the use of the Columbia River by England, permanently or for a number of years, and the use of the straits and sounds in the adjacent sea, and the islands along the coast, would be all matters of friendly negotiations." This evidently means that he was willing to yield all this to England. His idea of the value of Oregon may be gathered from the fact that in 1846 he said that the St. John's River, on the northeast boundary of Maine, was for all purposes of human use worth a

[1] Benton's "Thirty Years," vol. 2, p. 476.

hundred times as much as the Columbia was or ever would be.[1] This was three years after Dr. Whitman was there, and after Oregon as a national question had entered into the presidential election of 1844, and about the time the Oregon treaty was made.

Twiss, an English writer, in his *Oregon Territory*, says: "It were idle to speculate upon those future destinies, whether the circumstances of the country justify Mr. Webster's anticipations that it will form at some not very far distant day an independent confederation, or whether the natural divisions of Northern and Southern Oregon are likely to attach, ultimately, the former by community of interests to Canada, and the latter to the United States."[2]

In 1845, too, before the Oregon treaty was made, Mr. Webster said, in opposing the admission of Texas: "The government is very likely to be endangered, in my opinion, by a further enlargement of the territorial surface, already so vast, over which it is extended,"[3] thus like Winthrop and many others placing himself on record against the territorial enlargement of the United States. Thus far Mr. Webster's private opinions have been given.

Here then we have Mr. Webster's' ideas: Oregon not worth much, not a hundredth part as much as the Valley of the St. Johns; not wanted because the United States already had as much territory as she ought to have; and that it might set itself up as an independent confederation, even if the United States should obtain a nominal title to it.

(4) But there *was* talk of trading off Oregon. In 1827 a resolution had been introduced into Congress by Mr. Knight, of Rhode Island, asking the President to open negotiations with Great Britain to exchange Oregon for Upper Canada. In 1844, Mr. Choate, Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Webster's state, Webster not then being in the Senate, having left it to accept the position of Secretary of State, and then in 1843 having resigned that position], hinted again at "equivalents

[1] "Webster's Speeches," vol. 5, p. 102.
[2] P. 264, written January, 1846.
[3] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 200.

for Oregon." This alarmed Mr. Breese, of Illinois, who did not know what was meant unless it might be money or something like Mr. Knight's idea of 1827. Thus there was talk of trading off Oregon.

Early in 1844 a bill was introduced before the Senate asking for all the correspondence and instructions on the subject of Oregon since March 4, 1841. January, 1844, Mr. Benton said while discussing this bill: "The Senator from Ohio, Mr. Allen, has read you a part of the debate in Parliament in February last (1843),[1] in which the British minister, Sir Robert Peel, has made a very extraordinary declaration—a declaration in full terms—that President Tyler has made propositions on the subject of Oregon, which would render it impossible for him to have signed the bill which passed the Senate at the last session to grant land to the Oregon settlers. His word is 'impossible.'" Mr. Benton was indignant that anything should have been done which would render it impossible for the President to have signed a bill passed by the Senate, and wanted to know why the American people could not know as much on the subject as the British Parliament.

The bill, however, before the Senate was lost by a vote of 31 to 14, the correspondence was not obtained, and the writer has not been able to learn any more about the communication of the President to Great Britain. But it is plain from this that some very important papers had about that time been sent to England which threatened the possession of Oregon by the United States.

In a speech of Senator D. R. Atchison, of Missouri, February 22, 1844, in Congress, he said: "Give us the countenance of our government; give us your protection; give us government and laws and we will soon fill up the country (Oregon), we will take possession of it, and we will keep that possession. Do but assure us that we will not be traded off—that we are not to become British subjects—that we are to remain members of the glorious Republic, we will take possession, and we will keep that possession in defiance of British power."[2]

[1]This was just before Dr. Whitman reached Washington.
[2]See "Oregonian," November 26, 1897.

Another item, too, is significant. Soon after the Ashburton treaty was signed in August, 1842, Lord Aberdeen had, through H. S. Fox, the British minister at Washington, consulted with Secretary Webster about resuming negotiations on the Oregon question. This was October 18, 1842. On November 25, following, Mr. Webster had replied, saying that the President concurred in the suggestion and would make a communication to our minister in England at no distant day. The next letter extant, however, is dated nearly a year later, October 9, 1843. Then Hon. A. P. Upshur, who had succeeded Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, wrote Edward Everett, our minister in London, saying: "The offer of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, although it has been once rejected, may be again tendered, together with the right of navigating the Columbia River upon equitable terms; beyond this, the President is not prepared to go." Why was this delay of nearly a year? It certainly gave time for the President to know practically that the immigration which Dr. Whitman had promised to lead through was a large one, and so that Oregon could be peopled overland from the United States. If this is not so, can any one answer the question, why, when the President had said he would make the Oregon question the subject of *immediate attention,* and promised that at *no distant day* a communication would be sent on the subject, none is now on record for nearly a whole year?

If all the statements made can thus be reconciled, there is no contradiction, and they after all make Dr. Whitman a saviour of Oregon. The saving of Oregon was undoubtedly like a chain of several links, of which if any one had been broken, all attached to the end would have been lost. This was one of the links, and he prevented it being broken. The evidence is that both he and Governor Simpson were unofficial earnest workers for their respective countries, and that he won.

In confirmation of this a writer, E. D. F., in the New York ————————, of January 27, 1870, says that an eminent legal gentleman of Massachusetts, a personal friend of Mr. Webster with whom he had several times conversed on the subject, remarked to the writer of this article: "It is safe to assert that our country owes it to Dr. Whitman and his associate mission-

aries, that all the territory west of the Rocky Mountains and south as far as the Columbia River is not now owned by England and held by the Hudson's Bay Company."[1]

4. The fourth objection which has been raised is that the story cannot be true because it was not published earlier. Says Mrs. F. F. Victor in the *Astorian:* "This I do say, and can substantiate it, that until Mr. Gray, about 1866, set this story afloat, nobody had ever heard of it." Says Hon. E. Evans: "No living person in Oregon or Washington prior to July 4, 1865, ever heard national motive or political influence attributed to the winter journey of Dr. Whitman in 1842-3."[2] He also asserted his belief that no one on this coast originated the myth, but that it was done by the American Board at Boston, that in 1864-5 the Hudson's Bay Company were prosecuting their mammoth claim against the United States, "one huge item of which was for having mollified the savage disposition of the natives," and that if the Company could gain a reward for this, how much more would the Board gain, if it could be proved that political benefits had accrued from the presence of the missionaries in the country, and that grants of land would be but a trifle for such services; that Dr. S. B. Treat originated the story, and then sent to the Pacific Coast for proofs of it.

Professor Bourne also takes the position that the story cannot be true because it was not published earlier than 1864. It may here be stated (1) that it was first published about 1864; (2) that it was heard long before by different parties. The first time that the writer knows that it was published was in 1864 in the *Sacramento Union* and *San Francisco Pacific.* The winter before, the tomahawk with which Dr. Whitman had been killed was presented to the State of Oregon at the Legislature. At that time this story about Dr. Whitman's trip East was related as told to the speaker, Speaker Moore. Hon.

[1] This article has always been credited to the "New York Independent," but a search in that paper has failed to find it. The writer has the whole printed article found in Mr. Spalding's papers after his death, and signed "E. D. F.," or "E. D. B.," the last letter being slightly torn.

[2] "Oregonian," December 23, 1884.

S. A. Clarke wrote it out and sent it to the *Sacramento Union.* The *San Francisco Bulletin* published the same about the same time.[1] About the same time Mr. Spalding sent it to *The Pacific.* In 1866-8 it was published in a long series of articles by Mr. Spalding in the *Albany* (Oregon) *Democrat,* and by Mr. Gray in the *Astorian.* Dr. Cushing Eells, by request, sent it to the American Board in 1866, and it was published in the *Missionary Herald* in December.

There were three reasons why it was not published earlier. (a) The work had been done in 1843. The seed thus sown did not bring forth fruit until 1846 when the treaty was made. One reason why the story was not published soon after was that it would have been very unwise to have done so before the breaking up of the mission in 1847. The mission was entirely dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for their supplies. Far inland as they were situated, they could not have existed without the help of the Company and its protection. Had Dr. Whitman proclaimed what he did, which was to take away the country from the English and so from the Company, and thus break up their business in Oregon, as was really done, it would undoubtedly have alienated and angered them, and thus broken up the mission. The evidence, however, is that Dr. Whitman or some one who knew of his motives did tell it at first. What is written in Mr. Hines' journal about the Doctor's avowed intention to bring back as many emigrants as he could was evidently written before his return. P. B. Whitman says that Mr. A. McKinley told him that the Doctor made that great ride to rob his people of a vast territory, and that he openly declared his purpose before he made the journey.[2]

The evidence is that Dr. Whitman did say this before he went, but that afterwards, seeing the danger to the mission of its being made public, he was far more guarded. Hence, on his way back it does not appear that he told it to any of the immigrants, for they were to settle in the Willamette Valley, and would have constant intercourse with the officers of the

[1] See "Danville Advertiser," N. Y., May 4, 1865, which copied it.
[2] "Oregonian," December 4, 1895.

Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver. Likewise, Dr. Geiger says that "he had his reasons for not telling everybody,"[1] and that he "asserted that he was so anxious to prevent trouble and hold in check the hostility that would be natural in those who upheld British interests, that he never alluded to his wish to save Oregon from British ascendancy nor conversed with any one on that subject on the journey."[2]

(b) Mrs. Walker gives a second reason: "Much," she says, "was said about that time about the Methodist missionaries coming here, and then leaving their legitimate missionary calling to make money, and for other purposes, and some disgrace was brought on the missionary cause. Mr. Walker and associates felt that Dr. Whitman, in leaving missionary work and going on this business, was likely also to bring disgrace on the cause, and were so afraid of it that for a long time they would hardly mention the object of Dr. Whitman's journey publicly. I remember plainly that Mr. Walker often prayed after Dr. Whitman had gone, that if it was right for him to go on this business he might be preserved, but if not his way might be hedged up. When the statements first began to be made publicly of this political object of Dr. Whitman's journey East, we were then afraid that disgrace would be brought on our mission."[3] To show that there was reason for this fear, a few quotations are in order, for while the author does not say that they are true, yet they show what was said at the time. Rev. C. G. Nicolay says of the missionaries: "On the Willamette they sink into political agents and would-be legislators."[4] Rev. Stephen Olin, a Methodist bishop, says, concerning the same mission: "The missionaries were in fact mostly engaged in secular affairs—concerned in claims to large tracts of land, claims to city lots, farming, merchandizing, grazing, horse keeping, lumbering, and flouring. We do not believe that the history of missions exhibits another such spectacle," and he adds that "the mission became odious to the growing popula-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 4.
[2] "Oregonian," June 1, 1895.
[3] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 11.
[4] Nicolay's "Oregon Territory," edition 1846, p. 178.

tion."[1] These things having been written by Protestant clergymen, it is easy to see what remarks would be made by rough mountaineers, who cared almost nothing for religion, however unjust their remarks might have been; and hence, the justness of the reasons given by Mrs. Walker.

(c) A third reason why the story was not published earlier, even after the death of the Doctor, was that neither Messrs. Walker or Eells were writers for the press. Outside of their reports to the Board, which it was necessary for them to make, and some sermons and addresses written for delivery but published by request, one or two articles is all that either ever wrote, and none previous to 1866. To them it was a great task to write for the press. Mr. Spalding was, however, a willing writer. But in 1843 the one great thing uppermost in his mind was the causes of the Whitman massacre. He believed the Catholics to be the prime cause. To prove this was his great desire, for it overshadowed all other subjects. He published his views in the *Oregon American* and *Evangelical Unionist* of Hillsboro, Oregon, which was edited by Rev. J. S. Griffin. This was in 1848-9. But Mr. Griffin's printer left for the recently discovered gold mines of California after Mr. Spalding had written a few articles. These articles were severe against the Catholics. No other printer could be obtained, and the paper suspended. It was not long before Mr. Spalding sought other papers in which to publish his views. But newspapers in those early days were very few in Oregon, and they refused him the use of their columns, for they knew how severe he was on the Catholics, and did not wish to antagonize them. He felt it keenly and often spoke of it to his friends. Hence it was not until 1864 that he found a place for publishing his articles, and it was in *The Pacific*. By this time years had passed, and he was led to look at other subjects connected with the missions as being of equal importance, and so wrote of Dr. Whitman's trip East. Had Mr. Spalding lived fifteen years longer than he did, he would undoubtedly have thought it a little hard to be told that the story was not

[1] "History of the Catholic Church in Oregon," p. 13.

true because not published earlier, when for many years he had been trying in vain to reach the public through the press.

But although not published earlier, it was known to many. In reply to inquiries made by the author he has received several letters on this subject, which are here given, together with a little more evidence in the same line. As this objection was not raised until early in the eighties, most of the witnesses had to depend on their memories.[1] Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., came to Oregon in 1848. Under date of March 19, 1885, he wrote: "I filed many letters that came to me in early years, and his (Mr. Spalding's) among the rest, and packed them in a box, but mice and rats got in and made their nests, and the larger portion were lost. Hence I cannot fix the date (when I first heard the story). It had been in my mind some years (previous to 1865) as a great historical fact to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and to Christian institutions on this Northwest Coast, and to the nation as well. While East in 1865, I called upon Rev. S. B. Treat, secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., and made known the facts as stated to me by Mr. Spalding. He was much surprised that Dr. Whitman had done so much to save Oregon, and thus prepare the way to secure California by concurrent events. He intimated that Brother Spalding wrote and said extravagant things sometimes, and that they must be careful of quoting and relying on him implicitly. I replied that I knew Brother Spalding's rather erratic way of leaping to conclusions, but on more acquaintance I usually found him very correct in the statement of facts, though strong in prejudice against the Jesuits and some who seemed to uphold them. I then said to him, 'Mr. Treat, I wish you to know these facts, as they are for the honor of God in your missions in Oregon, and for the encouragement of the churches. I refer you to Rev. Cushing Eells to confirm what I say. He is very careful in all his statements. You all rely upon him.' He said, 'We do, and I will write him.' He did so, and your father (C. Eells) confirmed what I said, and added more facts, which they used

[1] Nearly all of this was published in the "Oregonian" of May 21, 1885.

at their annual meeting at Pittsfield and made a strong impression."

Dr. A. H. Steele, late of Olympia, in referring to the statement of Mr. Evans that no one knew, before 1865, that it was claimed for Dr. Whitman that he had saved the country, said: "Mr. Walker told me that in Oregon City ten years before that."

Prof. Thomas Condon, of Eugene, Oregon, wrote that he heard Mr. Spalding speak of Dr. Whitman's journey East the same year he came to Oregon, 1855, but heard more especially about his intentions and efforts to induce emigrants to come to Oregon.

Mr. G. F. Colbert, of Crawfordsville, Oregon, wrote, April 8, 1885: "As to the facts in the case about Dr. Whitman and his winter journey East, I know nothing, as it all took place before I came to the country, but when Victor, Evans and Company say that nobody ever heard that the Doctor's object was to save Oregon to the United States until 1865 or 1866, they are mistaken. I certainly heard Mr. Spalding tell about it in the fall of 1852, and it does appear to me that I heard him tell it a dozen times before 1865." Mrs. Colbert went to Brownsville to teach school in the fall of 1852, and while boarding around made her home for a time in Mr. Spalding's family. She believes she heard that statement about Dr. Whitman privately from him at that time, though she thinks she heard it previously in public from him in a sermon.

Rev. Horace Lyman came to Oregon in 1849, and says that he heard within a year or two after his arrival that Dr. Whitman's main object in going East was a political one.[1]

Judge R. P. Boise, of Salem, Oregon, came in 1857, and immediately visited his fellow townsman, Cushing Eells, at Forest Grove. In his address before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876, he alludes to this visit, and says that he (Mr. Eells) thought that while the missions to the Indians had in a measure been a failure, yet that God had guided here the feet of the missionaries as the forerunners of civilization; that had they not been here in those early days, and advised the

[1] "Oregonian," February 15, 1885.

United States government of the value of the country, it would have passed under the British crown, and the flag of the Union never floated over it.[1]

The late Rev. O. Dickinson, of Salem, who came to Oregon in 1853, says under date of March, 1885: "I cannot call to mind any circumstance which will fix the date of hearing about Dr. Whitman's specific object in his journey to the States, the winter spoken of, but I know I heard both Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Spalding speak of it at quite an early day, and as I recollect about 1857."

Says Mr. Luther White, of Brownsville, Oregon, in a letter dated April 8, 1885: "I became acquainted with Rev. H. H. Spalding in the summer of 1849. Sometime in September following I had an interview with him. I asked him what he thought was the probable cause of the massacre. Mr. Spalding related the incident of Dr. Whitman's journey in the winter to the Atlantic States as perhaps the prime cause. I heard Josiah Osborne relate the same thing in substance. I think Mr. Osborne said he received his information from Dr. Whitman. The conversation with Mr. Osborne was after the conversation with Mr. Spalding, I think in 1850."[2]

Says Mr. James Blakely, of Brownsville, under date of April 14, 1885: "I heard Rev. H. H. Spalding speak of Dr. Whitman's going East for purposes stated in your letter (to do what he could to save the country), as early as 1849, and am ready at any time to make affidavit to that effect."

Mr. H. L. Brown, of Brownsville, who came across the plains in 1846, wrote April 7, 1885: "My first acquaintance with Rev. H. H. Spalding was in the winter of 1848-9, when he and P. B. Whitman came to my house and remained several days, and to the best of my recollection he made the statement to me at that time that the object of Dr. Whitman's trip back East in 1842-3 was to use his influence with the authorities at Washington for the purpose of saving Oregon to the American

[1] Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association, 1876, p. 26.

[2] This letter was written in reply to one asking Mr. White when he first heard that Dr. Whitman's main object in going East was to save the country. Mr. Osborne came to Oregon in 1847, and with his family was at Dr. Whitman's at the time of the massacre.

people, and bringing a train of emigrants across the plains in 1843. I then went to California in the spring of 1849, and did not return home until January, 1850, when I found H. H. Spalding my nearest neighbor, and from that time on for several years I can state positively that I heard Mr. Spalding frequently relate that the main object of Dr. Whitman's trip back East was to use his influence with the authorities as above stated, and to bring a train of emigrants across the plains to the Columbia River.

"Also I can further state that I was a member of the territorial Legislature of Oregon in 1854-5, when I became acquainted with Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, who was a member of said Legislature, when I heard him relate the story of his trip across the plains with Dr. Whitman in 1842-3, and to the best of my recollection, his statement in regard to the object of Dr. Whitman's trip back East was substantially the same as that made by H. H. Spalding."

The late Mr. Horace Hart, of Prescott, Washington, a brother of the first Mrs. Spalding, April 10, 1885, wrote: "In regard to the story about Dr. Whitman's journey East in 1842-3, to save a part of this Northwest Coast to the United States, I will state that both Mr. Spalding and his wife told me of it in the fall of 1846, and I feel tolerably certain that I heard Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding talking about it in the winter of 1847, while the Doctor was at Mr. Spalding's mission on the Lapwai."

Thus here are eleven witnesses (not even counting Dr. Atkinson), who heard this story from the three men connected with the mission at its close, H. H. Spalding, E. Walker and C. Eells, and also from A. L. Lovejoy and J. Osborne, from 1846 to 1857. Dr. Atkinson's statement as to how the American Board first fully realized it, is not new to many who were acquainted with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMMIGRATION OF 1843.

(5) A fifth objection has been raised that Dr. Whitman did nothing worth mentioning to induce any of the immigrants of 1843 to start for Oregon. Some writers claim that three things determine what nation shall possess any new country—priority of discovery, taking formal possession, and actual settlement, especially the first and last. The first with relation to Oregon was a disputed point between Great Britain and the United States. It was becoming plain, therefore, that the last, the actual settlement, was to decide the question. The English saw it and were working for it. As far as trade was concerned, the Hudson's Bay Company had gained the victory, and had driven from Oregon every American company which had attempted to engage in the fur business. But they knew that fur traders alone would not hold Oregon. Actual settlers would do far more than they could do.

A settlement, begun by the Methodist missionaries and increased by free trappers and a few others, was growing up in the Willamette Valley. The Hudson's Bay Company could not drive them out by means which could possibly be recognized as legal, as they had the fur companies. It was necessary to resort to other tactics. They realized that the only way to overcome the influences of this settlement was to bring enough of their own people to outnumber the Americans. It was not very difficult to do this at that time.

In the fall of 1840, according to Gray's *History of Oregon,* there were 137 Americans in the country, including missionaries, settlers, women and children, and early in 1842 the number was not far different. At the same time there were 63 Canadians, exclusive of those who were directly in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hence, it would not require a great increase of British subjects to outnumber the

Americans, especially when we consider what use might have been made of the persons directly connected with the Company, of whom there were more than five hundred west of the Rocky Mountains. Accordingly, in 1841, an immigration of about eighty persons was brought from the Red River settlement at Manitoba, and there is good reason to believe that it was the intention of the Company to bring another immigration a year or two later. At least that is the testimony of one of the immigrants of 1841; but they were so dissatisfied with their treatment by the Company after their arrival that the colony scattered, and so no more immigrants came from that place.

In 1811-12 the same company had adopted a similar policy to cut off the trade of the French Northwest Fur Company, and the Red River settlement, directly in the line of their trade, was the result.

Dr. Whitman realized these facts, evidently, more clearly than any other American on the Coast. A favorite idea with Senator Benton was that the best way to settle the Oregon question was to plant thirty thousand rifles in the Willamette Valley. These, he thought, would hold the country. But to do this was not very practical, as it would involve action by the government, which at best is usually slow, and would also look as if the United States intended to take military possession of the country, which would be an infraction of the treaty then existing, allowing joint occupation.

Dr. Whitman believed in the same principle of possession by settlement, but had a more practical plan of carrying it out. It was to plant a few thousand settlers in the country with sheep instead of rifles. It is not, however, true that he induced the whole of the immigration of 1843 to start, for other causes had been at work. Some of those immigrants never heard of him until they were well on their way. Senator Appleton had prepared a Congressional report, which was read by some people with care. Senator Linn, of Missouri, had not long previously introduced a bill into Congress granting six hundred and forty acres of land to each man and one hundred and sixty acres to each child who should emigrate to Oregon. With his colleague, Senator Benton, he worked earnestly for the Northwest Coast, and this had the effect of inducing more

of the people of Missouri to come among the first immigrants than came from any other state.

Consequently, Hon. J. M. Shively, late proprietor of Astoria, Oregon, began in November, 1842, to work earnestly for the object, holding meetings in Missouri and going to Washington to further the cause. Senator Linn's bill did not finally pass as it was first introduced, but there was considerable probability that it would, and this was one means of interesting Hon. P. H. Burnett in the subject, who also held meetings with the same object in view. Mr. Robert Shortess had crossed the plains in 1839, and he wrote letters to friends in Missouri describing the country, which caused the Applegates and some others to determine to come, and by the use of the press they aroused others. But Mr. Shortess, according to Rev. J. S. Griffin, who also came in 1839, wrote some of his letters from Dr. Whitman's and doubtless received some of his information from the Doctor. It would not be strange if the Doctor knew of these efforts of Mr. Shortess. Dr. White in 1842 brought an immigration of 137 persons, and the efforts aroused others who could not come that year, but who did come in 1843. Mr. James Athey, of Oregon City, and Hon. J. W. Nesmith were among those thus influenced to come.

The immigration of 1842, by far the largest which had then come, showed very plainly the growing interest about Oregon in the States. Even as early as May 12, 1842, Mr. Gray had written to the Board: "There will probably be a large party of emigrants coming to this country in the spring of 1843. Some young men are now returning with the expectation of bringing out a party next spring."

(a) We will first consider the Doctor's intentions and efforts in this line. One of his reasons for going East was, as Rev. Gustavus Hines expresses it, "With the avowed intention of bringing back with him as many as he could enlist for Oregon."[1]

Says P. B. Whitman: "Dr. Whitman's trip East, in the winter of 1842-43, was for the double purpose of bringing an immigration across the plains, also to prevent, if possible, the

[1] "American Historical Review," January, 1901, p. 294.

trading off of this Northwest Coast to the British Government."

Dr. S. J. Parker, son of Rev. Samuel Parker, in speaking of Dr. Whitman's two visits to his father, in 1843, both before going to Washington and after, says: "At both times the subject of emigration was talked of. Dr. Whitman said many in Illinois and Missouri, etc., were ready to go and would go in the spring, as soon as the grass grew."[1]

Says Dr. Geiger, after giving his account of Dr. Whitman's interview at Washington, and of the promise he received from the President that he would wait before proceeding further with the Oregon business, until the Doctor should see whether he could get the immigration through, "he immediately sent back word to Missouri to those who wished to go, and had it published in the papers and in a pamphlet."[2]

The following was written by Whitman from the Shawnee mission near Westport, Missouri, May 28, 1843, to his brother-in-law, J. G. Prentiss: "You will be surprised to learn that I am here yet. I have been, as it were, waiting for three weeks. When I got to St. Louis I found I had time and so I went to Quincy (Ill.) and saw sister Jane, but Edward was not there. . . . I shall start tomorrow or next day. Some of the emigrants have been gone a week and others are just going. The number of men will be over two hundred, be-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 26.

[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 4. The objection has been raised more than once that this was not so, because no such pamphlet and no such statements in any papers have been found. This to the author is no valid objection, for he has lived so long on the frontier as to know that many pamphlets go so completely out of existence that some are never found, and some only by the merest chance. It is almost or quite impossible to obtain full files of many of the newspapers published in the forties. He has never heard that any search has been made among the papers of Missouri of 1843 for anything of this kind. Even books go to the unknown.

For example, he had never seen Palmer's "Journal of Travels Over the Rocky Mountains in 1845-6," a book of 189 pages, although two editions were published, in 1847 and 1852, and yet he has tried both in the East and West to obtain a copy. All he knows of it is from the testimony of those who have seen it. It is many more times probable that a small pamphlet of 1843 would go to the unknown.

sides women and children. This tells for the occupation of Oregon. A great many cattle are going, but no sheep, from a mistake of what I said when passing. Next year will tell for sheep. . . . You will be best judge what can be done, and how far you can exert yourself in these matters, and whether the secret service fund can be obtained. As now decided in my mind, this Oregon will be occupied by American citizens. Those who go only open the way for more another year. Wagons will go all the way, I have no doubt, this year. . . . Sheep and cattle, but especially sheep, are indispensable for Oregon. . . . I mean to impress on the Secretary of War that sheep are more important to Oregon interests than soldiers. We want to get sheep and stock from Government for Indians, instead of money for their lands. I have written him on the main interests of the Indian country, but I mean still to write him a private letter touching some particular interests. I shall not be at all surprised to see some, if not all, of you on our side of the mountains. Jackson talked favorably."[1] From this it will be seen that he was trying to induce his friends to go to Oregon, and that he had said something about immigrants going there when he was passing through Missouri, on his way East, as he was misunderstood about sheep.

The following, written by Mr. Prentiss to the author, from West Almond, N. Y., November 18, 1883, bears further on the subject: "If I could see and talk to you of what the Doctor said to me on the subject of his trip, and how anxious he was to continue his journey and get all to go with him he came in contact with in this town, and eight miles from here at West Almond, where I then lived, and on his way to Cuba, where my father and mother lived at that time, it would explain much that he wrote me about. His project was, so far as the Indians were concerned, to induce the Government to pay them off for their land in sheep, and leave them to be a herding people. Hence he wrote in his letter to me about a secret fund that was controlled by the Cabinet, etc., and in his urgent solicitations was so anxious to have Mr. Jackson, a brother-in-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 33.

law, and myself to go. He would have it, my aged parents, Judge Prentiss and wife, might endure the journey, and his solicitations outside of the family were just as urgent, portraying the beauties of that country to all that would listen to his story."[1]

To induce people to emigrate to Oregon and to make sure of their reaching the Columbia River with their wagons, was to be the proof of his statement at Washington that Oregon was worth saving.

(b) How much the Doctor did accomplish the author has for many years endeavored to learn from the emigrants of 1843. Thus far he has learned in various ways from thirty-eight. It is not necessary here to reproduce the letters of those who were not influenced in any way by the Doctor to come. They were Hon. Lindsay Applegate and Hon. Jesse Applegate, and A. Hill, who were induced to start because of Mr. Shortess' letter; Mr. Matheny, W. J. Dougherty, John B. McLane, J. G. Barker, J. M. Shively, N. K. Sitton (who came because of reading Lewis and Clark's expedition), Mrs. Jesse Looney, P. G. Stewart, W. C. Hembree, H. A. Straight, D. S. Holman, William Wilson, S. M. Gilmore, H. D. O'Bryant, O. Brown, James Athey, and Hon. J. W. Nesmith (who came because of Dr. White's work the year before), and Gov. P. H. Burnett, and W. T. Newby (who came because of the Linn bill), twenty-two persons in all.[2]

On the other hand, the following letters and statements give evidence that Dr. Whitman did induce some to start who would not otherwise have done so.

William Waldo, January 21, 1883, wrote: "I have to say that Dr. Whitman was in some of the Eastern States in the winter of 1842 and 3, and wrote several newspaper articles in relation to Oregon, and particularly in regard to the health of the country. These letters decided my father to move to this country, as he had already determined to leave Missouri. . . . I first saw him on the Big Blue River. . . . I was then about ten years of age, but I remember him very dis-

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 34.

[2] See Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet" for letters from some of these.

tinctly, for the reason that he was a very remarkable man in many respects."[1]

Mrs. C. B. Cary, February 21, 1883, wrote the author: "It was a pamphlet Dr. Whitman wrote that induced me to come to Oregon. Met him first on the plains."

John Hobson, January 30, 1883, wrote: "My father's family came to St. Louis in March, 1843, from England on our way to Wisconsin, but on account of snow and ice in the river we could not proceed, and while detained there we met the Doctor (Whitman) and several others, who were talking of coming to Oregon; so by his description of the country, and proffered assistance in getting here free of charge, my father with family, and Miles Eyers and family, Messrs. Thomas Smith, a Mr. Ricord, and J. M. Shively, all agreed to come. All came. Mr. Eyers was drowned in Snake River, while crossing above Boise. Thomas Smith went to California in 1847. Mr. Ricord went to the Sandwich Islands and never returned. J. M. Shively resides in Astoria, when at home, but is now in California for his health. The Doctor assisted Eyers and father in purchasing wagons and mules in St. Louis."

John Zachrey, February 7, 1868, wrote to Rev. H. H. Spalding: "My father and his family emigrated to Oregon in 1843, from the State of Texas. I was then 17 years old. The occasion of my father starting that season for this country, as also several of our neighbors, was a publication by Dr. Whitman, or from his representations concerning Oregon, and the route from the States to Oregon. In the pamphlet the Doctor described Oregon, the soil, climate, and its desirableness for American colonies, and said he had crossed the Rocky Mountains that winter, principally to take back that season a train of wagons to Oregon. We had been told that wagons could not be taken beyond Fort Hall; but in this pamphlet the Doctor assured his countrymen that wagons could be taken from Fort Hall to the Columbia River, and to The Dalles, and from thence by boats to the Willamette; that himself and mission party

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 30.

J. M. Shively afterwards said he did not start because of Dr. Whitman's work.

had taken their families, cattle and wagons through to the Columbia six years before. It was this assurance of the missionary that induced my father and several of his neighbors to sell out and start at once for this country."[1]

Mrs. C. S. Pringle, March 24, 1884, wrote the author: "In early life I resided near Uncle Enoch Garrison and wife, who came in '43. Mrs. Garrison often told me the incidents of the trip, and said that they read circulars issued by Dr. Whitman that caused them to come to Oregon, and I think that she said that they saw and talked with him about it."

William Martin, present sheriff of Umatilla County, was living in Missouri in 1842 when the Oregon fever seized the Waldo family, and engaged himself to work for the Waldo family for one year, which included the journey to Oregon, and six months after his arrival. He and his cousin, James P. Martin, came with the Waldo outfit. He also remembers that in the winter preceding his departure from Missouri the news came in St. Louis papers that Mr. Whitman had arrived from Oregon and gave notice that he would pilot an emigration across the plains and take them through to the Columbia with their wagons. This encouraged many to make the journey, who would not otherwise have come."[2]

Hon. Nineveh Ford, July 23, 1888, wrote the author: "In relation to Dr. Whitman, he went back to the States, '42. In my opinion the history that he gave of Oregon induced hundreds of persons to Oregon, me with others."[3]

The evidence also is that Nathan Eaton, Charles Eaton, A. J. Hembree, J. A. Stoughton, and P. B. Whitman came because of the representations of the Doctor.[4]

This makes sixteen out of thirty-eight, or over two-fifths.

P. G. Stewart, already referred to as saying he was not induced through Dr. Whitman's efforts to start, added, August

[1] Spalding's "Congressional Pamphlet," p. 26.

[2] "Oregonian," January 3.

[3] It is said that Mr. Ford, after writing the above, positively denied before his death that anything that the Doctor did induced him to immigrate.

[4] "Oregonian," November 21, 1895, and "Whitman College Quarterly," March, 1898.

4, 1887, in a letter to the author: "My recollection is that Dr. Whitman joined us several days after we started. There were a number of wagons overtook us about the same time. These people I have since learned were induced to come to Oregon by Dr. Whitman."

(6) The sixth and last objection is that Dr. Whitman did nothing worth mentioning to help the immigrants, so that they should reach the Columbia River with their wagons.

According to Governor P. H. Burnett, on the 18th of May, the immigrants who were at the rendezvous twelve miles west of Independence, Mo., and just beyond the State line, held a meeting and appointed a committee to see Dr. Whitman and attend to other business, and then adjourned to meet at the Big Springs on Saturday, May 20th. On that day Governor Burnett says he attended the meeting and met Dr. Whitman.[1] As it has been denied that Dr. Whitman was there at that time, I will add that Senator Nesmith, in a letter to the author, says that he met Dr. Whitman for the first time either on that day or a day or two afterwards. Captain John Gantt, an old army officer, who had been over a part of the route several times with the fur trappers, was then employed as guide as far as Fort Hall. According to other authority, Dr. Whitman did not wish to serve as guide, as he did not wish to take that responsibility on himself. He worked, however, in harmony with the guide, according to Hon. Jesse Applegate, and his knowledge of the country and of the best ways of traveling at times made him guide de facto. On the 22nd of May the immigration started on their untried journey, or at least that part of it started in which Gov. Burnett was, though from Dr. Whitman's letters it is plain that he did not leave the Pawnee mission until several days later. They numbered 295 men over 16 years of age, capable of bearing arms; about 875 persons, including women and children, 111 wagons, and about two thousand horses and cattle.

At first the main body of the immigrants organized with the intention of traveling in one body, but it was soon found that it was too cumbrous to travel successfully. Mr. W. J. Dough-

[1] "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," p. 101.

erty says there was then considerable discussion as to whether or not it would be safe to divide into two companies. Dr. Whitman, he says, thought it was, and advised them to do so. This advice was followed and proved to be safe. At the crossing of the Big Blue this division was made, and the two columns traveled within supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater. From this point all danger from the Indians was over, and the immigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and the small pastures.

The Laramie River was so high from the melting of the snow that it could not be forded. Boats were made out of wagon-beds to form a ferry, and then it was necessary that a line be passed to the opposite shore. Says Mr. Waldo: "No one was willing to risk himself in swimming the river and carrying the line but Dr. Whitman, which he did successfully. With the line made fast around his waist, he plunged in and soon landed safe on the other shore, thus forming a complete ferry."

"Those who saw him at the North Fork of the Platte River in June (July), where he bid them throw away their skin boats, prepared for crossing, and saw him for three days crossing and re-crossing that wide stream, swimming his horse to find the best ford ,and at last heard him order the one hundred or more teams and wagons to be chained together and driven in one long line, to ford for two miles that river, swollen by spring floods, cheering the drivers, permitting not a moment's halt lest they should sink in the quicksands, will never forget the man and the deed."[1]

One man, Thomas Ayres, it is said, then recently married, did not fancy this mode of crossing; so with his bride in a light wagon he started across independent of the train and Dr. Whitman's advice, but after both of them had received a thorough wetting because of their rashness, he acknowledged that the Doctor knew more than he did about the business, and that newly married people should not put on too much style in an emigrant train.

[1] G. H. Atkinson's "Address before the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon," p. 10.

Says Hon. Jesse Applegate, in *A Day With a Cow Column in 1843:* "But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife, whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The Doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched, and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind; and we, too, must leave it, hasten to the front and note the proceedings, for the sun is getting low in the west. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over, and they fear the strange and startling practice of the Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the Doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable."

"I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor would I his, were he of our party, or even living; but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did was permanent, and he has long since died at his post. From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based on a knowledge of the road before us, was, 'Travel, travel, travel; nothing else will take you to the end of your journey; nothing is wise that does not help you along; nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay.' His great authority as a physician, and complete success in the case above referred to, saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman. . . . The encampment is a good one. One of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of that 'good angel' of the emigrants, Dr. Whit-

man, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these have assembled around the good Doctor, at the tent of the pilot (which is his home for the time being), and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The careworn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave Doctor is strengthening his hands. But time passes; the watch is set for the night. . . . Even the Doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview, and have separated for the night."[1]

Dr. Whitman then went ahead and soon wrote back a letter stating that the Catholic missionaries had discovered, by the help of their Flathead guide, a pass through the mountains by way of Fort Bridger, which was shorter than the old route, and the emigrants followed this route to their advantage.

"At the crossing of Snake River, all the teams were chained together in a long string, the strongest in the lead, and the weakest in the middle," says Hon. S. A. Clarke. "For quite a space the water was swift and deep. As soon as the teams were in position, Dr. Whitman tied a rope around his wrist, and starting his horse into the swift stream, swam him over it. He then called for several others to do the same, and when there were enough of them to give the required force, the lead team was started into the current, and by the strength of the men and horses on the other side, they were drawn across. The long line of cattle swung down the stream in the center, carried down by the strong current, but as soon as the lead teams touched bottom on the further side, everything was safe."

Hon. Nineveh Ford added the following incident in a conversation with the editor of the *Walla Walla Gazette,* in 1890: "In crossing the Snake River Dr. Whitman hitched all the wagons together. I had a stout team of oxen and I thought I could make it without hitching on. I drove in last behind the caravan. The wagons and teams formed a dam and raised the water and threw it back on me until it was beating my team down to a precipice and a whirlpool not more than thirty yards below. I turned the heads of the team up-stream, or tried to,

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1876, pp. 63-64.

to see if they could not hold up, but they could not move. We stood there until the whole train went out on land on this side of the Snake River, Dr. Whitman leading the caravan. They got out all safe, and left me way back in the river. Dr. Whitman saw me and rode back on his horse and threw a rope to me and told me to hitch it on my lead oxen, and he then put it to the horn of his saddle. In this way he towed me out on main land. I have felt grateful to him ever since, and when he was massacred it affected me very much."

Nothing more of special interest occurred until they reached Fort Hall. This was held by the Hudson's Bay Company as the key to Oregon, as far as wagons, and, consequently, any large emigration were concerned, and they did not propose to turn this key and unlock this gateway, if they could help it, or allow any one else to do so.

Mr. John Dunn, who was for eight years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who wrote his work on the Oregon Territory in 1843 or 1844,[1] says that those who have passed through the gorge and over the towering heights of the Rocky Mountains give as their testimony that there is no secure, expeditious or commodious track which can ever be used as a highway; and that, although more favorable accounts had been given by those who had passed over during the previous year or two, yet these accounts were mere bravado.

In 1840 Rev. H. Clark and a few missionary associates had come as far as Fort Hall with wagons. They were told by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company that it was impracticable, if not impossible, to take their wagons to Walla Walla. Consequently, their teams and wagons were exchanged for pack animals and fixtures.

In 1842 the same misrepresentations were again successful with the first regular company of emigrants of 137 persons, led by Dr. E. White,[2] and now, in 1843, the same plan was again tried. Even two years later, in 1845, after the emigrants of 1843 and 1844 had taken their wagons to the Columbia, says Gen. Joel Palmer, "the two crossings of Snake River

[1] Dunn's "Oregon Territory," pp. 345, 346.
[2] Hasting's "Oregon and California," p. 20.

and the crossing of the Columbia and other smaller streams were represented by those in charge of this fort as being attended with great danger; it was also said that no company heretofore attempting the passage of those streams succeeded but with the loss of men from the violence and rapidity of the currents. In addition to the above, it was asserted that three or four tribes of Indians in the middle regions had combined for the purpose of preventing our passage through their country. In case we escaped destruction at the hands of the savages, we were told that a more fearful enemy, famine, would attend our march, as the distance was so great that winter would overtake us before making the Cascade Mountains. On the other hand, as an inducement to pursue the California route, we were informed of the shortness of the route, when compared with that to Oregon, as also of the many other superior advantages it possessed."

But the emigrants of 1845 knew that those of 1844 and 1843 had taken their wagons through; those of 1844 knew the same to be true of those of 1843; but those of 1843 had no such precedent before them—in fact, no precedent but failure.

Dr. Whitman evidently realized as much as Captain Grant did that here was the key to Oregon, and he proposed to unlock the door. It is doubtful whether any other man could have done so. He knew that in 1836 he had taken a cart as far as Fort Boise. He knew that in 1840 Dr. Robert Newell, Col. J. L. Meek, and two others, had taken three wagons to Walla Walla; and, although Dr. Newell had found it so difficult that he had on his arrival at Dr. Whitman's expressed his regret that he had undertaken the job, yet Dr. Whitman had said to him: "Oh, you will never regret it. You have broken the ice, and, when others see that wagons have passed, they, too, will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of our people."

At an opportune moment when Dr. Whitman was absent from camp at Fort Hall, similar discouraging representations were made to the emigrants of 1843. They were told that they must trade off their wagons or go to California. When Dr. Whitman came into camp, he found them in a sad state; some in tears, some almost ready to accept the statements made,

and some, according to Mrs. C. S. Pringle, about ready to deal summarily with the Doctor for having induced them to come on such a trip. But he knew that "what man had done man could do," and, at this juncture, is said to have addressed them substantially as follows: "My countrymen, you have trusted me thus far; believe me now. I will take your wagons to the Columbia River."

Says Hon. J. W. Nesmith of this event: "Captain Grant endeavored to dissuade us from proceeding further with our wagons, and showed us the wagons that the emigrants of the preceding year had abandoned as an evidence of the impracticability of our determination. Dr. Whitman was persistent in his assertion that wagons could proceed as far as the Grand Dalles of the Columbia River, from which point he asserted they could be taken down by rafts or batteaux to the Willamette Valley, while our stock could be driven by an Indian trail over the Cascade Mountains, near Mount Hood. Happily, Whitman's advice prevailed, and a large number of the wagons, with a portion of the stock, did reach Walla Walla and The Dalles, from which points they were taken to the Willamette the following year. Had we followed Grant's advice, and abandoned the cattle and wagons at Fort Hall, much suffering must have ensued, as a sufficient number of horses to carry the women and the children of the party could not have been obtained; besides, wagons and cattle were indispensable to men expecting to live by farming in a country destitute of such articles."[1] Gov. P. H. Burnett adds similar testimony as follows: "We had now arrived at a most critical period in our most adventurous journey, and we had many misgivings as to our ultimate success. We had yet to accomplish the untried and most difficult portion of our long and exhaustive journey. We could not anticipate at what moment we might be compelled to abandon our wagons in the mountains, pack our scant supplies upon our poor oxen, and make our way on foot through this terribly rough country, as best we could. We fully comprehended the situation, but we never faltered in our inflexible determination to accomplish the trip, if within the

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Society," 1873-5, p. 47.

limits of possibility, with the resources at our command. Dr. Whitman assured us we could succeed, and encouraged and aided us with every means in his power. I consulted Mr. Grant as to his opinion of the practicability of our taking our wagons through. He replied that, while he would not say that it was impossible for us Americans to make the trip with our wagons, he could not see himself how it could be done. He had only traveled the pack trail, and, certainly, no wagons could follow that route; but there might be a practicable road found by leaving the trail at certain points."[1]

Says Mr. J. Baker, in a letter to the author: "He (Dr. Whitman) was up every morning and getting all hands ready for the day's march. Some time before we arrived at Fort Hall, the Doctor left us and said he would go on and, if he could not find a pilot to conduct us through, he would wait at Fort Hall till we came up.

"The Doctor remained there until we came up, and told us that he could not get a pilot that he could rely upon to conduct us through. Captain Grant, after advising us to abandon our wagons or leave them and pack through, said, 'I was going to say that it was impossible to get through with your wagons, but I will not say that for if the Americans took a notion to remove Mount Hood they would do it.' This I got from Captain Grant's own mouth.

"Dr. Whitman was present, and said, at the same time, 'Never leave your wagons. I will take you through to my place this season, and I think you can go to The Dalles; but you cannot cross the Cascade Mountains this year.'"

Orus Brown, of the same emigration, adds in a letter to Rev. H. H. Spalding, January 16, 1868: "I asked Captain Grant if he thought we could get through with our wagons; he answered, 'Yes, if you have a regiment to each wagon.'"

H. D. O'Bryant also says in a letter to the same gentleman, March 5, 1868, that he heard Captain Grant repeatedly make the assertion that the wagons of the emigrants could not reach Oregon; that it was a worthless country, that there was no timber on the Columbia River except driftwood, but California

[1] "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," p. 117.

was a splendid country, and he advised the emigrants by all means to go to California.

Says P. B. Whitman: "When we arrived at Fort Hall I heard the commandant tell the immigrants that Dr. Whitman would starve them all to death if he got them down in the Green (Snake) River country. He said they could never get their wagons to the Columbia in their lives. I went and told Dr. Whitman about it, and he got the immigrants together and gave them a harangue. He told them he could get them to the Columbia River if he lived; that they had just to stick to their wagons and follow him and he would get them through. There had been other small immigrations with wagons, but they had all come just that far and left their wagons, and got rid of their cattle, by driving them off or giving them away. I heard Dr. Whitman urge his followers to hold their cattle, as they were the ones that would make them a living when they got to the Willamette. He also told them they could not break the soil properly with Indian ponies. They all stuck to their wagons."[1]

On account of the need of his professional services at the Lapwai mission, it became necessary for the Doctor to leave the main body of the emigrants, as they left Fort Hall, and proceed ahead. With the expectation that Dr. Whitman would bring some emigrants back with him, especially those who would aid in missionary work, Mr. Wm. Geiger, in charge of Dr. Whitman's station during his absence, had sent some provisions by Indians to Fort Hall. Most of these Dr. Whitman distributed to the emigrants before he started. Says J. B. McLane in a letter to the writer:

"The Doctor was a man among men, and was a warm friend of mine. You may judge something of the man by the following facts: When we left Fort Hall we secured a light wagon and put two horses to it for the purpose of leaving a track for the wagons to follow; from the fact that he expected Mrs. Spalding, and I think your mother, to be sick about that time, he left us at Grande Ronde and went on (to Mrs. Spalding's) before going home to his place. The Indians had brought con-

[1] "Whitman College Quarterly," June, 1898, p. 35.

siderable flour to him at Fort Hall, and the morning we left there he distributed all the provisions he had to the needy emigrants, except about fifty pounds for five of us who were in his mess, and the only ones who went ahead of the wagons. I was the driver of the light wagon. I must state another fact—that he picked up some beef bones the morning we left Fort Hall, and a young calf that was dropped that morning; and of course, it was too young to travel, and it was knocked on the head and put in my wagon for us to eat. But I lost that calf out before we arrived at camp; it was rather young for us."

While the Doctor preceded the main emigration and left a wagon track, he also procured Indian guides for those behind him. Says Hon. J. W. Nesmith: "Istikus, a Cayuse chief, and other Indians were returning from the buffalo country, and Dr. Whitman recommended him as a guide. He was a faithful old fellow, perfectly familiar with all the trails and topography of the country from Fort Hall to The Dalles, and although not speaking a word of English, and no one of our party a word of Cayuse, he succeeded by pantomime in taking us over the roughest wagon road I ever saw."

In relation to the latter part of the journey, Dr. Whitman wrote: "I tried to leave the party at different points, but found that I could not do so without subjecting the emigrants to considerable risk. At the Grande Ronde, east of the Blue Mountains, I received a letter from Mr. Walker urging me to hasten to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, who were both dangerously sick. Having engaged one of the Cayuses to conduct the party across the Blue Mountains into the main Columbia Valley, which he did in a very judicious manner, I went directly to Mr. Spalding's, where I arrived on the 25th of September."

Having visited Dr. and Mrs. Spalding, whom he found convalescent, he went to his station, and then north a hundred and fifty miles to the station of Messrs. Walker and Eells on a professional visit, and then returned to greet some of the emigrants, who were by that time arriving at his own station. Says Governor Burnett:

"On the 10th of October we arrived within three miles of Dr. Whitman's mission, and remained in camp until the 14th.

The exhausting tedium of such a trip and the attendant vexations, have a great effect upon the majority of men, especially those of weak minds. Men under such circumstances become childish, petulant and obstinate. I remember, while we were at the station of Dr. Whitman, who had performed much hard labor for us, and was deserving of our warmest gratitude, he was most ungenerously accused by some of our people of selfish motives in conducting us past his establishment, where we could procure fresh supplies of flour and potatoes. This foolish, false and ungrateful charge was based upon the fact that he asked us a dollar a bushel for wheat and fifty cents for potatoes. As our people had been accustomed to sell their wheat at from fifty to sixty cents a bushel, and their potatoes at from twenty to twenty-five cents in the Western States, they thought the prices demanded by the Doctor amounted to something like extortion; not reflecting that he had to pay at least twice as much for his own supplies of merchandise, and could not afford to sell his produce as low as they did theirs at home."[1]

Yet, as Dr. Whitman's mill had been burned by the Indians during his absence, it was necessary to transport the flour for them from the station of Rev. H. H. Spalding, a hundred miles distant. He also, it is said, furnished them a guide to The Dalles free of cost, and they went on their way rejoicing.

While a few of the emigrants felt as Governor Burnett states, the larger share felt very grateful to him. Extravagant statements have been made of the confidence which they learned to have in him. It is reported that one man said that they were so ready to trust him that, if he had told them to drive up a fir tree, he believed they would have made the attempt. Mr. Jesse Applegate presented him with a cow in appreciation of his services.

The following testimonials have been received by the writer from a few of the emigrants of that year. Says Mr. Wm. Waldo:

"I was then about ten years of age, but remember him very distinctly for the reason that he was a remarkable man in many respects. If there was a river to cross, he was always

[1] "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," p. 126.

the first to pass over and report whether it was fordable or not; always full of life and energy, and never shrinking from any danger or responsibility."

Says Mr. S. M. Gilmore: "The Doctor gave us a great deal of valuable information concerning our outfit and the manner we should travel, and told us many things about the country, and was the means of greatly encouraging the emigration. He impressed on us the necessity of taking with us nothing but what we really needed for our journey. I will say that every time I talked with him he gave me valuable information, and I found him always as ready to give as I was to receive information. He was certainly one of the most industrious and energetic men I ever knew. He was of inestimable value to our emigration."

Hon. J. Hobson says: "At the Indian mission, a few miles from Westport, he (Dr. Whitman) assisted us in getting more teams and horses. He did everything it was possible for a man to do to encourage with his presence and assist with labor to relieve the trip of its weariness, for he always was on hand when there was anything to do. After arriving at his station, he did all that he could to assist us with provisions, such as were to be had. Our part of the emigration being late, we were compelled to leave our teams and wagons until the following spring. We also left two of my sisters with the Doctor. In the spring of 1844, I with some of our neighbors, went up after our teams and brought them down. I brought one of my sisters down and left one with the Doctor. She remained until 1846. He did not charge us anything for keeping the girls, neither did he charge us, or anybody that I ever heard of at the time, for his time or trouble; but seemed to be satisfied that he had accomplished his object in safely bringing the emigration through." Says Hon. J. W. Nesmith: "Dr. Whitman was an honest, self-sacrificing, good man. I was a young man of twenty-three years, and, unincumbered with family or teams, spent much of my time in company with the Doctor, riding in advance to hunt the best wagon route. His courage and energy and devotion won my youthful admiration."

In an address before the Pioneer Society of Oregon, in 1880, Mr. Nesmith also adds:

"I regard him as a quiet, unassuming man, and of great purity of character. He was of a powerful physical organization, and possessed a great and a good heart, full of charity and courage, and utterly destitute of cant, hypocrisy, shams and effeminacy, and always terribly in earnest. While with us, he was clad entirely in buckskin, and rode upon one of those patient, long-eared animals without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. The Doctor spent much time in hunting out the best route for the wagons, and would plunge into streams in search of practicable fords, regardless of the depth or temperature of water; and sometimes, after the fatigue of a hard day's march, would spend much of the night in going from one party to another to minister to the sick. While his moral example was of the highest character, he said more to us about the practical matters connected with our march than he did about theology or religious creeds, and I believe that his conduct among the Indians was of the same practical and useful character."[1]

Mr. W. C. Hembree adds: "Dr. Whitman was a noble man in deeds of kindness to the emigrants of 1843. He was all that could be wished, always ready to assist the emigrants in any way he could."

Says Captain H. D. O'Bryant: "Now, as regards the services the Doctor rendered to the government as regarded the then situation of Oregon, they were invaluable. The services the Doctor rendered the emigrants before reaching Fort Hall were of immense value.

"From the Fort the journey commenced in earnest. This was the most difficult part of the way, and the portion of country that Captain Grant said the wagons could never pass, and it was useless to undertake it; but in the face of all this the Doctor brought the emigration, wagons and all, through safely. And I say without fear of contradiction that the services the Doctor rendered the emigration from Fort Hall to The Dalles were invaluable, and to prove it I will just refer you to the emigrants of 1845, who were in the Meek's cut-off,

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1880, p. 22.

and the emigration of 1846, who were in Applegate's (of Umpqua) cut-off."[1]

Says P. G. Stewart: "The Doctor was of more service to us to that point (Fort Hall) than was our pilot. I do not know what we would have done, had not Dr. Whitman told us how and where to cross and recross Snake River and he saved us much time in getting through the Burnt River country, besides he sent an Indian to pilot us through the Blue Mountains. Finally I would say that if Dr. Whitman did not get up the emigration of 1843, he fetched us safely through."[2]

Dr. Whitman's co-laborer, Rev. H. H. Spalding, sums up his work of that season as follows, in his flowery style: "And through that great emigration, during the whole summer, the Doctor was their everywhere present angel of mercy ministering to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the mothers, mending wagons, setting broken bones, hunting stray oxen, climbing precipices, now in the rear, now in the center, now at the front; in the rivers looking out fords; through the quicksands; in the deserts looking out water; in the dark mountains looking out passes, at noontide or midnight, as though these thousands were his own children and those flocks were his own property. Although he asked not and expected not a dollar's reward from any source, yet he felt himself abundantly rewarded when he saw the desire of his heart accomplished, the great wagon route over the mountains established, and Oregon in a fair way to be occupied with American settlements and American commerce. And especially he felt himself doubly paid when, at the end of his sucessful expedition, and standing alive at his home again, on the banks of the Walla Walla, these thousands (hundreds) of his fellow summer pilgrims, way-worn and sunbrowned, took him by the hand and thanked him with tears for what he had done."[3]

The President sent out General J. C. Fremont that year, it is said, to make the road for this emigration, and protect them

[1] Letter to H. H. Spalding, March 15, 1868, now in possession of the author.

[2] Letter to the author, August 4, 1887.

[3] Spalding's "Congressional Pamphlet," p. 22.

from the Indians; but while he left the frontier about the same time as the emigrants, he took a different route, and did not arrive at Walla Walla until the 23rd of October, nearly a month after Dr. Whitman's arrival, and two weeks after Governor Burnett's section of the emigration had reached that place. The great Pathfinder found that the path had been opened and protected by the vigilance of our humble missionary. As far as it is known, the emigrants of that year did not lose a man from hostile Indians.

This emigration outnumbered all of the Hudson's Bay Company employes and Red River emigrants, and showed our Government that an emigration could reach the Columbia River, so that after that the Americans had no idea of allowing any of the country south of the present line which divides Washington from British Columbia to fall into the hands of Great Britain. It actually saved the country to the United States.

Judge William Strong, in an address before the Oregon Pioneer Society, in 1878, said: "The arrival of the emigration of 1843 may be considered the turning point in the history of Oregon. It gave the American population in the Territory control of its civil affairs, attracted the attention and excited the interest of the citizens and public authorities of the United States in this then almost unknown land, and thus contributed materially to the determination of the boundary question. It made Oregon of too great importance to permit diplomacy to trifle it away. It brought the valley a large band of improved horses and cattle. It afforded the settlers the means of making themselves at home in the country, and filled their hearts with hopes of being again surrounded by American citizens."[1]

And Hon. Elwood Evans, in a letter to the writer, says: "We zealously unite in ascribing to that visit the greatest results in the future of Oregon; the grandest services to that large train; the importance that flowed from his successful leading of that train through the Columbia with their wagons. Those results, those conclusions, are glorious to Dr. Whitman's memory."

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1878, p. 15.

This emigration determined which of the two countries should hold the country by right of settlement. Nor did Dr. Whitman's influence cease with the year's emigration. The success of this company in reaching Oregon induced another company to start the next year. Says Mrs. C. S. Pringle, who came in 1844, after speaking of Dr. Whitman's making the route and guiding the emigrants of 1843: "So well known was this fact in the Western States that Whitman and Oregon were the watch-words of the emigration of 1844." So his influence goes on down from year to year and from generation to generation, and will be felt on this Northwest Coast as long as time shall last.

There at Fort Hall the final victory was won, which resulted in the United States obtaining possession of a good share, at least, of this Northwest Coast. Previous to 1836, when Dr. Whitman came to the coast, in nearly every contest which the Americans had had with the British subjects, they had been defeated. Several fur companies, among which were the Pacific Fur Company, with John Jacob Astor at its head; the Missouri Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Wyeth's Salmon Cannery and Trading Company, Captain Bonneville, and others, had fought the battle with the Hudson's Bay Company and retired in defeat. The American Society for Encouraging Settlers in the Oregon Territory, with Hall J. Kelly at its head, had lost $30,000 and retired from the field. Astoria, built in 1811, before the Hudson's Bay Company were here, and Fort Hall, built in 1834, by N. J. Wyeth, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Thus, previous to 1834, every American effort was defeated. In that year Rev. Jason Lee and others crossed the Continent, and though it was not in their first plan, actually began a settlement in the Willamette, which greatly assisted in the final victory. The same year Rev. Samuel Parker began to arouse the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in regard to missions on this Coast, and the next winter found Dr. Whitman and interested him in the work. Then it was that the tide began to turn in favor of the United States. In 1836 when Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman crossed the Rocky Mountains, the first white

women who ever did so, it was a victory. When, during the same journey, Dr. Whitman brought the first wagon that ever broke the sage brush from Fort Laramie to Fort Boise, it was another victory. When, four years later, Dr. Robert Newell and company took three wagons to Walla Walla, the enemy was again overcome. When, again, Dr. Whitman made his journey East in 1843, through terrible suffering, and gave such information at Washington that the opinions of the rulers as to the value of the country and the possibility of reaching it with wagons were changed, still another victory was won. But the results of all these would have been well nigh or completely lost had Captain Grant at Fort Hall induced the emigration of 1843 to do as he wished. There was no flourish of trumpets or sound of drums, no rattle of musketry or roar of cannon at that battle. The contest was simply between two men, and was a battle of brains and diplomacy, but the results of it were greater than oftentimes when many thousands have been slain. Each of the parties felt in a measure the responsibility, and Whitman won.

Fort Hall had been built nine years previously by an American but in the contest between the trading companies it quickly fell into the hands of the British. Now it was the scene of another contest when settlements, not furs, were at stake, and the Americans gained the victory. All that was done after this was simply to gather up the spoils and make the treaty of peace. And when, in 1846, the treaty was signed between Great Britain and the United States, it was simply writing in an official way what had been written "de facto" three years previous at Fort Hall.

Says Dr. William Barrows, in his Oregon address: "In later days, when the spirit of war was aroused for the whole of Oregon or war, the question was raised whether it was to be taken under the walls of Quebec or on the Columbia. Neither was the place. Oregon was taken at Fort Hall; for it will be seen that from this time the grand result in the Oregon case was no longer an open and doubtful issue; only details and minor adjustments required attention."

Dr. Whitman took the same view of affairs, for he wrote to his wife's father and mother, May 16, 1844: "I did not

misjudge as to my duty to return home. The importance of my accompanying the immigration on one hand and the consequent scarcity of provisions on the other, strongly called for my return, and forbade my bringing another party that year. As I hold the settlement of this country by Americans rather than by an English colony most important, I am happy to have been the means of landing so large an immigration on to the shores of the Columbia, with their wagons, families and stock, in safety."[1]

Again, October 18, 1847, about six weeks before his death, he wrote to his Home Board: "Two things, and it is true those which were the most important, were accomplished by my return to the States. By means of the establishment of the wagon road, which is due to that effort alone, the emigration was secured and saved from disaster in the fall of 1843. Upon that event the present acquired rights of the United States by her citizens hung. And not less certain is it that upon the results of emigration to this country the present existence of this mission and of Protestantism hung also."

And in England the same view has been taken. A writer in the *British Colonial Magazine* said: "By a strange and unpardonable oversight of the local officers missionaries from the United States were allowed to take religious charge of the population, and these artful men lost no time in introducing such a number of their countrymen as reduced the influence of the British settlers to complete insignificance."

Says Senator Benton: "So far as the action of the Government was concerned, it operated to endanger our title to the Columbia, to prevent emigration, and to incur loss of the country." His first reason given was because the question was not settled in 1818; second, because it was not settled in 1828; third, nor in 1842; and fourth, because of the recommendation of President Tyler, discountenancing emigration to Oregon by withholding the land from emigrants until the two governments should settle the title to the country. This title being thus endangered, "the saving of the country devolved

[1] "Oregon Pioneer Transaction," 1893, p. 64. For another letter of similar import see chapter 7, obj. 2, g. dated April 1, 1847.

upon the people, and they saved it. In 1842 (1843) upwards of a thousand went to the country, and in 1843 (1844) some two thousand more." Hence, Rev. H. H. Spalding was not far from the truth when he wrote that, when the rear of Dr. Whitman's caravan emerged "From the western shades of the Blue Mountains upon the plains of the Columbia, the greatest work was finished ever accomplished by one man for Oregon."

Hon. S. A. Clarke adds: "While he was on terms of intimacy and the kindest feeling with Dr. McLoughlin and many others of the British party, it is nevertheless true that he did more to break their prestige than all others combined. They knew and understood his sentiments, and respected him for holding them and living up to them. He was a remarkable man, and only such a man could have sustained such personal relations, and have pursued such an effective policy to overthrow British rule. His presence in Oregon at that time was a providence that we may well appreciate who reside in the land that he did so much for; a land that possesses every gift nature can bestow, and whose people should remember suitably to honor the memory of Marcus Whitman. When the hour came that Oregon needed a champion, he was raised up to enact the part, 'the hour and the man.'"

"It is forty years, to this very year,
Since the first bold wagon train,
With man's deep vow and women's tear,
Struggled across the plain.
Brave Whitman piloted the way,
As on four months they pressed,
They pass the plains with summer day,
With Autumn gain the West."[1]

Soon after reaching his station, he notified the Secretary of War of the safe arrival of the immigration, giving a description of it, in the letter which accompanied his proposed bill for the action of Congress.[2]

[1] S. A. Clarke, in "Willamette Farmer," 1883. Benton's "Thirty Years," vol. 2, p. 469.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WHITMAN CONTROVERSY.

The story of Dr. Whitman going East to do what he could to save Oregon to the United States, and of what he accomplished while there, both at Washington and with the emigration of 1843, was first published in 1864 by Mr. Spalding and Hon. S. A. Clarke, as already stated, but it was put into more permanent form by Dr. C. Eells in the *Missionary Herald* for December, 1866, by W. H. Gray in his *History of Oregon* in 1870, and by Rev. H. H. Spalding in 1871, in *Executive Document No. 37, 41st Congress, third session.*

As first published, there were, however, several mistakes, most of which were made by Mr. Spalding, though other writers made one or two or else copied those made by Mr. Spalding. In *Executive Document, No. 37, 41st Congress, 3rd Session, Senate, 1871,* pp. 20-22, Mr. Spalding said: "The peculiar event that aroused Dr. Whitman and sent him through the mountains of New Mexico during that terrible winter of 1843 to Washington, just in time to save this now so valuable country from being traded off by Webster to the shrewd Englishman for a 'cod fishery' down East, was as follows: In October, 1842, our mission was called together on business at Waiilatpu, Dr. Whitman's station, and while in session Dr. W. was called to Fort Walla Walla to visit a sick man. While there the brigade for New Caledonia, fifteen bateaux, arrived at that point on their way up the Columbia, with Indian goods for the New Caledonia or Frazer River country. They were accompanied by some twenty chief factors, traders and clerks of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Bishop Demois [Demers], who had crossed the mountains from Canada in 1839 [1838], the first Catholic priest on this coast. Bishop Blanchet came at the same time.

"While this great company were at dinner, an express arrived from Fort Colville announcing the (to them) glad news that the colony from Red River had passed the Rocky Mountains, and were near Fort Colville. An exclamation of joy burst from the whole table, at first unaccountable to Dr. Whitman, till a young priest, perhaps not so discreet as the older, and not thinking there was an American at the table, sprang to his feet, and swinging his hand, exclaimed, 'Hurrah for Columbia (Oregon)! America is too late; we have got the country.' In an instant, as if by instinct, Dr. Whitman saw through the whole plan, clear to Washington, Fort Hall and all (i. e., the stopping of all immigrant and American wagons at Fort Hall by the Hudson's Bay Company every year to that time). He immediately rose from the table, and asked to be excused, sprang upon his horse, and in a very short time stood with his noble 'cayuse' white with foam before his door, and without stopping to dismount, he replied to our anxious inquiries with great decision and earnestness, 'I am going to cross the Rocky Mountains and reach Washington this winter, God carrying me through, and bring out an immigration over the mountains, or the country is lost.' The events soon developed that if that whole-souled American missionary was not the 'son of a prophet,' he guessed right when he said 'a deep-laid scheme was about culminating, which would deprive the United States of this Oregon, and it must be broken at once or this country is lost.' On reaching the settlements, Dr. Whitman found that many of the now old Oregonians, Waldo, Applegate, Hamtree, Keyser and others, who had once made calculations to come to Oregon, had abandoned the idea, because of the representations from Washington that every attempt to take wagons and ox teams through the Rocky and Blue Mountains to the Columbia had failed. Dr. Whitman saw at once what the stopping of wagons at Fort Hall every year meant. The representations purported to come from Secretary Webster, but really from Governor Simpson, who, magnifying the statements of his chief trader, Grant, at Fort Hall, declared the Americans must be going mad from their repeated fruitless attempts to take wagons and teams through the impassable regions of the Columbia, and that the women and

children of those wild fanatics had been saved from a terrible death only by the repeated and philanthropic labors of Mr. Grant at Fort Hall, in furnishing them with horses. The Doctor told these men as he met them that his only object in crossing the mountains in the dead of winter, at the risk of his life, through untold sufferings, was to take back an American immigration that summer through the mountains to the Columbia with their wagons and teams. The route was practicable. We had taken our cattle and our families through seven years before. They had nothing to fear but to be ready on his return. The stopping of wagons at Fort Hall was a Hudson's Bay Company scheme to prevent the settling of the country by Americans till they could settle it with their own subjects from the Selkirk settlement. This news spread like wildfire through Missouri, as will be seen from Zachary's statement. The Doctor pushed on to Washington, and immediately sought an interview with Secretary Webster—both being from the same state—and stated to him the object of his crossing the mountains, and laid before him the great importance of Oregon to the United States. But Mr. Webster lay too near Cape Cod to see things in the same light with his fellow statesman, who had transferred his worldly interests to the Pacific Coast. He awarded sincerity to the missionary, but could not admit for a moment that the short residence of six years could give the Doctor the knowledge of the country possessed by Governor Simpson, who had almost grown up in the country, and had traveled every part of it, and represents it as one unbroken waste of sand deserts and impassable mountains, fit only for the beaver, the gray bear and the savage. Besides, he had about traded it off with Governor Simpson to go into the Ashburton treaty (!) for a cod fishery in Newfoundland."

Mr. Gray states that this visit was in September, 1842; that the express came from Canada, and adds: "Two hours after this conversation at the Fort, he dismounted from his horse at his door, at Wai-i-lat-pu. I saw in a moment that he was fixed on some important object or errand. He soon explained that a special effort must be made to save the country from becoming British territory. . . . In twenty-four

hours time, they (Dr. Whitman and A. L. Lovejoy) were well mounted and on their way to the States."[1]

There are plainly six mistakes in these statements. (1) That the taunts and boasts at Fort Walla Walla were the prime cause of the Doctor's going East. This could not have been true, because, as already stated in chapter seven, his going had been approved by vote at the meeting of the mission, September 28.

Mistake (2). That these boasts were made because it was there announced that the Red River immigration had just crossed the mountains. This could not have been true, because that immigration came in 1841 not in 1842. There never was but one such immigration. Among the immigrants were John Flett, Charles McKay, and Henry Buxton, all of whom wrote to the author in 1881, stating that they came in 1841.[2] Mr. Spalding's journal of September 10, 1841, in giving an account of a journey of himself and family to Fort Colville, says: "Arrived at Colville. Mr. McDonald's brother is here from a party of twenty-three families from the Red River, crossing the mountains to settle on the Cowlitz, as half servants of the company. They started with oxen and carts. The carts are left and they are packing their oxen. There are in all eighty persons [probably counting children]. The man returns tomorrow with provisions."[3]

In a letter of Dr. Whitman's, also, to the American Board, dated November 18, 1841, he speaks of the same persons being at Fort Walla Walla near that time.[4]

Mistake (3). The express did not then come from Canada, as the Canadian express came later. Mrs. Whitman remained at their station a few days after the Doctor left, then went to Fort Walla Walla, and then to Vancouver, October 22nd, with the express which had just then come from Canada. Hon. Archibald McKinley, then in charge of Fort Walla Walla, and Dr. Whitman's friend, though English at heart, denies any truth in the whole story, and his statements are entitled to con-

[1] Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 288.
[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," pp. 17, 18.
[3] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 18.
[4] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1891, p. 158.

sideration. He says: "No taunt, no toast, no York Factory Express, no New Caledonia boats, no factors, no traders, no clerks, no bishops, no priests, no political discussion, no fishery negotiation, ever heard of at Walla Walla October 2, 1842." While the writer does not intend to question Mr. McKinley's truthfulness, yet, as he says that he did not hear of that story until some time after it was published, more than twenty or perhaps thirty years later, it is possible that he may have forgotten some incident which was the foundation of the story. Something did, probably, occur at the Fort as the foundation for such a story.

Dr. C. Eells refers to it in his evidence in chapter seven, saying "it is possible that transpirings at old Fort Walla Walla hastened his departure two days," because Dr. Whitman had left on the third of October and not on the fifth, as had been the plan when Messrs. Walker and Eells left the Doctor's station for their home.

P. B. Whitman says: "Mr. McKinley told me that Dr. Whitman made the great ride to rob his people of a vast territory, and that the Doctor openly declared his purpose before he made the journey, and also that his exceeding zeal caused his untimely end."[1]

In order to settle this point as far as possible, the author wrote Dr. Geiger, and received the following reply, under date of October 17, 1881: "Your letter just received asking about the taunt to Dr. Whitman. I think there is a misconception in the matter. Dr. Whitman had got information of Mr. Lovejoy and others of the immigration of 1842, that the United States was about to exchange this country for the Newfoundland banks fisheries, or a share in them, through the representations of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the whole country was a barren waste. But the Doctor, knowing the value of this country (Pacific Coast), went to Fort Walla Walla to find out about it (the proposed trade), and was informed that that was the expectation. (As witness the Red River emigration). He, Dr. Whitman, determined to check the transaction, if possible. . . . I think the special year of this emigration had nothing more to do with the matter than here represented. I

[1] "Oregonian," December 4, 1895.

can not call to mind any other features of the transaction from any or all of my conversations or writings with Dr. Whitman. But this condition I had so burned into my memory that I cannot forget it."[1]

P. B. Whitman gives another explanation—that another immigration was to come the next year and settle in the Yakima Valley.[2]

Dr. William Barrows states that Sir George Simpson, Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company, had planned for one in 1842, larger than the one of 1841.[3]

Mistake (4). That Mr. Webster stated to Dr. Whitman that he had about traded off Oregon for the Newfoundland cod fisheries to go into the Ashburton treaty. This could not have been, as that treaty had been signed in August, 1842.

Mistake (5). That Messrs. Applegate, and others who had once intended to come to Oregon, had given up the idea because of the representations made in the East by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, but that through Dr. Whitman's statements they were induced to come. Mr. Applegate denies this, and says he never saw Dr. Whitman till he overtook the immigrants on the Platte.

Mistake (6). That the Doctor originated the immigration of 1843. From statements made in the last chapter it is plain that he did not originate, although he did much to promote, increase, and help it to reach Oregon safely.[4]

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 18.

[2] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 18.

[3] Barrows' "Oregon," p. 155.

[4] Some allowance ought to be made for Mr. Spalding, although he made these statements. At the time of the Whitman massacre he was on his way from the Umatilla to Dr. Whitman's station. On the road, he met a Catholic priest who told him of Dr. Whitman's death, and that the intention of the Indians was to kill him and his family. He turned and fled, and by a round-about way reached his home, after a week's travel, most of the way on foot, and barefoot, followed a part of the way by an Indian who tried to find him and kill him, traveling by night, with almost no food except roots and berries that he obtained on the way, haunted with the fear of the death of his family, knowing that his oldest daughter was at Dr. Whitman's, a captive, or murdered. During this time his sufferings were such that they would have killed many men, and it is not strange that his mind was somewhat unbalanced afterwards on some subjects.

It was but natural, when such mistakes as these were made, that Dr. Whitman's enemies should challenge such writers as Governor E. Evans and Mrs. F. F. Victor, who had advocated the story, to produce proofs of their statements. When they found that they could not prove all of their statements, they then went completely to the other extreme, and asserted that Dr. Whitman had no intention of saving Oregon when he started, but went on missionary business; that there was no proof that he went to Washington; that if he went there, he accomplished nothing, and that he did nothing to promote the immigration of 1843.

These objections have all been thoroughly discussed in chapter seven. They have constituted what has been called the "Whitman Controversy."[1] Owing to special causes this controversy has had its periods of activity and rest.

(a) It was not until about 1880 that these writers began to make their changed views public, although it was known that they had changed their views previous to this time. Mrs. Victor did so in the *Californian* in 1880, in reply to an article published a short time previous in the same magazine and written by Hon. S. A. Clarke. Mr. Gray answered her in the *Astorian,* and there was considerable correspondence between them. Mr. Gray afterwards gathered his articles into a pamphlet of nineteen pages.

Gov. Evans made his change of views public in Seattle, in an address in 1878. This was, however, not published until 1880, when it came out in the *North Pacific Coast.* In 1881 he wrote a long article for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer,* in

[1] It has been stated that because these mistakes were made the whole case was destroyed; but the writer has never been able to accept this. If some statements are mistaken, it does not prove that all are mistaken. For instance, several years ago a murder was committed at Port Townsend, in the State of Washington, amidst a crowd of people. When the case was tried in court, some of the witnesses testified that the murder occurred before a certain event took place which all saw, and some testified that it was after that event. There was a mistake by some of the witnesses, but that did not prove that there was no murder. So now the fact that some of the witnesses have made mistakes does not prove this story to be a myth.

[2] Published April 30, 1881.

which he took a more extreme position than he had previously done. The author, in collecting materials for a work on Indian Missions, had gathered some information on this subject, and by the advice of friends replied to Gov. Evans.[1] As he continually gained more evidence on the subject from his personal acquaintance with some of those old pioneers who had known Dr. Whitman, he embodied it in 1883 in a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, entitled *"Marcus Whitman, M. D. Proofs of His Work in Saving Oregon to the United States, and in Promoting the Immigration of 1843."* In this was embodied testimony, most of which has been quoted in the three previous chapters.

(b) In 1884 Dr. William Barrows published his work on *"Oregon, the Struggle for Possession."* Following Messrs. Spalding and Gray, he incorporated in it their story of what occurred at Fort Walla Walla. This opened the way for again beginning the controversy, and it was carried on, mainly in the *Oregonian* of Portland, Oregon, in nine long articles, Mrs. Victor writing one, and Governor Evans, two, denying the claims made for Dr. Whitman; while in reply Hon. E. C. Ross wrote two, Hon. W. H. Gray one, and Rev. M. Eells three.[2] Dr. Thomas Laurie, of Providence, Rhode Island, also wrote two articles in Dr. Whitman's defense, which were published in the *Missionary Herald* of Boston.[3] The article by Mr. Gray, the two by Mr. Ross, and the first two by Mr. Eells, were afterwards published in a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, and those of Dr. Laurie in another pamphlet.

(c) In 1895 Dr. O. W. Nixon's book, *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon,* was published, and another period of controversy followed. Hon. H. W. Scott, editor of the *Oregonian,* Mrs. F. F. Victor, and Rev. H. H. Hines, D. D., denying the claims made by Dr. Nixon, and Dr. Nixon, Hon. S. A. Clarke,

[1] Published in the "Seattle Post-Intelligencer," May 28, 1881.

[2] "Oregonian" of Nov. 7, Dec. 9, Dec. 26, 1884; Jan. 11, Jan. 20, Feb. 8, Feb. 15, March 12, 20, May 21, 1885.

[3] Feb. and Sept., 1895.

G. H. Hines, Rev. M. Eells, and P. B. Whitman replying to these attacks.[1]

(d) On November 29th and 30th, 1897, the fiftieth anniversary of the Whitman massacre was celebrated at Walla Walla by the dedication of the Whitman monument. Rev. Dr. L. H. Hallock and Rev. Dr. J. R. Wilson delivered the principal addresses.[2] Professor E. S. Meany and G. H. Hines had previously written articles for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and the *Portland Oregonian,* preparatory to the dedication. All of these claimed great national benefits to have resulted from Dr. Whitman's work. The addresses were widely published in the *Walla Walla Union, Oregonian, Post-Intelligencer,* of approximate dates, and the *Whitman College Quarterly.* Rev. M. Flohr denied these claims, and again Rev. M. Eells came to the defense.[3]

(e) In December, 1900, the controversy was again opened by Professor E. G. Bourne, who read a paper before the American Historical Society at its annual meeting at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in which he called the whole story of Dr. Whitman either doing anything or attempting to do anything to save Oregon to the United States a legend; also denying that he had been of any great benefit to the immigration of 1843.[4] This called forth a very large number of replies, both East and West. Among these writers were Dr. O. W. Nixon, Dr. W. A. Mowry, President S. B. L. Penrose, Professor W. D. Lyman, Hon. J. W. Fairbanks, and Rev. M. Eells.[5]

[1] "Oregonian" of May 24, June 1, Nov. 21, Nov. 25, 26, and Dec. 4, 1895; "San Francisco Call" Sept. 5 and 8, 1895; "Pacific Christian Advocate," of Portland, Oregon, Oct. 23; "Walla Walla Gazette," Wash., June 1, 1895; "Post-Intelligencer," Seattle, Wash., July 7, 1895, and "Pacific Advance," Seattle, of December.

[2] See chapter 14.

[3] "Seattle Post-Intelligencer," Nov. 21, Dec. 7, 1897; Feb. 6, 1898; "Oregonian," Nov. 26, 1897; "Whitman College Quarterly," Dec., 1897, and March, 1898.

[4] "American Historical Review," Jan., 1901.

[5] "Chicago Inter-Ocean," Dec. 30, 1900; Jan. 9, 11, 15, 21, 26; Feb. 9, 1901; "Boston Journal of Education," Jan. 24, 1901; "Walla Walla Union," Jan. 20, 1901; "Walla Walla Statesman," Jan. 28, 1901; "Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel," Feb. 12, 1901.

Very many other articles have appeared in various papers east and west at various times, especially in the *Boston Congregationalist, Chicago Advance,* and *Chicago Inter-Ocean,* in the latter of which Dr. Nixon for very many years annually published an editorial highly commendatory of Dr. Whitman on the anniversary of his death, November 29. Dr. Nixon had come to the Pacific Coast in 1850, was the hero of H. Butterworth's book, the *Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia,* and from what he heard at that early day was always an ardent admirer of Dr. Whitman's work.

To the author it has seemed very singular that those who opposed the claims made for Dr. Whitman have made exceedingly many mistakes, far more than Mr. Spalding did, and with apparently less excuse; some of them to all appearances knowingly. The following are some of these mistakes:

Mrs. Victor says,[1] "He (Dr. Whitman) had been six years in the Cayuse country without having benefited or conciliated the Indians." The immigration of 1843 spoke very highly of Istikus, a Christian Cayuse chief, who piloted them through the Blue Mountains, who in the war of 1855-6 furnished our troops with scouts and provisions when most needed, and who rang his bell and called his band together for church as long as he lived. The result of the seed sown by the Doctor is now seen in the Presbyterian Church on the Umatilla Reservation.[2] L. W. Hastings, in 1842, said: "He appears to be rendering great service in christianizing and civilizing the natives."[3] Again Mrs. Victor says: "Admitting that he (Dr. Whitman) feared the treaty of boundary would draw the line in British territory, could he hope to reach Washington before it was concluded?"[4] Every good scholar knows that if the Columbia River had been the line, it would not have left Dr. Whitman's station in British territory, but in the United States; and Mrs. Victor had visited his station previous to the time

[1] "Oregonian," Nov. 7, 1884.

[2] Eells' "History of Indian Missions," 64, 237. "Report of Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington," 1882, p. 18, and "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," p. 48.

[3] Hastings' "Oregon and California," p. 21.

[4] "Oregonian," Nov. 7, 1884.

she wrote the above. Again she says that in going East the Doctor had a "secret motive" known to Mr. Eells, but not mentioned at the meeting of September, 1842. Dr. Eells had said that Dr. Whitman had a "cherished object," not a "secret motive."

She also charged Dr. Whitman with being "either ignorant and conceited or a falsifier," that he deceived his fellow missionaries and Hon. A. McKinley as to reasons for going East, and went in order to obtain an office and enrich himself at the expense of his missionary character; and that because Governor George Simpson was at Vancouver, November 30, 1841 [reaching London, Oct. 29, 1842], he could not have been in Washington by February or March, 1843![1]

Gov. Evans said that from 1831 to October 18, 1842, there were no negotiations between Great Britain and the United States,[2] while Webster says that Lord Ashburton, with whom he made the treaty of August, 1842, had power to settle all questions between the two countries, and that they considered the Oregon question, but could not come to an agreement, and so omitted it.[3]

The Governor added that Webster never at any time participated in negotiations on any branch of the Oregon question, and that Lord Ashburton had neither official power nor personal discretion on the Oregon question, while Webster said that both had power in regard to this question, and did consult about it.

Governor Evans said that no one of the immigration of 1842 had heard of Lord Ashburton's appointment or arrival in the United States before leaving for Oregon, and so could not have given Dr. Whitman any information about him.[4] As Edward Everett, our minister at London, had notified our government, September, 1841, that Lord Ashburton would be sent, and he had arrived at Washington April 4, 1842, forty-two days before the emigration of 1842 left Independence, Mis-

[1] "Oregonian," Nov. 7, 1884.
[2] "Oregonian," March 20, 1885.
[3] "Webster's Works," vol. 6, p. 351.
[4] "Oregonian," March 20, 1885.

souri, on May 16, 1842,[1] there was time enough for them to have learned of his arrival.

Again Gov. Evans quoted the author as indicating in regard to Dr. Whitman's work for the country that it "was not known or realized till 1866,"[2] while the author had only said, "The A. B. C. F. M. did not fully realize or perhaps fully know of this great effort until 1866."

Gov. Evans, too, tried hard to prove that no meeting of the Oregon mission was held in the fall of 1842 to approve of Dr. Whitman's going East, while the *Missionary Herald,* as he admitted, says there was such a meeting; he said that Mr. Gray was not present, but was in the Willamette Valley, while Messrs. Eells and Gray both said that he was present, and Mrs. Whitman's letters proved that he did not move away until October, 1842, though he had himself been to the Willamette during the previous summer to make preparations for moving.[3]

Because Governor A. Ramsey said that he saw Dr. Whitman in Washington in 1843, both Mrs. Victor and Gov. Evans tried to disprove it, the former by saying it must have been Dr. White, the names being similar and the difference in dates but one year;[4] while Gov. Evans thought he saw Rev. Jason Lee, as contemporary evidence establishes the fact that he was there during the winter of 1843-4. Contemporary evidence established the fact that Mr. Lee was not in Washington at that date, but was in Oregon and on the Pacific Ocean. He left the Sandwich Islands for the East the 28th of February, 1844, to go by schooner across the Pacific, and then through Mexico, and was in Washington in June, 1844.

Gov. Evans also said that according to Dr. Cushing Eells the records of the mission meeting of September, 1842, were destroyed in the fire which consumed his house in 1872, and he blamed him for not consulting these records before that time.[5] Dr. Eells had not said this, but had published that those rec-

[1] Hastings' "Oregon and California," p. 6, and "Journal of Medorem Crawford," p. 7.

[2] "Oregonian," March 20, 1885.

[3] "Oregonian," Dec. 26, 1884.

[4] "Oregonian," Nov. 7, 1884.

[5] Hines' "History of Oregon," chapter 10.

ords were in Dr. Whitman's keeping and disappeared when he was killed in 1847.[1]

Another class of the Governor's arguments, gleaned from his article, are the following, "false claim," "falsehood," "petifogging," "unmitigated falsehood," "glaringly false statement," "venerable gentlemen . . . who have for the once doffed their saintly calling," "so-called reverends," "doughty champions," "melange of absurdity, nonsense, fiction, and falsehood," "reverend champions of fable," "baseless fabrications," "extravaganza," "wriggling policy of the Eells," "slanders of the dead," "Gulliver, Munchausen and Quixote."[2]

Dr. H. H. Hines, too, in order to depreciate Dr. Whitman's influence, especially in bringing his wagon to Fort Boise in 1836, stated that the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1829 was the first to bring a wagon across the Rocky Mountains, and also that Captain Bonneville had brought twenty loaded wagons a hundred miles west of the summit in 1832. In order to prove the first statement, he quoted from President Jackson's message of 1831, which said that they brought ten wagons to the head of Wind River where it issues from the Rocky Mountains.[3] As the waters of Wind River flow into the Missouri, this "proof" has no foundation. Still the friends of Dr. Whitman have steadily acknowledged that wagons had been brought into the Rocky Mountains.

Captain Bonneville did so, taking them fifty-five miles west of the summit to Green River, a branch of the Colorado, not of the Columbia. There they stopped. Why? Because of jaded teams?—for their teams, he says, were jaded. This was not the reason, says Bonneville, but because the nature of the country through which he was about to travel rendered it impossible to proceed with wagons. His trouble was to take them farther. Bonneville did not, but Dr. Whitman did take his in 1836 to Fort Boise.

Dr. Hines seems to have swung almost around the circle. In *The Ladies' Repository* for September, 1868, he published an article, in which he claimed that Dr. Whitman accomplished

[1] Eells' "Whitman Pamphlet," p. 10.

[2] "Oregonian," March 20, 1885.

[3] "Pacific Christian Advocate," October 23, 1895.

all that his most ardent admirer ever claimed, even to the boasts and taunts at Fort Walla Walla and his influence over Webster and the statement about the Ashburton treaty. By 1895 and 1897 he was disposed to deny that the Doctor went East with any political intent, or accomplished anything while there, or appreciably influenced any emigrants to come that year, or even did much to help the immigration across the plains. In 1899 he praised Dr. Whitman very highly, both as a missionary and patriot, and as a patriotic worker for Oregon in Washington and after he had returned to his station; only he praised Rev. Jason Lee as having done more in this line, and as having in quite a measure inspired Dr. Whitman to do what he did;[1] while in 1901 he spoke of him as "a man of singular intensity of purpose, determination in action, and with the most patriotic devotion to the interests of his country."[2]

Father Flohr went so far as to say that the government at Washington was better posted on the value of Oregon than Whitman himself, and that the advocates of the myth "have the gall to tell us that the government at Washington was waiting for Whitman to come to Washington to enlighten them on the Oregon question" (although they had never said it). He called a pamphlet, entitled *"A New Chapter From the Acts of the Apostles,"* by President S. B. L. Penrose of Whitman College, thus entitled "by way of blasphemy."[3]

Prof. Bourne, too, in support of his statement that Dr. Whitman's visit neither dispelled ignorance nor inspired enthusiasm about Oregon, brought as proof the statement that "Greenhow's exhaustive history was being distributed as a public document" (in March, 1843), when he himself had said three pages previous that "its preface was written in February, 1844," and the book was not published until 1845. He gave as another reason that at the same time "Fremont was under commission to explore the Rockies," when Fremont did not start with his expedition until May 29th of that year,

[1] "Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest," chapter 17.
[2] "Oregonian," April 7, 1901.
[3] "Post-Intelligencer," Dec. 8, 1897.

and did not make his report until 1845. He also said that Dr. E. White was then writing frequent reports to his superiors at Washington as Sub-Indian Agent in Oregon, when not one such report had even left Oregon by April 1, 1843.[1]

It is very noticeable how much evidence has come to light, since the controversy first began, in favor of the claims made for Dr. Whitman. In May, 1881, the author published his first article on the subject in reply to Gov. Evans. In June, 1881, he learned of Dr. Geiger's knowledge on the subject; in June, 1882, he found new statements made by Hon. A. Hinman and Mrs. M. R. Walker. The next year he obtained Dr. Parker's and Governor Ramsey's statements. Late in 1885, after the first period of controversy had passed, as published in the *Oregonian,* the letters of Dr. Whitman to the American Board appeared, stating why he went to Washington and what in his opinion he had accomplished; also the statement of Judge Otis and his interview with Dr. Whitman at Buffalo. In 1891 the letter of Dr. Whitman to the Secretary of War was found at Washington, stating that he had been to Washington, together with his proposed bill. In 1898 the statements of Dr. Silas Reed and John Tyler, Jr., appeared.

Since the author made his first full statement in his pamphlet about Dr. Whitman, and drew his conclusions from the evidence there printed, he has seen no reason to make any essential change in his position from the evidence furnished, namely, that on account of Dr. Whitman's visit to Washington a part or the whole of Oregon was saved to the United States, and that he did much to promote the immigration of 1843, and led it through with the wagons, to the Columbia River. Still, the author has never claimed that Dr. Whitman *alone* saved thus much of the country, for he has time and again given the Methodist mission full credit for sending the first missionaries to the Pacific Coast in 1834, for sending earnest petitions to Washington in the thirties and forties, for doing very much to organize the Provisional Government of Oregon

[1] "American Historical Review," January, 1901, p. 289. "Fremont's Exploring Expedition," pp. 123, 125, and White's "Thrilling Adventures," pp. 171, 172.

(claiming that without the help of the Methodist mission it would not have been organized), for furnishing the first United States officer for Oregon, Dr. E. White, and for furnishing the first Governor of Oregon, George Abernethy.

CHAPTER X.

DIFFICULTIES WITH THE INDIANS.

Much has been said about the troubles which existed at different times between Dr. Whitman and the Indians. It has been thought best to speak of these difficulties in a separate chapter, so that it can easily be seen what they were.

(a) The first trouble on record was in 1837, and was about the Doctor administering medicine to the sick. It has always been a custom with the Indians when severely sick to call on their medicine men for help. The help thus given is not, however, medicine, but incantations and jugglery. The Indians believe that sickness is caused by an evil spirit, which enters the individual. This is sent or shot into him by a bad medicine man in an invisible manner. Sometimes they believe he can thus shoot a bullet, stone, or poison into the heart of a person and sometimes to send a woodpecker, squirrel, bear, or any treacherous animal to his heart, to eat it, plague him, and make him sick. Then the patient or his friends employ a good medicine man to draw this out, and it is done by incantations, such as pounding on sticks, beating an Indian drum, helloing, singing, and the like. If after the use of all his means the patient dies, the relatives have the right to kill the medicine man, unless he shall give these relatives property enough to satisfy them for the death of their friend. Dr. Whitman encountered this trouble during his first year among the Cayuses, as related in the chapter on Mission Work.[1]

It does not seem, however, as a general thing, that the Indians considered the Doctor in the light of one of their medicine men. He afterwards said so to Rev. C. Eells, and added that if they did, it would not be safe for him to remain among them, but he did not believe that they did so consider him.

[1] Chapter 4, p. 98.

(b) Several years previously, probably about 1834, Rev. Jason Lee, while on his way to the Willamette, had received a present of some horses from the Indians. Not knowing the Indian custom, that when such a present is made another of about equal value is expected in return, he had taken the horses but had not given them much, if anything, in return, as he evidently supposed that they were a free gift to help him in his Christian work. But the Indians did not forget it. It is said that they were told by Mr. J. Toupin, interpreter for the Hudson's Bay Company, that Mr. Lee had as good as stolen their horses. After Doctor Whitman's arrival—as he was a white man and a missionary, the same as Mr. Lee—some of the Indians made considerable trouble with him on this subject.[1]

(c) Another trouble was that at times the Indians demanded pay for the wood, water and land which the Doctor used. In Father Brouillet's pamphlet in regard to the causes of the massacre is a statement by John Toupin, interpreter at Fort Walla Walla, who says that he interpreted for Rev. Samuel Parker in 1835, and that Mr. Parker promised to send them a missionary who would not take their lands for nothing, but would give them ploughs and hoes, and that a big ship would come every year with goods to be distributed among the Indians. How much of this is true is uncertain. There is no other proof of it, and if anything was said on this subject Mr. Parker probably had reference to treaties by government and annuity goods. Mr. Toupin's statements as given in that pamphlet have not all been found to be reliable.

When Dr. Whitman established his station the Indian chiefs promised him the free use of the land, but because of the statements made to the Indians by malicious persons, after a time the Indians did demand pay for their use. The most serious time which the Doctor had because of this was in November, 1841. In a letter to the American Board the Doctor gives the following account of it: "I-a-tin, an Indian, who had been to the Willamette settlement, undertook to embarass Mr. Gray in his building operations, forbidding him to cut timber without pay and others joined him in talking of charg-

[1] Hines' "Oregon," p. 183.

ing us for firewood. There has often been talk of causing us to pay for the land we occupy. I-a-tin said he was told while at the Willamette that if any one came on the white man's land, and he refused to go off, he was kicked off.[1]

"The plantation of this station has been in common with the Indians upon a point of land between two streams; as soon as our wheat was off the Indians put their horses in, to the great injury of our garden, corn and potatoes. We have been hitherto unable to make fences for the want of timber and strength and time to do it; now we expect we will be able to do it in the spring, as Mr. Gray is associated with us at this station, by digging a ditch around our fields, which answers the purpose of irrigation also (none of our fields have any fences), as well as that of some of the Indians.

"While Mr. Hale, of Boston, who belongs to the U. S. Exploring squadron, was here, Til-ka-na-ik, another Indian, was most insolent because, when his horses were eating up our corn, I sent some Indians to catch them. He said I was likely to get the Indians whipped, for if I sent them to catch his horses he should beat them, and added that he put his horses there lest they should stray, for he had no servant, and that was a shut-up place, and that if I had them put out, he would take one of our horses and ride him to hunt for his until he tired him out and then leave him. I then told him that I thought our field was a plantation and not for a horse pen; but if he thought it good to eat up our crops, I had no more to say about it. He then said that this was his land and that he grew up here and that the horses were only eating the growth of the soil, and demanded of me what I had ever given him for his land. I answered 'nothing' and that he might depend upon it I never would pay him anything.

"He then made use of the word 'shame' which is used in Chinook the same as in English and its parallel in Nez Perces. I requested him to wait while I spoke, and then told him of the original arrangement for us to locate here, and that we did not come of ourselves, but by invitation from the Indians, and that the land was fully granted us. Here I left him; but in

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1891, pp. 155, 162.

a short time I was met by one of the chiefs, who said it was troublesome to see those horses eating up the corn.

"I then related to him what had just passed with Til-ka-na-ik, and told him I had no intention to remove them. While we were talking Til-ka-na-ik came along, having overheard us, and came up to me and asked me how many times I was going to talk, and struck me twice severely on my breast, and commanded me to stop talking. I told him I had been in the habit of talking from my childhood, and intended to keep on talking. This Indian, Til-ka-na-ik, has for the year past been practicing the ceremonies of the Papists.

"Following this in order of time was another trial with I-a-tin, the first named Indian. His son had been employed to take care of our horses and cattle, but had been very unfaithful, having left them for four weeks, causing us to pay him off before his engagement had expired. I asked him how much I was to pay his son; he said just what I pleased. I then gave him the full value of what was agreed upon within five balls and powder, but it did not please him, and only caused him to raise a bitter complaint that he could not obtain justice. I then told him I would exchange some of the articles and give the full value of our first bargain in the things originally promised, and that then he would be in debt to me for the four weeks which his son neglected to take care of the cattle, and for the unexpired time yet to be fulfilled in his bargain. I told him, also, that when, on the morning of the same day, I was grinding his wheat for him, I little thought he would treat me thus. At this he was much displeased and said to one of my family, and also in camp, that he would burn our mill. Mr. Gray is living in our old house, one part of which was in use as a workshop and kitchen. It was much used also as a place to store many small articles and tools, so that no Indians was allowed to go in there. One morning an Indian named Pit-am-an-in-muks-muks went in and seated himself by the fire along with a hired man, the Hawaiian, and an Indian who was there by order to cook for Indians who were laboring.

"The woman made complaint to Mr. Gray, and he desired him to go out, but he at once asked if he thought he would steal. Mr. Gray told him many things had been stolen, and if

he allowed one, he must another, and that even if some would not steal, yet if they were admitted, others would follow them, and on that account he wanted no one to come in there. Upon this, he became insolent, and Mr. Gray put him out of the room. He then went at once to the horse pen, and threw his rope upon one of Mr. Gray's horses. Mr. Gray followed him and cut his rope off and put him out of the pen. In the afternoon of the same day he came when I was at work and took the same horse in my presence. He was on a horse with another Indian and others had gathered around. I simply asked him if he made himself a thief how he could cleanse himself. His brother, Sa-ki-aph, said it would be good to kill our cattle. I told him he had now shown his heart, and if he thought so he could kill them. I then sent to apprise Mr. Gray, who was at work upon his house. We soon saw Til-an-ka-ik, a relative of Pitamaninmukmuk's, with his young men coming toward the house. I requested Mr. Gray not to answer him, but to allow me to do it. He came up to us in the building and began to address Mr. Gray, who took no notice of what he said, and he failed to create any excitement, but ordered Mr. Gray to stop building and remove the next day. I told him it was the Sabbath and he could not go. It seemed strange to him to speak of reverence for the Sabbath at such a time. I then went down from the building and he soon followed me and began to complain of my taking the part of Mr. Gray, and said if he were to go to our country he should be very careful how he conducted himself lest he should be sent off. He said again that Mr. Gray was laboring in vain, for he must leave. I told him it was natural for us to labor, and we would not desist although we might labor in vain. I told him, also, that if Indians came into Mr. Gray's or my house and refused to do as we desired, it was right for us to put them out. He then took hold of my ear and pulled it and struck me on the breast, ordering me to hear, as much as to say, we must let them do as they pleased about our houses. When he let go I turned the other to him and he pulled that, and in this way I let him pull first one and then the other until he gave over and took my hat and threw it into the mud. I then called on the Indians who were at work for Mr. Gray to give it to me and I put it on my head, when he

took it off again and threw it in the same place. Again the Indians gave it to me and I put it on. With more violence he took it off and threw it in the mud and water, of which it dipped plentifully. Once more the Indians gave it back to me and I put it on, all mud as it was, and said to him, 'Perhaps you are playing.' At this he left us. A day or two after this McKay, another Indian, made a violent speech and forbade all the Indians to labor for us.

"We intended to take no notice of these things, not even to mention them, but the superintendent of Fort Walla Walla, Mr. McKinley, sent up his interpreter to inquire about it as he had heard exciting stories from the Indians. I wrote him all was quiet and we had no concern, but at the same time I gave him the last mentioned case and also told him I feared Joe Gray, a half-breed Iroquois, for a long time a servant of the company, but who was in the camp of the Waiilatpu and Walla Walla Indians from April to September, contributed to cause this excitement, for I was told by an Indian after the affair that Joe Gray had told Til-an-ka-ik while at his camp and fishery that we were rendering the Indians miserable and that we ought to pay for the lands. This Gray is a Romanist and held worship in the forms of that church among the Indians. Mr. McKinley espoused our cause warmly and sent word to the Indians that he felt the insult offered to us as offered to himself, and that those who conducted themselves so much like dogs would not be permitted to see him with complacency. The interpreter added much to this, according to the Indian's stories. He told them that when Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard of the death of Chief Factor Block, who was killed at Thompson's River Fort last winter in his own house by an Indian, he felt that it was not to have his people killed that he sent and had forts built and brought the Indians goods. He at once resolved to come himself and that he had gone past and was now in the lower country.

"He pointed to the fact of the company bringing a large number of men into the country, for a large party of settlers, as half servants to the company, were at that time at the fort on their way from the Red River, to settle on the Cowlitz, and

that the company had during the last summer removed a large part of the cattle from the upper country as evidence of a state of readiness to avenge Chief Factor Block's death, and that company were prepared and determined to avenge any other like outrage of the Indians, whether it occurred in one or two or three years, whether it might be here or among any other Indians. This excited them very much, for they did not know how to take it; they felt that they had committed themselves and been compared to dogs. After a meeting among themselves, they came to have a talk with us. Mrs. Whitman came and called me, as I was not in the house at the time, and Mr. Gray and myself came in. They persisted in entering through the kitchen into the dining room, and let in all who presented themselves at their accustomed door. While we were talking, Pa-la-is-ti-wat, an old Indian, commenced threatening Mrs. Whitman at the window with a hammer, in order to force open the door and at the same time Sa-ki-aph, who was in the house, was trying to unlock another door in order to throw open the house. I called on him to stop and also asked the Chief to stop him, but called in vain. I then went and took the key from the door. He went directly into the kitchen removed the fastening and opened the door, but I followed him, and as he opened the door to let others in I put him out, and fastened the door, returned and sat down. Having got the hammer from Pa-la-is-ti-wat, he beat the door, and the others took a large American ax, by which means they broke the kitchen door and a horde of lawless savages took possession of the house. At the same time Sa-ki-aph came in with the hammer and Pa-la-is-ti-wat with the ax to attack us. Mr. Gray met the former and myself the latter and disarmed them. After I got hold of the ax I did not excite myself to take it away until I had waited to see if the chief would speak to restore order, but waited in vain. After I took the ax away he held to my collar and struck me with his fist and tore my clothes. Mrs. Whitman took the ax from me while I was being held by the Indian, and Mr. Gray put both ax and hammer upstairs. Sa-ki-aph soon returned with a club and advanced upon me. As I arose to take the club I dodged the blow he was leveling at me, for which I was greatly ridiculed by them as fearing death.

While I was telling them I did not fear to die, if I did not partake of the sin of causing my death, Sa-ki-aph came in again with a gun and presented it to me and asked me if I did not fear to die. Our hired men were in the house by this time and one went and stood so as to command the gun. They persisted in saying that because I said I was not afraid to die that it was as though I had challenged them to kill me; but I told them 'no' I did not challenge them nor did I want to suffer pain; but still I did not fear to die, as I had just said. At the same time I showed them the consequences of killing us and sending us in advance of themselves into the presence of God. They wanted me to say that we would not shut any of our doors against them, and said if we would do so we would live in peace. We told them that so long as we were allowed to live and occupy our houses we should order our doors, and if they wished to live in peace they must not oppose such regulations. Til-an-ka-ik now exclaimed that it was impossible to bully us into a fight. Wap-tash-tak-mahl next said that there was property in the house and that they were accustomed to have it given them when they had a difficulty. I told them they would not get the value of a single awl or pin for their bad conduct, and if they wanted property in that way they must steal it. He thought it very hard language. I told them that I felt that this was not an excitement of the moment, but that it was the result of what Joe Gray had told them while on the Grande Ronde River. At first they were disposed to call me to account for my authority, but Wap-tash-tak-mahl arose and said it was true; he had told them so but had forbid them to tell of it lest he should be blamed. He then related what he had told them. That formerly the whites came on to the Iroquois land, they killed two and drove them off; after that they killed two more, and then when the whites wanted to buy their land they loved them and said they wanted them for their children, but at last they bought them and gave a great sum of money and after that all lived as brothers. They now broke up and went away, saying they would go and see if Mr. McKinley would call them dogs. We thought but to apprise him of their intention and sent accordingly to the Fort in the night.

"The next day was the Sabbath and it was a sad day to us. Many stayed away from worship and some went to the Fort carrying their arms. Others were insolent and reckless of evil. They did many violent acts such as breaking our windows and troubling our animals. We now felt that we had showed the example of non-resistance as long as it was called for, and as we went to bed we put ourselves in a state of defense, should anything occur at the Fort and the Indians return upon us. We also resolved to go to the Fort and take our families and stay for a time, until we could either arrange to go away or return, as might seem best.

"On Monday I received a letter from Mr. McKinley, giving an account of their conduct there, a copy of which I will give you, dated Walla Walla, Oct. 4, 1841:

" 'My Dear Sir:

'I have the pleasure to inform you that there is every prospect of your being allowed to keep peaceful possession of your place and that you will not be further molested by the Indians. (It was rumored that they intended to break into the Fort Sabbath night, which caused them to keep watch and mount all their guns and cannons, and load them with nails, old pieces of iron, etc., to be ready in case they should need them). Rogers would have told you how matters stood when he left. All, however, was quiet during the night. After breakfast, this morning, I sent for the Indians, and when they came into the hall, I told them I wished to know their hearts, and at the same time, tell the state of my own, for, although I sent for horses the other day, I would not trade one till such times as I knew whether we were to have war or not. That for my own part I did not care which; I dared them to take my fort from me, for that I had a sufficient number of men to protect myself, but that I could not protect you, but if they persisted in doing you harm that I would instantly send to Chief Factor McLoughlin, who would send up a sufficient number to avenge the whole, and that the plunder of their horses would be sufficient payment for the trouble. That I knew they might kill you before assistance came, but that it afforded me great satisfaction they could not send you to hell. That it is the first time I had heard of Indians in my

part of the country treating missionaries being obliged to pay for the lands they occupied. I concluded by saying that if they were willing to acknowledge their faults and promise better conduct in future, I was sure you would forgive the past, and that if you did I would do so, also. That spilling of blood was far from my wish, but that it was time we understood each other's hearts. Wap-tash-tak-mahl, McKay and Til-an-ka-ik all spoke one after the other. It is unnecessary for me to tell you all that they said at present. Let it suffice, therefore, till we meet that what one and all of them said, expressed deep contrition for what had passed, and many promises that they conduct themselves well in future. In fact, they spoke most reasonably and acknowledged that they were altogether in the wrong. I then told them that I was very willing to blot from my memory their dogly conduct, and that I was sure you would do so likewise. So I think you will find it to the advantage of all concerned to forget and forgive the past. But pray put your face against paying them for their bad conduct. In hopes that you will agree with my plans, I remain your sincere well wisher,

ARCHIBALD McKINLEY.'

"On Tuesday, the 5th, we called the Indians to hold a talk with them; the result of which was to gain a full acknowledgment of the first understanding we had with them before the establishment of the mission. This talk was fully interpreted to them by the interpreter at Walla Walla, and I do not know that it could have been more complete in all the relations required for the station. We told them plainly that unless they were ready to protect us and enforce good order, we would leave them; that we did not come to fight them, but to teach them. The first agitators were very full in their expressions of sorrow for their conduct, but Wap-tash-tak-mahl, who asked to be paid for their bad conduct and had pretended to be friendly, in the case showed duplicity and how loth he was to relinquish the hope of getting property, as he has also at other times since. A brother of Iich-ish-kais-kais, not at the time at the station, but who soon after arrived, made a feast at which, as usual on such occasions, sub-

jects of interest were discussed. He then proposed to require of us that we must distribute our cattle among them, or else they would require us to leave. Wap-tash-tak-mahl consented to the same, but Tak-an-ka-ik, who had been the principal agitator before, entreated them not to do it, assuring them that they should not extort cattle by fear, and desired them not to follow in his bad track, for which he was justly censured by the superintendent at Walla Walla, and incurred the name of a dog. It is said this brought tears into the eyes of Iich-ish-kais-kais, and a promise that he would not mention it again. Ka-mash-pa-hi, another who had arrived since the disturbance, said he advised all to be still and say no more about causing themselves to be paid for the land, wood, water, etc. He did not think we expected such things when we located on the vacant lands."[1]

(d) In 1842, a Nez Perces Indian, who had been at school at Red River, died, and his relatives managed to frighten some Columbia River Indians as being the cause of his death. In order to satisfy them the River Indians gave many horses and much property to some prominent relatives of the deceased. As these relatives passed the Doctor's station on their way home, he tried to show them the wickedness of their conduct, and to induce them to return it. Twelve or fourteen of them gathered at the Doctor's, quite angry, because of his plain talk, with a rope, bow and arrows with iron points, and a war club. Mrs. Whitman was present, and after considerable talk and some suspicious actions, which she saw, with the rope and war club, she went out slyly and called in some friends. When they came in the Indians saw that they were foiled, and at last promised to restore all the property they had received.[2]

It has already been briefly stated that soon after Dr. Whitman left for the East, in October, 1842, one night an Indian entered Mrs. Whitman's house with wicked intentions. Her own account of this in a letter dated October 7th, 1842, to her husband, is as follows: "I got dreadfully frightened last

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1891, pp. 154, 162.

[2] Letter of Mrs. Whitman in "Oregon Pioneer Transactions," 1891, pp. 141, 143.

night. About midnight I was awakened by some one trying to open my bedroom door. At first I did not know what to understand by it. I raised my head and listened a while, and then lay down again. Soon the latch was raised and the door opened a little. I sprang from the bed in a moment and closed the door again, but the ruffian pushed and I pushed and tried to latch it again, but could not succeed. Finally he gained upon me until he opened the door again, and as I supposed, disengaged his blanket (at the same time I calling John), and ran as if for his life. The east dining room was open. I thought it was locked, but it appeared that it was not. I fastened the door, lit a candle and went to bed, trembling and cold, but could not rest till I had called John [a Hawaiian] to bring his bed and sleep in the kitchen. It was in such a time that I found that he was too far off. Had he persisted I do not know what I should have done. I did not think of the war-club, but I did think of the poker. Thanks be to our Heavenly Father, He mercifully delivered me from the hands of a savage man. Mungo [a Hawaiian] arrived in the night some time, and came in to see me this morning. I told him about the Indian's coming into my room; the first time I spoke of it to any one. Soon after he went to Walla Walla, and left his wife with me. I did not think to write by him. He returned this eve, bringing letters from Mr. McKinley and Brother Gray, who, it seems, is not off yet, urging me to remove immediately to Walla Walla. Mungo told them of my fright last night. It alarmed them very much. Mr. McKinley and wife were coming here tomorrow, and she was going to stay some time with me, but he says he will not do it now, but insists on my removing there immediately. He has told Mungo to stay until he comes on Monday, and tomorrow he sends back the wagon for me to be ready to go on Tuesday. I shall go if I am able. They appear to be so anxious about me. Doubtless it is not safe for me to remain alone any longer. In talking to McKay and Feather Cap today about it, I told them I should leave and go below; I could not stay and be treated so. I told them I came near beating him.

"They said it would have been good if I had done so, and laid him flat so that they might have all seen who he was.

Some think there will be no further danger. I think it safe for me to go now, as our friends are so anxious about me, and Mr. McKinley so kindly offers to prepare a room to make me comfortable."[1]

Dr. E. White says it was an Indian chief who was the miscreant. Accordingly, Mrs. Whitman left her station as heretofore stated. Of it she says: "The Indians did not like my leaving very well—seem to regret the cause. I felt strongly to prefer to stay, if it could be considered prudent, but the care and anxiety were wearing on me too much." She was so unwell as to be obliged to lie down in the wagon most of the way to Walla Walla—twenty-five miles.

(f) Soon after she left the grist mill near their house was burned. This was a damage to the mission of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. McKinley says it was supposed to have been set on fire by the Indians. Of this Mrs. Whitman wrote in a letter to her parents: "This was very afflicting news to me, for all our living came out of the mill, principally, and not only ours at the station, but multitudes in the country in different ways were benefited by it. Probably there were more than two hundred bushels of wheat and corn and some flour burned—the mill bolt, threshing mill, even to a part of the waterwheel, were burnt. My poor husband will feel this sadly; so much of his labor lost and so much, too, that saves labor. I think sometimes that if I had not left, perhaps it would not have been burnt; but it will all work for the best for us and for the poor Indians, too. I left a good man there (William Geiger), but he could do nothing alone, as it was set on fire in the night and not discovered until it had made considerable progress. It is pretty difficult to ascertain whether it was the result of design or carelessness. It is said that two boys (and we know them to be of malicious habits) were fishing and threw fire down on the bank of the river, that communicated with the straw. The sensible part of the Cayuses feel the loss deeply, and they will feel it still more when they want their wheat ground. We hope it will be a good lesson to them, and be one means of

[1] "Oregon Pioneer Transactions," 1891, p. 163, etc.

making them a better people. Husband had prepared adobes to surround the mill before he left, but being called away so suddenly, Mr. Spalding engaged to see them put up. He had arrived at Waiilatpu when I left Walla Walla, and commenced work, but was sent for in great haste, as Mrs. Spalding was taken very sick, and was unable to take care of herself or children. This left the mill unfinished and unprotected."[1]

In December, 1842, Dr. E. White, U. S. Sub-Indian Agent, met some of the Cayuses, when Feather Cap acknowledged that in his opinion the mill was purposely burnt by some persons who were disaffected to Dr. Whitman. At that time it was expected to hold a council with the Cayuses, but they were scattered and so disaffected that it was not possible. It was, however, arranged to hold one the next May. This was held at the appointed time.[2] In the meantime there arose a great excitement, which at first began with the Indians of the interior of Oregon, as the Walla Walla, Cayuses, Nez Perces and others, but which spread to those in the Willamette Valley. The cause of this was that the Indians feared that the whites were coming to take possession of their lands, of which more will be said hereafter. The excitement was so great that Mrs. Whitman, April 11, 1843 wrote Mrs. Walker:

"All the talk is war, war, among the Indians; that some of the whites in the Willamette wished Dr. White to build a strong fortification in the center of the settlement; and that others wished him to take an armed force to the interior, and if words would not answer, make powder and balls do it."

The Doctor, however, preferred more peaceable means, and taking only Rev. G. Hines and one more attendant, with an interpreter, went first to Mr. Spalding's. Mrs. Whitman and Rev. H. K. W. Perkins joined them at The Dalles. After a pleasant interview with the Nez Perces they returned with Mr. Spalding to Dr. Whitman's station. Chief Ellis and five or six hundred Nez Perces also came. At the first meeting of these, with about three hundred Walla Wallas and Cayuses,

[1] "Oregon Pioneer Transactions," 1891, p. 172.
[2] White's "Thrilling Adventures," p. 191.

all mounted in the plain in front of Dr. Whitman's, there was great excitement; so that Chief Ellis said he thought the Cayuses really meant to fight them, and there had been rumors that war was expected between the two tribes; but Mr. Spalding's tact as this time in calling them off for worship, calmed them down. Four days were occupied with the council, at which the various matters were discussed and settled. A cow was given them for each horse which had been presented to Rev. J. Lee. Laws similar to those adopted by the Nez Perces the previous winter were adopted by them. Five Crows was elected head chief, and the whole affair was finished with a feast, for which Dr. White gave them an ox, he having given them another during the council, while Mrs. Whitman gave them a hog. Thus the whole affair ended peaceably, although Dr. McLoughlin strongly advised Dr. White against this course as being dangerous; and the Indians were ready to fight, as they supposed that Dr. White was coming with an armed force.[1]

(g) The land question still, however, continued to trouble the Indians; not that they still demanded pay from the Doctor for the amount that he used, so much as they feared that the Americans were about to take away all that they had. When Dr. Whitman departed in October, 1842, says Rev. G. Hines, with the avowed intention of bringing back with him as many as he could enlist for Oregon, they saw a deep laid scheme of the whites to destroy them, and take possession of their lands. Accordingly, the Nez Perces dispatched one of their chiefs on snowshoes during that winter to visit the Indians in the buffalo country east of Fort Hall for the purpose of exciting them to cut off the immigrants of 1843, but this was happily prevented.

The Cayuses talked freely with Mr. William Geiger, who had charge of Dr. Whitman's station during his absence in the East, and whom they considered their friend, of their fears on the subject. During that winter there was a rumor that the whites in the Willamette intended to march on them with

[1] White's "Thrilling Adventures," chapters 9, 20, and Hines' "Oregon," chapter 9.

an army, kill them all, and take their land. When they first heard of it, the young men were in favor of immediately marching to the Willamette and cutting off the whites; but the older chiefs were in favor of more caution. They thought it best to wait for more information. They often told Mr. Geiger that they did not wish to go to war, but if the Americans should come to conquer them, they would fight so long as they had a drop of blood left. They said that they had obtained their information about the intentions of the Americans from Baptiste Dorio, who was a half-breed, son of Madame Dorio, a heroine of Irving's Astoria, and who understood the Nez Perces well.

Mr. Geiger tried to induce them to cultivate the ground, as they had done the year before, but they refused, saying that Baptiste Dorio had told them that it would be of no use, as the Americans would come in the summer, kill them all, and destroy their plantations. Accordingly, they sent Yellow Serpent, a Walla Walla chief, to Vancouver to consult with Dr. McLoughlin about it. When he returned he said the Doctor had told him that he had nothing to do in a war with the Indians; that he did not believe that the Americans had designed to attack them and that if they did, the Hudson's Bay Company would not assist them. On learning this from the great Doctor, they became more calm, and many of them began cultivating their patches of ground.[1]

After Dr. Whitman's return from the East there is no evidence that any personal violence was used against him until the time of his death. Two or three causes, however, conspired to trouble the Indians, and to make the Doctor feel uneasy at times about his personal safety, and to cause his friends likewise to feel uneasy about him.

(h) In the fall of 1844 another circumstance occurred which greatly excited the Indians. It was the killing in California of Elijah Hedding, a young chief, the son of a prominent chief of the Walla Walla tribe. A number of the Walla Wallas, Cayuses and Spokanes combined to go to Californa to get more cattle. They obtained them. All went well until in

[1] Hines' "History of Oregon," pp. 164, 165.

an excursion for elk and deer skins they met a marauding party of mountain freebooters, fought and conquered them, and took twenty-two horses from them, all of which had previously been stolen from the whites. According to the narrative of the Indians the Spaniards claimed the horses, and even offered fifteen cows for them, but the chief would not consent to deliver them up, and the negotiations, unhappily, broke off. A day or two afterwards, an American saw his mule among the captured animals, and said he would have it. "Will you?" said Elijah Hedding, and stepping into his lodge he immediately loaded his rifle, and coming out, said, "Now go and take your mule." The American, much alarmed, said, "I hope you are not going to kill me." "No," said the young chief; "I am going to kill yonder eagle," which was perched on a neighboring oak. Not liking the appearance, the man left without attempting to take his mule. A day or two afterwards, the Indians walked down to Fort Sutter to church. After service, according to the Indians, Elijah was invited into another apartment, where he went, taking with him his uncle, a brave and sensible chief of about forty-five years. While there, unarmed and defenseless, the whites commenced threatening them about things alleged against the Indians of their region, in which none of them had participated, calling them thieves, dogs, and the like. The American then said: "Yesterday you were going to kill me; now you must die," at the same time drawing a pistol. Elijah, who had been five or six years at the Methodist mission near Salem, and had learned to read, write and speak English, said, "Let me pray a little first," and, kneeling down, began to do so. While thus engaged, he was shot dead on the spot. Every measure, the Indians said, was taken to cut them all off by the Spaniards, who brought out cannon and other firearms and hotly pursued them, but after much suffering all the rest arrived safely at home, leaving the herds they had paid for in California.

When they arrived at home all the Indians were much excited. A part were for immediately raising two thousand warriors, going to California, and avenging the death of the young chief. Others wished first to learn how it would be regarded in the Willamette, and whether the Americans there would re-

main neutral, and others were for holding the Americans in Oregon responsible, as Elijah was killed by an American. Ellis, head chief of the Nez Perces, was immediately sent to the Willamette to see Dr. White about it. On his way he called on Dr. McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas, who were in charge of Fort Vancouver, who sympathized with the sufferers, and at the same time attempted to calm the chief. Dr. Whitman was very uneasy over this affair, and wrote of his fears to Dr. White by Ellis. Dr. White promised to write to the Governor of California, Captain Sutter, and other influential men about the matter; he wrote a sympathizing letter to the Indians, and invited the chiefs, with Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, to meet and confer with him on the subject in the fall. He also made some other conditional promises to them about a school which they much desired.[1]

Mr. Spalding, according to Father Brouillet, says that several meetings were held by the Indians to consider whether Dr. Whitman, himself, or some other American teacher, should be killed as a set-off for Elijah.[2] Dr. Whitman, too, felt that the matter was not settled, but only slumbered. While on a visit to the Willamette in the spring of 1845, he expressed his apprehensions to Dr. McLoughlin, and the latter agreed with him on the danger of the situation, and advised him to go to the Willamette. It is not probable, however, that this affair had anything to do with the murder of Dr. Whitman, although the Cayuses referred to it at that time, as Elijah was a Walla Walla Indian, but the Walla Wallas remained peaceful during that trouble.

(i) Another cause of trouble was the influence which the Catholics had upon the Indians. Whether or not any of them worked directly to induce the Indians to murder the Doctor is a question which has been widely discussed, and about which different opinions are held. There is, however, little, if any, doubt but that their indirect influence—the natural result of their teaching—aroused hostile feelings in the minds of the Indians. Istikus, a Cayuse chief, said after the death of Dr.

[1] White's "Thrilling Adventures," pp. 243, 250.
[2] Brouillet's "Protestantism in Oregon," p. 7.

Whitman: "The Catholic priests told them that what the Doctor taught them would take them to the devil, and the Doctor told them that what the priests told them would take them to the devil. After the priests told them that, the Indians said they believed it, for the Doctor did not cure them." Father Brouillet says that Tilaukait, the Cayuse chief, at one time offered them a certain piece of land for a Catholic mission, but afterwards changed his mind, saying it was too small, and the chief then said that he had no other place to give but that of Dr. Whitman's, whom he intended to send away. All that here need be stated is the fact that some of the Indians became angry at the Doctor through the presence and teachings of the Catholics.[1]

[1] No history covering the period of Whitman's activity as a pioneer of the West and the tragedy by which it was terminated can be complete and true if it ignores the Catholic missionaries and their work among the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, nor can the facts be told, however dispassionately, without provoking controversy, while there yet remains among the living those on the one side who will not assent to an acquittal of the priests of responsibility for engendering among the Indians who participated in the massacre feelings of animosity towards Whitman and all Americans; and those on the other side who resent any and every suggestion of bad faith on the part of the priests, and will not be satisfied with any statement which does not give them credit for being true emissaries of peace and good will to all men and for active benevolence and neighborly kindness towards Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and repudiate the idea that their influence was more favorable to continuation of the domination of the Hudson's Bay Company and British interests in Oregon, than to American supremacy. A true history should not suppress facts and it should silence controversy, hence the necessity for time to accomplish its task of eliminating entirely the prejudices of the actors and their friends before the impartial historian can hope to do his work as it should be done.

Theological differences between Christians of different sects are extremely difficult for the untutored minds of savages to comprehend. The Cayuses and Walla Wallas were doubtless unable to reconcile Catholic doctrine with the teachings of the Protestant missionaries. If their own crude ideas concerning heretics were used as a pretext for fomenting among themselves ill-will towards Whitman, as seems probable, nevertheless, De Smet, Brouillet, the Blanchets and Demers, lived too long in the country and their virtues were known and appreciated by too many people to leave any ground for supposing that

In the winter of 1846-7 there was so much dissatisfaction that Dr. Whitman felt quite uneasy about affairs, and a council of the Cayuses was called to discuss the question of Dr. Whitman's remaining. Mr. McBean, then in charge of Fort Walla Walla, kept the Indians somewhat excited by telling them of the Mexican War. Dr. Whitman then proposed to the Indians that the majority of the tribe should let him know what they wanted, but when the vote was taken, only two or three were found to be in favor of his leaving. The Doctor, however, thought seriously about going, but Mr. Geiger says: "I told him I thought it their duty to remain. I thought the Indians as quiet as communities in general; in old places there were more or less difficulties and excitements." Mr. Geiger was clearly of the opinion that the influence of the Roman Catholic priests through Lehai, a French half-breed, Tom Hill, a Delaware Indian, and others, was the cause of the discouragement of Dr. Whitman at this time. This Tom Hill had told the Indians that a few Americans had come at first to settle on the lands of the Shawnees, but when they were strong enough they had driven the Shawnees away, so that the Shawnees had no land left. He also told them that the Americans would treat them in the same way. Dr. Whitman knew these things and was determined that no whites should settle on the lands of the Cayuses until the government should pay them for their lands, if he could prevent it.

In the spring of 1847 Dr. Whitman was again in the Willamette, and while there called upon Judge J. Q. Thornton, at Oregon City, and talked freely of the perils to which he feared all connected with his station were exposed. He said that he believed nothing short of the speedy establishment of a terri-

unprejudiced students of history will believe them to have been guilty of malevolently endeavoring to instigate the Indians to commit deeds of violence.

That the priests faithfully preached to the Indians the doctrines of their church antagonistic to Protestantism, cannot be doubted, but the time has not come yet when the facts in detail concerning their doctrinal teachings and the effect can be boldly set forth and be accepted as truth.

C. H. HANFORD.

MOST REV. F. N. BLANCHET, Archbishop of Oregon
VERY REV. J. B. BROUILLET, Vicar General Diocese of Nisqually
RIGHT REV. MODESTE DEMERS, Bishop of Vancouver Island, B. C.
RIGHT REV. A. M. A. BLANCHET, Bishop of Nisqually

torial government would save him and his mission from falling under the hands of the murderous savage. He urged Judge Thornton to go at once to Washington City, on behalf of the people and the provisional government and for other purposes. Judge Thornton had sought to induce P. H. Burnett afterwards Governor of California, to go, himself being adverse to doing so, but this interview decided him to go, if Governor Abernethy would furnish him with the necessary letter to the President of the United States. Governor Abernethy did so, and Judge Thornton resigned his position as Judge of the Supreme Court, and went to Washington. It proved, however, to be too late to save Dr. Whitman.[1]

Hon. Jesse Applegate, Mr. F. Pettygrove, and perhaps others, advised the Doctor to leave when dangers began to thicken and threaten, and he repeatedly said that he would if the Indians so wished, but a large majority said he must not; and he thought the times would soon change, as he believed that the United States would soon extend a territorial government over the country.[2]

The matter was also discussed in the mission bands, says Rev. C. Eells, D. D. The Doctor determined to remain during the next winter, 1847-48, but said to the other missionaries, "If I stay and lose my life, you are exonerated." Previous to the time when the measles were introduced, he consulted with Istikus, his special Indian friend, who thought it safe for the Doctor to remain.

In order to render his situation more safe, however, he asked Mr. Thomas McKay, then at Walla Walla, to spend the winter with him, but Mr. McKay could not on account of his own business.[3] As already stated, he determined to remove from his own station to The Dalles in the spring. According to his nephew, P. B. Whitman, he was afraid for his own life from the Cayuses, but thought no one else would be harmed.[4]

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1874, p. 83.
[2] Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 484.
[3] Brouillet's "Protestantism in Oregon," p. 8.
[4] Gilbert's "Historic Sketches," p. 114.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATHOLICS.

Dr. Whitman came to the country in 1836. The first Catholic priests came two years later, Rev. F. N. Blanchet and Rev. M. Demers. They reached Fort Walla Walla November 18, 1838, where they remained twenty-four hours, and baptized three persons, celebrated one mass, and were visited by some of the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians. Mr. Pambrun, who was then in charge, gave them a cordial welcome. His wife, an Indian woman, and his children were then at Fort Vancouver, and on December 18th of the same year his three girls and their mother were baptized and his marriage was blessed. On a subsequent visit to Walla Walla by Rev. M. Demers, says the *History of the Catholic Church in Oregon,* "the young chief brought his child to be baptized by the priest, Mr. Pambrun having consented to be its godfather, which gained for him great displeasure from the Doctor."

Mr. T. F. Farnham gives quite a lengthy description of this latter baptism and the interview of the priests with the Indians, as given by one of their number, as it occurred while he was at Dr. Whitman's. He says: "On the morning of the twenty-fifth [of September, 1839] an old chief of the second rank entered Dr. Whitman's sitting room, and seated himself on the floor in the corner of the apartment, with a countenance that showed nothing in particular, except that he was an Indian that had worn out some fifty years of his pilgrimage, without bowing either his spine or his pride. After sitting half an hour . . . he addressed Dr. Whitman in such words as induced him to seat himself. A conversation then commenced on some topic of apparent interest to both parties, and continued for two hours. Mrs. Whitman, who understood the language, appeared to listen, and to be greatly interested. . . . After the colloquy ended I . . . asked a transla-

tion of the old Indian's communication. Its substance was . . . that one of the priests in the fullness of his love for the well being of the Nez Perces, and by some agreeable casualty in the events of his spiritual life, met that tribe, chief and people at Fort Walla Walla, and going to them in the fullness of his holy calling, spake on this wise: 'There is in a very distant part of the earth a man of God, who is over good people, and holds, as the vice-regent of Jesus Christ, the keys of heaven and hell. Next to him in rank, goodness and power are twelve others, who represent the twelve apostles, and live near his person. Next to these twelve, in the exericise of God's authority, are many thousands of priests, spread abroad over the whole earth, who are commissioned to hear confession of sins, and by the right of absolution to bind those on earth who would eventually be bound in the enjoyments of heaven. But he averred that he had reasons to believe that the Indians lent wicked ears to the Americans who were ignorant unbelievers and heretics, and held doctrines abominable to God and the holy Church. The Americans knew nothing about religion, except what they had learned from the holy Church, and of that little had such blind notions that they could never enlighten a darkened Indian mind.'

"Here a Skyuse (Cayuse) said, with much heretical impertinence, 'Yes, they do. The Americans give us many new ideas about God, and teach us to sing and worship.' After this very irreverent interruption, the priest continued: 'I tell you, Nez Perces and Skyuses, that you must leave the Americans if you would have your souls saved. What do these Americans for you? What presents have they ever made you? Nothing! If you only obey me and leave the Americans, and come down here and encamp around this Fort, and hear to them no more, the Great Father, representative of the Maker of all the world and its people, will in the spring send you a teacher to save you from the dreadful fires which consume heretics in the world of souls, and will send you many presents, for he is vastly rich. Look at these Americans; how poor they are! They dress meanly and are obliged to work.'

"Here the high chief of the Nez Perces, in the most wicked

and heretical manner, asked his reverence, 'Was Jesus Christ rich?' The priest not condescending to reply to his ungodly impudence, the wicked chief continued, 'Did Jesus Christ wear long, black, shining robes as you do? Had he any tent to cover his head? Are you Jesus Christ's man? One of your chiefs came among us many moons ago, and set up a great pole, raised on it a King George flag, and told us to dance around it on the Sabbath days. We did as he bade us. But we learned no new ideas. Our hearts were still for war. We had no upward thoughts. He told us the next year he would send us a teacher, but none came. We do not know when your Jesus Christ's men talk the truth. The Americans live among us, teach us to read and sing and worship. We know what they do. We hear their words, and see no evil in them. This is my heart and the heart of my people.' The priest was much pained at the stubbornness and heresy of the Nez Perces and Skyuse, and in the exercise of his high functions consigned them to purgatory. He, however, baptized the children of the high chief of the Skyuse, and obliged him to put away his favorite wife, the mother of all his children.

"To these reports Dr. Whitman gave but little credence, so at variance were some of the facts related with what he presumed the Hudson's Bay Company would permit to be done by anyone in their employment or under their patronage—the abuse of American citizens, and an ungentlemanly interference with their characters and calling.

"On the morning of the 27th, the high chief returned to the mission, full of grief at the loss of the mother of his children. He said that the priest urged him to avoid the Americans, and stay at the Fort, and that he had replied to him that his farm and cattle and provisions and people were with the Americans, and that he should stay with them."[1]

The above is the story as it came through the Indians and Mr. Farnham, whose style is somewhat peculiar.

That Dr. Whitman was, however, uneasy about these events is certain. In a letter written to Mr. Spalding about this time he spoke of some difficulty from the Catholic priest. He

[1] "Farnham's Travels," chap. 7.

said that the priest was then at Walla Walla calling the Indians, and telling them that we are false teachers, because we do not feed and clothe the people; that we have wives as other men, and wear pantaloons as common men, and not frocks as he does. The people are told not to come near the Doctor, as he is a bad man, and has made no Christians as yet, but he will fit them all for heaven soon.

To the Board at Boston Rev. A. B. Smith wrote somewhat similarly from Dr. Whitman's station. He said: "The time has now come when we are convinced that what we do must be done quickly. Papacy is now making its appearance, and the errors of that church are beginning to be diffused among this people. At this time [September 13, 1839] the Catholic priest is at Walla Walla instructing the people, and the Indians are gathering together there to listen to the false doctrines which he inculcates. Already has the priest denounced us because we have wives, and the people are told that they are going to hell because they are unbaptized. How much influence this may have on them we know not. One thing is certain—the natural heart loves such instruction as the Catholics usually give, and we have reason to fear that our work will soon be done among this people."[1]

To his brother in May, 1841, Dr. Whitman also wrote: "There is likely to be a strong Catholic division here for one thing. It has been fostered more or less by our late neighbor, Mr. Pambrun, who died on the 15th inst. from an injury received by a fall from a horse." To Mrs. Whitman's parents he wrote, October 6, 1841, of a "picture of a tree hanging in Chief Factor McLoughlin's room at Vancouver, which represents all Protestants at the withered ends of the several branches of Papacy, falling off down into infernal society and flames, as represented at the bottom. This gives a good idea of their manner of instruction to the Indians as drawn out in manuscript, and given to them, accompanied with oral instructions of a similar character. The possession of one of these manuscripts by an Indian binds him not to hear any more the instructions of Protestants, so far as my observation can prove."[2]

[1] "Missionary Herald," 1840, p. 329.

[2] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1891, p. 150.

The use of the printing press, which had arrived in 1839, about the time of the visit of the priest, aided the mission. Small books and pamphlets were printed and freely distributed among both the Cayuse and Nez Perces Indians, and this so pleased and interested them that in a measure it counteracted the influence of the priest. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were considerably successful in their efforts in the same direction. While the priest introduced the Catholic tree and ladder, the picture above referred to, Mrs. Spalding painted a picture, which both imparted a large amount of Bible information and gave the Protestant Indians a considerable advantage.[1]

Still Dr. Whitman did not feel easy. He was fully alive to the efforts which the Roman Catholics were making to gain the mastery on the Pacific Coast, and he was firmly persuaded that they were working in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a view to this very end. The danger from this quarter had made a profound impression on his mind. Under date of April 1, 1847, he said: "In the autumn of 1842 I pointed out to our mission the arrangements of the papists to settle in our vicinity, and that it only required that those arrangements should be completed to close our operations."[2]

The difficulty in 1841, spoken of in the previous chapter, when the Doctor nearly lost his life, was originated by a Catholic Indian, Joe Gray, and carried on by another, Til-an-ka-ik, according to the letter of Dr. Whitman there given.

In the fall of 1842, Rev. E. Walker, in writing to the Board in order to induce it to rescind its order to discontinue the stations of Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, said while speaking of Catholic influence, "the people have been told that our teaching is erroneous, and we should even be compelled to leave the field."

In the spring of 1843, while Dr. Whitman was in Missouri, waiting for the emigration to start, he wrote letters to his relations, in which he speaks of General J. C. Fremont and his company going along to explore, most of whom, he says, were Catholics. He also added: "Two papal priests and their

[1] Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 184, and his "Indian Question," p. 33.

[2] "Missionary Herald," 1866, p. 374.

lay helpers are along; and Father De Smet has gone back in order to go to Europe to bring others by ship. I want you to get De Smet's Indian Sketches. It can be found at the Catholic book stores. You will see in what way the Society of Jesus do their missionary work, and what we have to contend with in Oregon."

From time to time a few other Catholic missionaries arrived in Oregon, but no mission was begun near Walla Walla until 1847. Some of the priests visited that place about every year, and intercourse was kept up between them and the Indians who inclined toward them. In the main, however, they confined themselves to the Willamette Valley, Vancouver, the Cowlitz, Puget Sound, and among the Flatheads. In the Willamette and on Puget Sound, according to their own statements, they had made every possible effort to draw the Indians away from the Methodist missionaries, and in the main they had been successful.

About the 8th of April, 1839, Rev. D. Leslie of the Methodist mission reached the Cowlitz on his way to Nisqually, where he intended to establish a mission. This information at once prompted Rev. Mr. Blanchet to send Father Demers to Nisqually, in order to forestall and counteract him. The priest immediately went. He was well received by Mr. Kitson, the commander of the post, and by the Indians; he remained there ten days and baptized Mrs. Kitson and fourteen others, married two couples, and left with the conviction that there was a very feeble chance for a Methodist mission, and that Mr. Wilson, whom Mr. Leslie had left there, must have felt very despondent. This visit at this time, says the Catholic historian, "was forced upon him by the establishment of a Methodist mission there for the Indians."[1]

In 1841 the priests went among the Indians that had been under the Methodists at Wapato Lake, held meetings there and baptized some, which was "the beginning of their abandonment of Methodism." They also went to Oregon City, and "nine families out of ten were rescued from Brother Waller."

In fact, this was their acknowledged policy. Says the same

[1] "History of the Catholic Church in Oregon," pp. 87-89-96-119-121.

historian: "In a word, they were to run after the sheep when they were in danger. Thence their passing so oft from one post to another, for neither the white people nor the Indians claimed their assistance in vain. And it was enough for them to hear that some false prophet had penetrated into a place or intended visiting some locality, to induce the missionaries to go there immediately to defend the faith and prevent error from propagating itself."[1]

Dr. Whitman realized these facts and plans, hence it was not strange that he feared their influence. Many have noted the fact that the Catholics seem to be far more successful with the Indians, and perhaps with other heathen, than the Protestants. It is a fact that often at first they are, but whether they are so in the long run, in reality, is another question, not so readily answered in the affirmative. Many Indians on the Pacific Coast have asked and begged for missionaries, not because they wished to change their religion, but because they saw the power of the whites, wished for that power, and felt that in some way or other the white man's religion was connected with his power; also, having heard of heaven and hell, they wish to gain the one and escape the other. Not being sufficiently educated to distinguish the principles which separate Catholicism from Protestantism, they have been willing to accept either, both being white men's religions. The Catholic religion is the easiest to them, consisting more of forms and ceremonies and show, which is attractive to the eye, or, as Rev. A. B. Smith says, more in accordance with the desires of the natural heart. The Protestant religion tells them that the heart must be changed, as it naturally is in enmity against God, and hence when the Indians are told that they may be on the road to heaven by being baptized and going through a few ceremonies, and at the same time feel that they are on the road to a little of the white man's power and happiness in this world, they very naturally at first often accept the Catholic teaching. Dr. Whitman realized these facts, and hence feared the interference of the Catholics.

By the close of 1844, the Catholics claimed to have brought six thousand pagans in Oregon and British Columbia to the

[1] "History of the Catholic Church in Oregon," p. 64.

faith. Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet had been appointed Archbishop of Oregon City, the country had been divided into three sees—Oregon City, Vancouver and Walla Walla. Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet was Bishop of Walla Walla.

Many of the Cayuses had been drawn to the Catholic faith. Mr. Hines says: "One half, including some prominent chiefs." Mr. A. McKinley, the friend of Dr. Whitman and a Protestant, had been removed from having charge of Fort Walla Walla, and Mr. William McBean, a Catholic, had been put in his place. It is plain that while most of the leaders of the Hudson's Bay Company were Protestants, yet they were quite willing, for at least two reasons, that the Catholics should have their protection and favors. One was that a large number of the employes were French Catholics, and they were willing that such should have their own priests. The other was a question of policy. The Protestant missionaries were Americans, and next to their love of God loved their country; many of them were working that Oregon should become a part of the United States. The Hudson's Bay Company did not wish this. They foresaw, what has since occurred, that such action would destroy their business. No Protestant English missionaries came, and so the only missionaries who might favor the efforts of the company to secure the country for England, in order that it might be made over to them for a hunting and trapping region, were the Catholics; and these were thought to be willing to help the company in this respect, in return for their protection.

"The arrival of the Bishop of Walla Walla with his clergy at the Fort," says the Catholic historian, "was a thunderbolt to the Presbyterian ministers, specially to Dr. Whitman. He was wounded to the heart by it. He could not refrain from expressing his great dissatisfaction, saying he would do all in his power to thwart the Bishop."[1]

The Bishop remained at Fort Walla Walla until the 27th of October, when he went to the camp of the Cayuses on the Umatilla River.

[1] "History of the Catholic Missions in Oregon," p. 165.

All that transpired between the priests, Mr. McBean and the Indians while the Bishop remained at the Fort will never be fully known. Father Brouillet says that the young chief, Taw-a-towe, when asked if he wished for a priest, replied that he did; he was then told that he could have one, but only one for the whole nation. The question of location was then discussed. The young chief was willing to give him a house and land at his place on the Umatilla, but thought it would be better to have the Catholic mission near Dr. Whitman's. Ti-lau-kait, the chief at Dr. Whitman's station, was then sent for, and he offered to give the Father Dr. Whitman's station, but Father Brouillet replied that he would not have that, and so other land near by was promised. When the Father went to look at the land, Ti-lau-kait said that he had changed his mind and would give him no place but Dr. Whitman's. This Brouillet declined, left the place, and prepared to settle on the Umatilla about forty miles distant.[1]

Dr. Whitman knew considerable of what was going on. Under the date of October 18, 1847, he wrote to the Board: "I will not repeat what Mr. Rodgers has written about the Papists farther than that all are Jesuits who are to labor among the Indians. . . . It will be well for you to know that from what we can learn their object will be to colonize around them. I cannot blame myself that the plan I laid down when I was in Boston [in 1843] was not carried out. If we could have had good families, say two or three together, to have placed in select spots among the Indians, the present crisis which I feared would not have come." Perhaps the reader will remember the earnest appeal which he made to the Board, in a letter on Page 136. Only two days before his death, while he and Mr. Spalding were riding to the Umatilla, they conversed on the danger which threatened them from the Catholic influence.

[1] "Brouillet's Protestantism in Oregon," pp. 17, 34.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MASSACRE.

On the 29th of November, 1847, one of the saddest events occurred which has been known in the history of the Northwest Coast—the Whitman massacre, by which the Doctor and thirteen others were killed, his family blotted out of existence, and the Oregon Mission destroyed.[1]

Mr. Spalding arrived at Dr. Whitman's station November 22nd, having come from Lapwai, with his daughter Eliza, then ten years old, and with several horse loads of grain, which were to help feed the immigrants who were wintering there. He found the Indians dying rapidly from measles and dysentery, and the whites sick with the same diseases, one of their children dying on the 23rd. At this time Dr. Whitman's family consisted of himself and wife; Mr. Andrew Rodgers, who had come to the country in 1845, but who had been employed by the Doctor on his arrival as a teacher and had become an assistant missionary studying for the ministry; a brother and sister named Bewley; seven Sager children, already referred to as having been adopted by the Doctor; Helen Mar, a half-breed daughter of Joseph Meek; Mary A., another half-breed,

[1] Full accounts of this event have been given by Mr. Gray in his "History of Oregon," Mrs. Victor in her "River of the West," Mr. Spalding in various lectures and newspaper articles (he having spent many years in collecting from various parties the details of the massacre), and Mr. G. H. Gilbert in his "Historic Sketches of Walla Walla and Other Countries of the Interior of Washington and Oregon" (who, however, follows Mr. Spalding very closely). In the main these accounts agree, but in many of the details they differ, and where they differ it is somewhat difficult to learn the exact facts. The author has, however, not thought it best to go into as full details as some of them have done, as such full records are preserved.

the daughter of Captain Bridger; a half-breed Spanish boy, whom the Doctor had brought up from infancy; and two sons of Mr. Manson of the Hudson's Bay Company, fifteen in all. There were also at his station, and at his saw-mill in the Blue Mountains, fifteen or twenty miles distant, eight other families, who, with a few single persons, numbered fifty-two persons. Most of these were poor immigrants of that year, who felt that they could go no farther until the next spring, and whom the Doctor was aiding and employing in various ways.

There were also about the station three other persons, Joe Lewis, Nicholas Finley, and Joseph Stanfield, who did not belong to the Cayuse tribe, and were more or less employed by the Doctor, and who yet evidently knew what was about to occur, and hence may be reckoned among the conspirators.

Joe Lewis, as far as can be learned, was a Canadian Indian, said to have come from Canada in 1847 with a party of priests and French, by whom, it was said, the measles were brought into the immigrant train of that year. He accompanied the party as far as Fort Boise, where they left him, and from thence he found his way to Dr. Whitman's, apparently destitute of clothes or shoes. He immediately made himself at home at the Doctor's, but the Doctor soon found that he was making trouble among the Indians, and finding an immigrant who was going on and in want of a teamster, he furnished Joe Lewis with a shirt and shoes, and induced him to go on with the immigrant. But on the second day he ran away, and on the third day was back again at Dr. Whitman's, where he took a leading part in the massacre. As soon as that was over, he selected the Manson boys and the Spanish half-breed, and arranged to send them to Fort Walla Walla. Mr. McBean says that he afterwards returned to Forts Boise and Hall, and Mr. McDonald, of Fort Colville, says that some years afterwards he killed the guide of a company of United States soldiers and was shot. There have also been other rumors as to his subsequent career and death, and it is somewhat difficult to learn much about him.

Joseph Stanfield was a Canadian Frenchman.

Nicholas Finley was a French half-breed, who had formerly

kept the horses of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was at this time stopping among the Indians near the mission.[1]

While Mr. Spalding was at the Doctor's, a message came from two Walla Walla chiefs on the Umatilla River, asking the Doctor to visit their sick villages, about twenty-five miles distant. Together the two missionaries set out for the place, on Saturday eve, November 27th. Says Mr. Spalding: "The night was dark and the rain beat furiously upon us, but our interview was sweet. We little thought it was to be our last. With feelings of the deepest emotion we called to mind the fact that eleven years before, we crossed this trail before arriving at Walla Walla, the end of our seven months' journey from New York. We called to mind the high hopes and thrilling interests which had been awakened during the year that followed—of our successful labor, and the constant devotedness of the Indians to improvement. True, we remembered the months of deep solicitude we had, occasioned by the increasing menacing demands of the Indians for pay for their wood, their water, their air, their lands. But much of this had passed away, and the Cayuses were in a far more encouraging condition than ever before."

That night they reached the lodge of Istikus, ever a firm friend of the Doctor's and the whites, and the Sabbath was observed with due decorum. After breakfast the Doctor crossed the river to visit the chiefs who had sent for him, and returned about four o'clock in the afternoon, saying that he had taken tea with the Catholic Bishop and two priests, at their house, and they had promised to visit him in a short time. Feeling uneasy about the sick ones at home, the Doctor

[1] At his lodge, it is said, the plans were arranged for the massacre. After it took place, and while the women and children were held as captives, he claimed Mrs. Hays as his wife. The next year, at the battle between the Oregon volunteers and the Indians near the Umatilla, he was among the Indians and gave the signal when the battle was to begin.

felt it to be his duty to return that evening, while Mr. Spalding remained.[1]

Just as Dr. Whitman left Istikus' lodge and was mounting his horse, Istikus[2] came to him and told him that "Joe Lewis was making trouble; that he was telling his (Istikus') people that the Doctor and Mr. Spalding were poisoning the Indians, so as to give their country to his own people." He added: "I do not believe him, but some do, and I fear they will do you harm; you had better go away for awhile until my people have better hearts."

Dr. Whitman reached home late in the night, visited some sick ones before retiring, and told his wife what Istikus had told him. The next morning, as he thought of this and other threats and stories which he had heard, he appeared more serious than usual, and said that if he could he would move his family below, but that he did not see how he could. Mrs. Whitman did not come to breakfast, but one of the children took some to her. She was sitting, with her face buried in her handkerchief, weeping. She took the food, motioned for the child to go away, but did not eat it.

An Indian died that morning, and the Doctor attended the funeral. He noticed that only two or three Indians were present, although a multitude were around. It caused some fear, and he said to his wife, "What does this mean?" But a beef had been brought in, and was being killed, and this, with the supposition that they were afraid of taking the disease, was supposed to account for their absence.

Just after dinner Francis Sager shot the ox which was to be beefed. Messrs. Kimball, Canfield and Hoffman were dressing it; Mr. Sanders was in the school, having just called it in for the afternoon; Mr. Marsh was grinding at the mill; Mr. Gillan was at his tailor's bench in a large adobe building near

[1] He started to return on the following Wednesday, but when not a great way from Dr. Whitman's he met Father Brouillet and his half-breed interpreter, from whom he learned about the massacre, which had occurred two days previous, whereupon he turned and fled, and after great suffering reached his home at Lapwai.

[2] According to Mrs. S. C. Pringle, one of the Doctor's adopted children.

the Doctor's; Mr. Hall was laying a floor in a room adjoining the Doctor's sitting room; Mr. Sales was lying sick in the family of Mr. Canfield, who were living in the blacksmith shop; Mr. Bewley was lying sick in the Doctor's house; John Sager was in the kitchen, partly recovered from the measles; Mr. Osborn and family were in the Indian room next the Doctor's sitting room; Mr. Rodgers was in the garden; and Dr. Whitman and wife were in the dining room with their three sick children.

About two o'clock an Indian came to the side door and asked for the Doctor. He arose and went out of the room, but soon returned and sat down on the settee. Then, taking his medicine chest, he went into the kitchen, where two Indians were waiting to see him.

Ti-lau-kait, the war chief, began to talk with the Doctor to keep his attention, while Tam-a-has, the murderer, came behind him, and drawing a pipe tomahawk from under his blanket struck the Doctor on the back of his head. The first blow stunned him and his head fell on his breast; the second blow following instantly on the top of his head, brought him to the floor senseless, but not lifeless. Tam-a-has then said: "I have killed my father."

The signal being now given, probably by Joe Lewis, the terrible work began at all points. John Sager immediately drew a pistol and was about to shoot, when he was caught by the Indians, thrown to the floor, shot, and hacked with knives in a terrible manner. In this struggle two Indians were wounded by each other, one in the hand, the other in the foot—the only Indian blood shed during the massacre.[1]

As soon as the tumult began, Mrs. Whitman began in agony to cry out, "Oh, the Indians! The Indians! That Joe Lewis has done it all!" Other women came running in, for the massacre was going on without as well as within. Outside the shrieks of the women, the yells of the Indians, the noise of furious riding, of war clubs, groans, and every frightful combination, such as only can be at such a carnival of blood, were heard.

[1] Mrs. Pringle says that Mr. Hoffman split the foot of one Indian.

With some help Mrs. Whitman drew her husband to the sofa and laid him on it, doing all that could be done to revive him, but to no purpose, for to every question he only answered a whispered "no," probably not conscious of what he said. The struggle came nearer and nearer. Two men were killed beneath the window. Starting up to see this, Mrs. Whitman saw Joe Lewis, and said: "Is it you, Joe, who are doing this?" This gave a good opportunity, and a young Indian, who had received many acts of kindness from her, shot her in the breast. She immediately fell without a groan, but soon recovered enough to stagger towards the sofa where the Doctor lay, and here she knelt in prayer, praying for her adopted ones (the Sager children), now a second time to be left orphans, saying, "Lord, save these little ones," and for her father and mother in the States, that they might be sustained in the terrible shock. She cried: "This will kill my poor mother." The only expression of personal regret which she was heard to utter was sorrow that her father and mother should live to know that she had died in such a way. She had previously ordered the doors fastened and the sick children removed upstairs. Others had already gone up, and she was now assisted to the same place, where were Mr. Kimball, Mr. Rodgers, Mrs. Hays, two girls, and three sick children. She had scarcely reached the place when the windows and doors were broken in below, and with whoops and yells the savages rushed into the room. Among them was Ti-lau-kait, a favorite with the mission, and then on probation to be received into the church. He deliberately chopped to pieces the face of the Doctor, who was still breathing.

The school children were now brought into the house by the Indians, and Joe Lewis talked of shooting them. Guns were pointed at them, but after being tormented in this manner for a time they were taken out. Some Indians attempted to go upstairs, but seeing the end of an old gun, they stopped. There was a long talk between Tam-suk-y, Mr. Rodgers and Mrs. Whitman. He tried to induce them to come down, while they tried to get him to come up. He said he was afraid there were Americans there concealed who might kill him, but he said that if Mrs. Whitman and all the others would come down

they would not be harmed, but that they would be taken over to the other house where the other families were collected in safety, and that it would be better for them to do so, as the young men would burn the house at night. As other Indians began to talk loudly of burning the house, there seemed to be no other way to do but to go down and trust to the promises of the Indians. When the Indians first came to the stairs, the women collected around Mrs. Whitman, who lay bleeding, saying, "The Indians are coming; we are to die, but we are not prepared; what shall we do?" She, dying, replied, "Go to Jesus and ask Him, and He will save you."

As Mrs. Whitman came down stairs, leaning on the arm of Mr. Rodgers (his other arm having been shot and broken at the first attack before he entered the house), she saw the face of her husband so shockingly mutilated that she fell fainting on the sofa, just as the Doctor gave his dying gasp. The sofa on which she lay was lifted and was being taken out of the kitchen door by Mrs. Hays and Mr. Rodgers, when the latter saw the treachery which they had feared, and which had made them so unwilling to come down stairs. A half-circle of Indians were standing outside, and as the guns were raised, he had only time to drop the sofa and cry, "Oh, my God, have mercy," when a shower of balls came, and he fell, wounded, though not lifeless. Some of the balls also pierced Mrs. Whitman. Mr. Rodgers lingered some time, the last words he was heard to say, being, "Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and these he frequently repeated, till his voice failed. The body of Mrs. Whitman was thrown from the sofa into the mud, where she breathed her last, a little while before Mr. Rodgers died.

It was now growing dark, and those who were still dying were treated with great indignity, after which the Indians retired to their lodges. The others who were killed on this day were Messrs. Hoffman, Sanders, Gillan, Marsh, John Sager and Francis Sager, Helen M. Meek died a few days afterwards from neglect. Mr. Canfield, though wounded, escaped to the brush, and hid himself till night, when he fled to Lapwai, where he arrived the next Saturday afternoon, carrying the first news of the massacre to Mrs. Spalding. Mr. Hall, though wounded, ran to the bushes, carrying with him a gun which

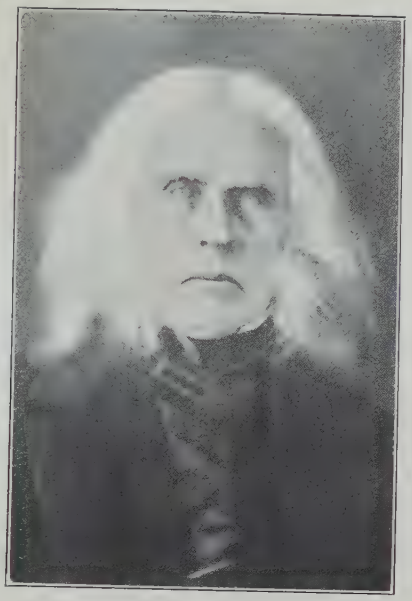
he had wrenched from an Indian. He escaped and went to Fort Walla Walla, where he arrived the next morning.[1]

Mr. Osborne, as soon as the murders began, raised a board in the floor, put his family beneath, went under himself, and lay crouching there till late at night, hearing much that occurred. When the Indians retired, he took his family and started for Fort Walla Walla. Mrs. Osborne, having been recently confined, was able to go only two miles, when they hid themselves in the brush. The next night they went three miles, when her strength gave way. Knowing that at this rate they must perish with hunger and exposure before they could reach the fort, Mr. Osborne took one child and went to the fort, hiding the rest of the family in the bushes. He reached the fort on Thursday, where he was received very coldly by Mr. McBean, but at last obtained an Indian guide and returned. After great difficulty he found his family, and they were saved.

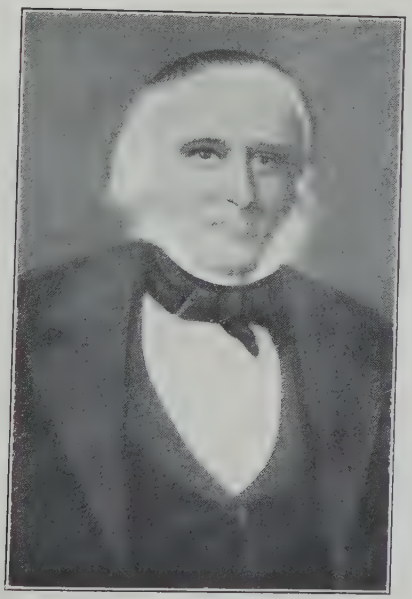
Mr. Kimball, who, wounded, had remained hid in the house until he could endure his sufferings no longer, went the next day for water and was immediately shot and killed. Mr. James Young, who was coming from the saw mill with a team, was met by the Indians on Tuesday a short distance from the mission and killed. Messrs. Sales and Bewley, who were sick, were not immediately killed, but Indians were sent to Umatilla, and when they came back, these men were killed, thus making fourteen victims in all. The names of those killed are as follows: Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, Andrew Rodgers, William Sanders, Isaac Gillan, James Young, Crockett Bewley, Amos Sales, John Sager, Francis Sager, Jacob Hoffman, Mr. Marsh, Nathan S. Kimball, and Peter D. Hall. The rest, with the exception of the few who escaped, were held as captives, forty-six in number.

A day or two after the massacre, the bodies of those who

[1] He was, it is said, refused admission to the fort and put across the river by McBean, then in charge. He was never heard of afterwards, perishing either from hunger or the Indians, no one knows, though, from the little that has been learned, probably he was killed. Some have surmised that he was killed at the fort, as Mrs. S. C. Pringle says that his trousers were found in a back alley of the fort.



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN



PETER SKEEN OGDEN

had been killed at the mission were sewed up in sheets by the surviving women, and buried in a common grave in the mission burying ground, a few hundred yards in front of the houses, at the foot of the hill. The grave, however, was very shallow, and the coyotes dug the bodies up. When the volunteers reached the place the next year, they found parts of the bodies still scattered around. They then dug one large grave, placed all the remains in it that could be found, placed wagon beds over them, and gave them a good burial. They lay nearest to the grave where Doctor and Mrs. Whitman's only child, Alice C., had been buried.

On Saturday a new horror was added to the scene. Three of the young women were dragged away by the Indians as their wives; one of them, Miss Bewley, being taken to the Umatillas to the lodge of Five Crows, where Father Brouillet and Bishop Blanchet were then living. Her entreaties to them at that time to save her from outrage were very affecting.

News of the massacre was immediately sent by Mr. McBean to Governors F. Douglas and P. S. Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver. Governor Ogden proceeded at once to Fort Walla Walla, held a council with the Indians, and by the payment of fifty blankets, fifty shirts, ten guns, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten handkerchiefs, one hundred balls and powder to the Cayuses secured the ransom of the captives. He also gave twelve blankets, twelve shirts, twelve handkerchiefs, two guns, two hundred balls and powder, five fathoms of tobacco, and some knives as payment to the Nez Perces for the delivery of Mr. Spalding and his party, who were held in their power. It has often been said, and undoubtedly it is true, that no other person besides Governor Ogden could have secured the release of all these persons.

The following is a list of those who were at Dr. Whitman's at the time of the massacre, and were ransomed through the efforts of Governor Ogden, with the exception of the Osborne family, who escaped:

Mission children, Miss Mary A. Bridger; Catherine Sager, thirteen years; Elizabeth M. Sager, ten years; Matilda J. Sager, eight years; Henrietta N. Sager, four years; Hannah

S. Sager, who died five days after the massacre; and Helen Mar Meek, who died two days later.

Mr. Joseph Smith; Mrs. Joseph Smith; Mary Smith, fifteen years; Edwin Smith, thirteen years; Charles Smith, eleven years; Nelson Smith, six years; Mortimer Smith, four years, from Du Page County, Illinois.

Eliza Spalding, born November 15, 1837, the second American white child born west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mrs. Rebecca Hays; H. Clay Hays, four years, from Platte County, Missouri.

Mrs. Eliza Hall; G. Jane Hall, ten years; Mary C. Hall, eight years; Ann E. Hall, six years; Rebecca Hall, three years; Rachel M. Hall, one year; Mrs. Mary Saunders; Helen M. Saunders, fourteen years; Phebe Saunders, ten years; Alfred W. Saunders, six years; Nancy J. Saunders, four years; Mary A. Saunders, two years, from Mahaska County, Iowa.

Mrs. Harriet Kimball; Susan M. Kimball, twelve years; Byron E. Kimball, eight years; Sarah S. Kimball, six years; Aimee A. Kimball, one year, from La Porte, Indiana.

Mr. Elam Young; Mrs. Irene Young; Daniel Young, twenty-one years; John Q. A. Young, nineteen years, from Osage County, Missouri.

Mr. Josiah Osborne; Mrs. Marguerite Osborne; Nancy A. Osborne, nine years; John L. Osborne, nine years; Alexander A. Osborne, two years, from Henderson County, Illinois.

Mrs. Sally A. Canfield; Ellen Canfield, sixteen years; Oscar Canfield, nine years; Clarissa Canfield, seven years; Sylvia A. Canfield, five years; Albert Canfield, three years, from Mahaska County, Iowa.

Miss Mary E. Marsh; Miss Lorinda Bewley.

Soon after receiving the news of the massacre Governor Douglas sent word to Governor Abernethy of Oregon, at Oregon City, who immediately transmitted the same in a special message to the Legislature, which was then in session at that place. They quickly took measures to raise volunteers. About four hundred men were enlisted under Colonel C. Gilliam, who proceeded to the scene of war. A battle was fought near the Umatilla, in which the Indians were routed, and the volunteers marched to the Walla Walla Valley, and built Fort

Waters, where Dr. Whitman's mission had been. They pursued the Indians north of Snake River, but failed to secure the murderers. As the details of the war belong more properly to the history of Oregon than to the life of Dr. Whitman, and have been given in Mrs. Victor's *River of the West,* Gray's *History of Oregon,* and Gilbert's *Historic Sketches,* they need not be repeated here.

On account of the massacre Colonel Joseph Meek was sent to Washington overland to urge strenuously, and to secure, if possible, a territorial form of government and United States protection for Oregon. Judge Thornton had, a short time previous, gone for the same purpose by water, at Dr. Whitman's earnest request. The two men worked together, though in different ways. Congressional action for Oregon, which previous to this had slowly dragged along on account of the slavery question, was hastened, a territorial government was organized, and General Joseph Lane appointed governor. He arrived in Oregon in 1849, and immediately proceeded to secure the murderers of Dr. Whitman and the others. With the help of a United States regiment and the Hudson's Bay Company, and especially of Dr. John McLoughlin, he succeeded, without a war, in having five of the guilty ones brought in—Tilaukait, Tamahas, Quiahmarsum, Kloakamus and Siahsalucus. These were tried in May, 1850, and hung at Oregon City.

"Tell my sisters that I died at my post," are reported to have been the last words of Mrs. Whitman, though Mrs. C. S. Pringle is certain that she did not say them, and she is undoubtedly correct. The following lines, founded on these words, have been found among Mr. Spalding's papers:

"Away from her home and the friends of her youth
She hastened, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of the Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was her fall, but she died at her post.

She wept not for self, that her warfare was done;
The battle was fought and the victory won;
But she whispered to those that her heart clung to most,
'Tell my sisters for me that I died at my post.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

MONUMENTS.

Some time after the massacre the mission buildings were burned and the orchard destroyed. Indian wars broke out, and for years the land lay desolate, only the great grave marking the site of the mission.

The first plan to erect a monument in commemoration of the life and death of Dr. Whitman was made by his fellow laborer in the mission work, Rev. Cushing Eells. After the Whitman massacre and Cayuse war in 1848, that part of Oregon east of the Cascade mountains had been closed to white settlers, by military proclamation, for the infant government of Oregon realized that it was not able to protect them, if they should go there. Not until after the Yakima war of 1855-6, and Colonel Wright's campaign in 1858, was this embargo removed. Then in 1859, by military proclamation, that region of the country was opened again to the whites. After the breaking up of the missions, Messrs. Eells and Walker were given a power of attorney by the American Board to attend to all of its business in Oregon, there being considerable of it in connection with closing its mission.[1] Mr. Eells never felt that his home was to be permanently in the Willamette Valley, although he was compelled to stay there for several years, but all of the time he turned his eyes longingly to the country east of the Cascades, as the region to which his life was consecrated. In 1859, when that country was thrown open again to settlement, he was Principal of Tualatin Academy at Forest Grove, Oregon. Knowing that a few white settlers had already gone into the Walla Walla Valley, and believing that it would be quickly settled, he felt it to be his duty to go there and mark off with stakes the mission claim of six hundred and forty acres, so that others would not trespass

[1] By a mistake in the power of attorney, Mr. Walker's name was written William, instead of Elkanah, Rev. William Walker having been the name of another missionary of the Board. As the power of attorney gave authority to either or both of the gentlemen to transact its business, Mr. Eells always did it, in legal form, although he consulted with Mr. Walker in regard to it when it was possible.

REV. CUSHING EELLS

REV. ELKANAH WALKER

on it. He spent his summer vacation of 1859 on this business. While there he stood by the great Whitman grave, which contained the remains of eleven persons, the others massacred having been buried elsewhere. He thought of what Dr. Whitman had done for the Indians and to save the country, and of his death. The past, present and future came to his mind. He afterwards said that he believed that the power of the Highest then came upon him. He felt that something ought to be done in honor of the martyrs, and that much as a monument of stone would be desirable, yet that, if Dr. Whitman could be consulted, he would prefer that it be a high school for the benefit of both sexes. He had thought of it before, but then and there he determined to do what he could for this object. After he had returned home, he consulted with his friends, and especially with the Congregational Association of Oregon. His purpose was approved. That winter a charter was obtained from the Legislature of Washington Territory for Whitman Seminary. Mr. Eells also gave the needful three months' notice to the Trustees of Tualatin Academy of his desire to resign, to take effect about the first of March, 1860. Then, having agreed to buy the mission claim of the Board, he went to Walla Walla with his oldest son, and spent the season of 1860 on the claim, farming and preaching in order to obtain money enough to pay for the place,—a thousand dollars.

Late in the fall they returned to Forest Grove, but spent the next summer in much the same way. In 1862 he moved the rest of his family to the claim. He promised to give one-half of the place to the Seminary, but the way did not at first open to proceed with the work of establishing the school. Dr. Eells' first plan was to have the Seminary located on the old mission ground, where it would overlook the grave and scenes of the Doctor's labors, and he could not easily give up this plan; but the city of Walla Walla had sprung up six miles distant, and it seemed best to the Trustees that the school be located there. Dr. D. S. Baker gave four acres for a site, at first on certain conditions, but afterwards he made it six and a half acres, without conditions. In 1866 the first building was erected; it was dedicated October 13th, and on October 15th the school was opened, with Rev. P. B. Chamberlain as principal and

Miss M. A. Hodgdon and Miss E. W. Sylvester as assistants. In his dedicatory address Mr. Chamberlain spoke of monuments in general, and of the life and labors of Dr. Whitman and of his trip East in 1842-3.

He said: "It is not necessary for me on this occasion to speak at length of the character and life of Dr. Whitman, to whose memory this seminary is more especially consecrated, since two of his co-laborers have so recently and so ably by their addresses and their writings presented the subject to large numbers of this people, and have shown most fully what it would be easy for me to show from their data, that he was a man of such marked character and so eminent in all relations of life which he occupied as to render his memory worthy of being cherished and commemorated by all true and noble men. That as a Christian, and especially as the pioneer missionary to this then wild and heathen land who nobly did his work and at last 'died as a hero—fell at his post,' he has claims upon the heart and the memories of all Christians which no other man can ever supersede. While his eminent and unparallelled services for the country, in the performance of which he endured hardship indescribable and periled his life repeatedly in a journey across the Rocky Mountains in mid-winter, practically alone, reaching Washington City barely in time to prevent, by earnest and determined personal effort with President Tyler, the trading away of this whole Northwest country, with all its untold treasure of silver and gold, to Great Britain for some comparatively valueless interests about the cod fisheries of Newfoundland, must forever give him the first claim to the gratitude and the honor of every American who may ever settle in this region.

"Other men may arise who will render great services to this part of our country, but no other man can hardly expect another opportunity of actually saving this whole region to the American people as Dr. Whitman so clearly did."[1]

[1] The reader will notice that this address, delivered on October 13th, 1866 (shortly after the time when Prof. Bourne says that "the Whitman legend" was invented by Mr. Spalding), assumes that its hearers are familiar with the story, and does not recognize the existence of any doubt concerning it.

The school met a local need and was well attended, many of its students becoming in later life distinguished citizens of the Northwest. Various principals took charge of it, and it struggled along without endowment or financial aid for sixteen years. In 1882, under the leadership of Rev. Dr. George H. Atkinson, the trustees ventured to enlarge its scope and elected to its presidency Alexander Jay Anderson, Ph. D., at that time president of the Territorial University at Seattle. The courses of study were immediately broadened and the standard of scholarship raised. In 1883 the Legislature granted the institution a new charter, under the name of "Whitman College."

In order to secure financial aid, Mr. Eells visited New England at his own expense, and secured gifts for the College amounting to more than twelve thousand dollars. The American College and Educational Society of Boston placed it upon the list of its beneficiaries, and gave it yearly aid until 1896, when an endowment of $200,000 was secured, one-quarter of which was given by Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago and the balance mainly by the people of Walla Walla and New England. At the present time the College owns a beautiful campus of twenty-seven acres, four substantial buildings of brick and stone, and has a library of nearly fifteen thousand volumes. Its faculty numbers thirty, and its student-body about four hundred. Its total property is valued at $700,000. Its administration building, costing $53,000, was given by Dr. Pearsons in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.[1]

(2) Whitman County. October 16, 1871, W. P. Winans, a member of the Legislature of Washington from Stevens County, presented a petition to the House, signed by H. S. Burlinghame and ninety-six others, praying for a division of the county, and

[1] Since the death of the writer, who succeeded his father as a Trustee of Whitman College in 1893, the plans for the development of the institution have been greatly broadened. Sixty of the most influential and representative men of Oregon, Washington and Idaho have associated themselves together as its Board of Overseers, and have assumed the responsibility for its educational and financial policy. Their intention is that it shall be made a great central interdenominational college for the entire Pacific Northwest, standing for the highest ideals of character and scholarship.

for the organization of another. This was referred to the Committee on Counties. On November 16th this committee, having considered it, returned it with a bill, and recommended its passage, with the name of Whitman County. The bill was known as House Bill Number 97. It passed the House November 23, the Council November 24, and on the 29th, which was the anniversary of the Whitman massacre, was approved by the Governor, E. S. Salomon, and the new county was organized. Mr. Winans is inclined to divide the credit of the name with Rev. Cushing Eells. In regard to this, under date of June 27th, 1901, he wrote: "I think your father is entitled to the credit. I do not recollect that he requested me at the organization to call it Whitman; but as I had had frequent talks with him about the early missionary work, and his life here, I was impressed that the proper thing to do to keep his name in remembrance was to call the county Whitman."

(3) Monument of Stone. While all this had been done, yet there were many who felt that a monument of stone ought to be erected in commemoration of the martyrs.

In 1869-70, through the efforts of Edwin Eells, then enrolling clerk of the Legislature of Washington, a bill was introduced by Hon. J. H. Lasater of Walla Walla, memorializing Congress to erect a monument in honor of Dr. Whitman, but this failed to pass.

Another effort was made by the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society, whose headquarters were at Astoria, February 21, 1874. It was begun at the suggestion of Hon. W. H. Gray, another of Dr. Whitman's co-laborers. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people on the subject, and to solicit subscriptions. The Committee met in 1876 and 1877. A little money was secured, nearly forty dollars, but not much was really accomplished. In 1880 the Society renewed its efforts, Mr. Gray doing all that he could for it in securing subscriptions. Mrs. Gray, at her death in 1881, left a hundred dollars for it. Other subscriptions to the amount of about two thousand dollars were obtained, but much of this was not to be paid until the full amount necessary should be secured. The owners of the land at that time were willing to donate for the purpose only two acres of ground, where the remains rested,

and that on condition that a sixteen thousand dollar monument be erected within five years from 1881. As this could not be done, the money collected, three hundred and fifty dollars, was placed at interest in Ladd and Tilton's bank in Portland.

Efforts were made to induce the people of Walla Walla to take up the matter, and in April, 1882, Mr. Gray visited the place for the object. A meeting was held to consider the subject, but at that meeting the majority were in favor of moving the remains to the Whitman Seminary grounds, where they wished the monument to be. To this Mr. Gray objected. Resolutions were passed and a committee was appointed to secure the money, but nothing further seems to have been accomplished. The matter then slumbered, and Mr. Gray died without accomplishing what he so much desired.

In 1889 the Whitman Historical Society, whose headquarters were at Walla Walla, took up the matter, and the general desire was to remove the remains to the Whitman College grounds. It was felt, however, that in order to do this, according to law, the consent of all the heirs of those buried there must be obtained. Rev. M. Eells was appointed a committee to see if this could be done, and he wrote to all whose residence he could learn. All agreed willingly, except Mrs. M. J. Delaney, one of Dr. Whitman's adopted children, who said she never would give her consent; so the matter rested.

During all this time the grave was cared for more or less properly. In 1859, when Rev. C. Eells first visited it on his return to Eastern Washington, he could barely distinguish it, from his memory of it eleven years previous, because the ground was sunken a little lower than that around it. In 1860 he set a few posts around it, and fastened a few rails on them. In 1863 Myron Eells dug a trench around it, throwing the dirt on to it, thus forming a mound. In doing so, he struck the wagon beds which the Oregon Volunteers had placed over the remains. He also built a board fence around it. In the course of years this fell down, and for a time the grave looked very neglected. In 1885, under the direction of President A. J. Anderson of Whitman College, a picket fence was built around it, which, with a little repair, lasted until 1897. The students

of the College gave some of the money, collected more, thirty or forty dollars in all, did most of the work, and were enthusiastic in regard to it.

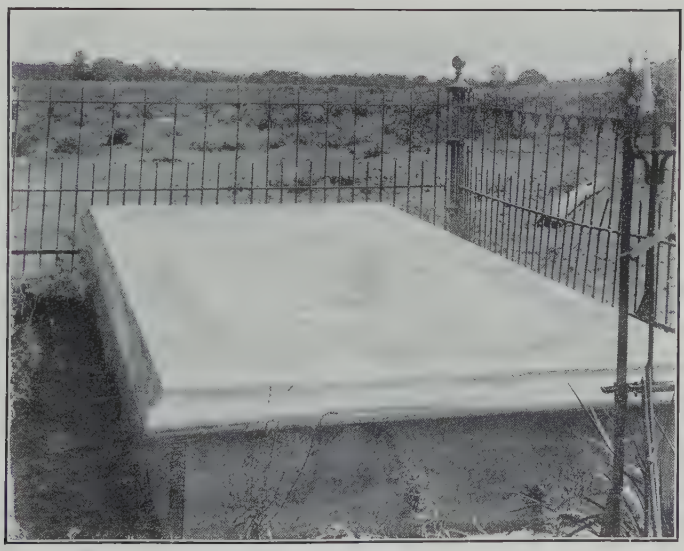
In March, 1897, the Whitman Monument Association was formed, mainly through the efforts of G. H. Himes and Dr. C. C. Strong, of Portland. Hon. H. W. Corbett, of Portland, was President of this; Hon. L. A. Hinman, of Forest Grove, Oregon; Hon. Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla, Washington; and C. Monteith, of Lewiston, Idaho, Vice-Presidents; G. H. Himes, of Portland, Secretary; and W. M. Ladd, of Portland, Treasurer. The managing committee was Dr. C. C. Strong, G. H. Himes, and Dr. W. S. Holt, of Portland. The Executive Committee was composed of five members from Oregon, five from Washington, and one from Idaho. The aim of this Association was simply to carry out the plans of Mr. Gray, and to him they give all the credit. This Association obtained the money before secured through the efforts of Mr. Gray, and some more.

It then built a mausoleum, encased in Vermont marble, over the remains, where they had been for fifty years. Surmounting this is a slab of polished marble, eleven by five and a half feet, and four inches thick. On it are carved the names of all the slain, and the time of their death. An iron fence encloses this grave.

Back of the grave is a hill about a hundred and twenty-five feet high. On a point on this knoll, overlooking the surrounding country, was placed a monument shaft of Vermont marble. This is eighteen feet high, two feet square at the base, and slightly tapering to the top. Including the whole foundation, it is twenty-six feet and eleven inches high. The Association bought seven acres of land at thirty dollars an acre. The cost of the stone work, mausoleum and monument was twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars; of seven acres of land at thirty dollars an acre, two hundred and ten; and about forty dollars were used in other ways, making a total of about twenty-five hundred dollars.

The following invitations were sent out, one by Whitman College, and the other by the Whitman Monument Association:

THE WHITMAN GRAVE IN 1858



THE GRAVE TO-DAY

"1847-1897.
The Board of Trustees
of
Whitman College

Request the honor of your presence at public exercises in commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Whitman Massacre, to be held at the Opera House, Monday evening, November twenty-ninth, at eight o'clock, Walla Walla, Washington."

"1847-1897.

You are cordially invited to be present at the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of Dr. Marcus Whitman, Mrs. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, his wife, missionaries of the American Board, and twelve other persons who were massacred by the Cayuse Indians on Monday and Tuesday, November 29-30, 1847, at the Wai-i-lat-pu mission, about six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla. The monument will be placed near the site of the massacre, and will be unveiled on Tuesday, November thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, at 11 A. M.

On behalf of the Whitman Monument Association, Incorporated, Curtis C. Strong, Stephen B. L. Penrose, George H. Himes, Levi Ankeny, W. S. Holt, J. H. D. Gray, Committee on Invitations. Address all replies to George H. Himes, Secretary Managing Committee, Portland, Oregon."

The dedicatory ceremonies were in the main carried out as planned, but unfortunately the monument was sidetracked on the way and did not reach the place until several weeks after the ceremonies. On the evening of November 29, the opera house in Walla Walla was packed with the greatest crowd ever gathered under one roof in that city. Indian war veterans and members of the Grand Army were present in a body; the President, Professors and students of Whitman College were also accorded prominent places, and eight survivors of the massacre were there. These were Mrs. Catherine (Sager) Pringle, Mrs. Matilda (Sager) Delaney, Mrs. E. M. (Sager) Helm, Mrs. N. A. (Osborne) Jacobs, Mrs. Susan (Kimball) Wirt, Mrs. Sophia (Kimball) Munson, Mrs. Nina A. (Kimball) Megler, and Byron S. Kimball.

The Whitman memorial chorus of sixty voices sang Gounod's "Send Out Thy Light;" the Scripture was read by Rev. Samuel Greene, whose father, Rev. David Greene, as Secretary of the American Board, had signed the commissions of Marcus Whitman and his associate missionaries in 1836 and 1838. Prayer was offered by Rev. H. P. James, representing the College Trustees. A poem, written by a distinguished editor, who wished his name withheld, was read by Prof. O. A. Hauerbach, and an address was delivered by Rev. L. H. Hallock, D. D., of California.[1] After this Mrs. Hallock sang "My Redeemer Liveth," by Dudley Buck. A letter from Hon. P. B. Whitman, an invalid, was read by his grandson, Marcus Whitman Barnett, who also made a short address, and gave to President Penrose, for Whitman College, a lock of Mrs. Whitman's hair, a present from his grandmother, Mrs. P. B. Whitman. The congregation joined in singing, "O God, beneath whose guiding hand our exiled fathers crossed the sea," and the exercises closed with the benediction by President Penrose.

The next morning fully two thousand people repaired to the grave, where Dr. N. G. Blalock, President of the Trustees of Whitman College, pointed out the various places of interest, Rev. S. Greene offered the dedicatory prayer, choice flowers were laid on the grave, and Mrs. C. S. Pringle, the oldest of Dr. Whitman's adopted children, spoke as follows, moving many to tears:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Walla Walla: I cannot express to you the feelings of my sisters, myself, and these survivors as we view this scene. Fifty years ago yesterday morning the sun rose yonder on a happy home and all the busy bustle of life. The sun went down on a scene of death and desolation—of weeping and wailing. Fifty years ago today we went as prisoners of a savage band of Indians—no hope of escape—all dark and despair. But Providence made a way of escape, and we stand here today. We desire to thank the people of Walla Walla and the Northwest for their presence here, for their kindness in burying our dead, and for their royal entertain-

[1] For this see "Whitman College Quarterly," December, 1897.

ment. We desire also to thank the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company for the generosity that enables us to be here, and to see the dream of many years consummated. These acts of kindness will be told to our children's children, and be carried down to the future generations in grateful remembrance, as each recurring anniversary passes."

On account of the weather it was not thought best to hold further exercises at the grave, consequently the people returned to the opera house, where Rev. J. R. Wilson, D. D., of Portland, representing the Whitman Monument Association, delivered an oration.[1] The Fourth Cavalry Band furnished the music, and Rev. W. H. Schudder, of Tacoma, a representative of the American Board, also made an address. Letters were read from prominent persons of the United States expressing their regrets at not being able to be present, and one from James Hayes, a Nez Perces Indian, enclosing $25.50 from the Nez Perces Indians of the church at Kamiah for the monument. The congregation sang "America," and the exercises closed with the benediction.

The monument was afterwards received and put in place, the final ceremonies being held at the grave.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Whitman massacre was also commemorated at the First Congregational Church in the City of Washington on the evening of December 5, 1897, the Sabbath following the anniversary. Justice David B. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court presided, and the speakers were Judge Brewer, Senator John L. Wilson, of the State of Washington; Gen. O. O. Howard, long a resident of the Pacific Coast; and Dr. S. M. Newman, pastor of the church. It was a devotional recognition of the Providence of God in using Dr. Whitman for certain great ends.

(4) *Statue at Philadelphia.* When the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work erected the Witherspoon building, which is their home, 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, statues of three different persons were placed

[1] For this see "Whitman College Quarterly," December, 1897.

over the entrances to the building, and Dr. Whitman's was one of them. This building was dedicated October 24, 1896.[1]

> "But there was one who came in peace and zeal,
> To lift the cross and guide the conquering wheel,
> His sword the flaming truth, his sign the cross,
> He counted all but faith as empty dross;
> Fair was that noble form, and fairer e'en his bride,
> Whitman, who dared for Oregon to ride,
> Who saved an empire, and a martyr died."[2]

[1] See Frontispiece.

[2] From an anonymous poem read at the dedication of the Whitman monument, "Whitman College Quarterly," December, 1897, page 52.

THE WHITMAN MONUMENT AT WAHLATPU

CHAPTER XIV.

RESULTS—CONCLUSION.

Besides the missionary work which Dr. Whitman and his wife accomplished, which in the light of eternity was by no means a failure, three events stand out very prominently in this history: The bringing of the wagon to Fort Boise in 1836; the crossing of the Continent by Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding in the same year; and Dr. Whitman's journey East in 1842-3 and his bringing back of the emigration of 1843.

(1) To Dr. Whitman must be given the credit of opening the wagon road into Oregon. William Sublette, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, had brought wagons to the Rocky Mountains in 1829, "to the head of Wind River, where it issues from the Rocky Mountains," that being a part of the head waters of the Missouri. Bonneville in 1832 had brought his wagons to Green River, the place of rendezvous, but no further, because "the nature of the country through which he was about to travel rendered it impossible to proceed with wagons."[1] Dr. Whitman's perseverance proved the practicability of the wagon road to Fort Boise, about five hundred and seventy-five miles farther. This was the first wagon ever brought to the waters that flow into the Columbia or west of the present eastern boundary of Idaho.

Says Professor Thomas Condon: "It was the track of Dr. Whitman's cart that grew into the track of the great wagon train of 1843 and the still greater one of 1847. It was this great one of 1847 that grew into the track of the pony of later years; and it was the varyings of the pony express that developed into the four great trunk railroads of today. That is, to state the proposition in its extreme terms, it is the broken

[1] Bonneville's "Adventures," G. P. Putnam's edition of 1878, pp. 76, 109.

cart track over which these two women toiled in 1836 that has grown into the cosmic system of railroads. Surely here is growth worthy of the nineteenth century."[1]

Mention ought, however, to be made that Dr. Robert Newell, F. Ermatinger, and J. L. Meek in 1840 brought from Fort Hall the running gear of three wagons brought by Rev. Harvey Clarke and party to that fort. When they arrived at Dr. Whitman's, Dr. Newell expressed his regret that he had ever undertaken the job, but Dr. Whitman replied, "Oh, you will never regret it; you have broken the ice, and when others see that wagons have passed, they, too, will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of our people."[2] While the immigrants in 1841 and 1842 did not follow Dr. Newell's track, yet the fact that Dr. Whitman knew that these wagons had been brought to his station undoubtedly was of great use to him three years later.

Dr. William Barrows, in his *Oregon,* has honored Whitman's old wagon with a separate chapter, as one great means of carrying civilization to the Pacific Coast, beginning it with the words, "The Oregon question finally turned on wheels."

(2) The crossing of the continent by Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman, the first white women to do so, was also an event fraught with great results. The story of the difficulties connected with their journey has been given in Chapter Two. It was an epoch in the history of Oregon—a little thing in itself, but like Dr. Whitman's wagon, a seed sown which became a great tree that covered the Northwestern Coast. It meant American civilization, and Christian homes and families. Previous to this time the Hudson's Bay Company had been monarchs of all they surveyed. Eleven American fur companies had tried to obtain a foothold in the country, but had been driven out by the monopoly; but when a mountain man saw those women, he said, "There is something the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company cannot drive out of this country," and his prophecy was true. Hence, it was not strange that Hon. Elwood Evans wrote to Rev. H. H. Spalding: "The American

[1] Address before the Oregon Pioneer Association in their "Transactions for 1888," p. 28.

[2] "History of Pacific Northwest," vol. 1, p. 220.

missionaries were the apostles paving the way for American occupancy; nor need you fear that the missionary heroines who proved that women could go to Oregon, and live and die there, will ever be forgotten."

But earlier than any of these are the words of one who signs his name "An Oregonian," and who published an article in the *Oregon Spectator,* May 14, 1846. After giving an account of the cause of the early Indian missions, which he attributes to the visit of the two Indians to St. Louis, and the coming to Oregon of the first missionaries both of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the American Board, he says: "It is due to Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman to state that they were the first white females that ventured to try the perils of a journey across the mountains which at that time was considered presumptuous in the extreme, and doubtless had contributed to expel the fears and remove the dread of a passage from the Mississippi to the Columbia more than all other adventures. Having traveled somewhat extensively in the United States before this experiment was made, and after it was accomplished, and having been an eye witness, I have no fears in venturing the assertion that the simple act of those two females, sustained by others who have followed them on a similar enterprise, has contributed more to the present occupancy of Oregon, than all the fine-spun speeches and high-sounding words that have yet issued from the executive branch at Washington."

Mr. Spalding well says, "Too much praise cannot be awarded to that great and good pioneer missionary, Lee, and the self-denying lady missionaries, who by a sea voyage around Cape Horn, came early to his assistance in establishing his mission to the Indian tribes on this coast. This mission of the Methodist Board, while it brought to the Indian tribes the Sun of Righteousness, became the nucleus of the first American colony on the Pacific, and gave a hearty Christian character to the provisional government of Oregon, which was organized nine years after the first missionaries arrived in the Willamette.

"But while this is admitted with satisfaction, it must be granted by all that the overland emigrant route was the essential element, the promoting cause of the settlement of the

Coast by American settlers. But this route owes its existence in the first place to Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman, and in the second place to the personal sufferings and hazards of the Doctor in the mountains in the winter of 1842-3." He also adds: "This passage of the Rocky Mountains by these two women, is on many accounts without a parallel in the annals of our American women. Too much praise, as I have before said, cannot be awarded to those self-denying mothers of the Methodist mission, who at the call of their devoted leader, the pioneer, Lee, also bade farewell to friends and sweet home, and by a sea voyage around Cape Horn of twenty-one thousand miles, came to assist him in preaching Christ to the natives, and in kindling the torch of civilization in this Willamette Valley. But they had a friend at the end of that journey, who had told them before they started, by his report, that they were coming to grain and bread in abundance at Vancouver, and merchandise, and a soil and climate favorable to civilization. None of these important facts were known to our women, when they made up their minds to undertake the journey. The mothers and wives on board the Mayflower, when they stopped on the bleak shores of New England, in the storms of mid-winter, had nothing but doubt and darkness before them; but they had been *driven* from sweet home by the hand of persecution, while our ladies had *cheerfully sacrificed* home, even against the remonstrances of friends and mountain men. The seven missionary ladies who cheerfully bade farewell to home and friends, in 1820, to seek by a sea voyage, of eighteen thousand miles around Cape Horn, a home on the Sandwich Islands, to erect there the standard of the cross, had darkness and doubt before them, and the perils of the sea around them, but they had their daily food on board, and they were excused from the wear and tear of toiling up mountains, through burning sands, sick or well. The perils from the savages and the hardships and losses and starvations, attendant upon the overland route, have often been expressed by some of the mothers who have followed them over this same route from year to year, I have no doubt to an extent equal to the sufferings of our wives; but there were certain features attached to their journey that never have and never could harass and eat into the

very soul of any mother who has followed them; that in the constant suspense, the burning and ever increasing uncertainty of everything before them, the thick darkness, and the vast unknown into which they were plunging deeper and deeper every day; when and where their journey would end, whether among friends or foes; when, if ever they would eat bread again; where would be the next yard of cloth or clothing; or would we have to depend on the skins of beasts? And so when our ladies alighted from their worn-out horses at the end of their journey and stepped upon the banks of the long-sought Columbia, and found bread and fields of wheat, and merchandise, and Christian hearts, and civilization begun, the thick darkness and the weight of uncertainty came to an end also, never to be felt by those who might follow."[1]

(3) The work of Dr. Whitman in 1842-3 was another event so far-reaching that no one can tell where the results will end. Says Rev. Dr. Atkinson: "Having then become involved in the Mexican War, General Fremont was sent in 1847 to cooperate with our Commodore, and seize California, which was done. In the settlement with Mexico our government purchased the conquered province of California. The connection of events is such as to show that our securing the actual possession of Oregon by emigrants and a provisional government led to the general survey and the final conquest and purchase of California, though sectional and sporadic efforts had previously been made to secure this province. The securing of Oregon preceded that of California somewhat as a cause precedes an effect; the one hinges on the other; after which the golden grains there concealed were uncoverd, so that fifty millions year after year were added to the world's currency, and means provided to carry on the national contest from 1861 to 1865."[2]

Again, Rev. J. W. Bashford, Ph. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "It took three years after the Americans began pouring into Oregon by the thousand and were outnumbering the British five to one, to induce Great Britain to sign the treaty. No

[1] "Oregon States Rights Democrat," 1867.
[2] "Missionary Herald," March, 1867.

one dreams that the boundaries would have been settled in 1846, had not a thousand Americans through missionary effort reached Oregon in 1843. But in less than three years after the papers were signed by Great Britain, gold was discovered in California. When the negotiations for our western boundaries had dragged along since 1783, and Great Britain was so loth to give up her claims to that territory, do you suppose that had she waited until gold had been discovered, and reports of untold wealth had spread like wild-fire—do you suppose that then she would have signed away her claims? But there is another important fact which made it necessary that the Oregon question should be settled, not only before gold was discovered in 1848, but before 1847. The southwestern part of the United States, embracing part of Texas, and all of New Mexico and of California, was owned by Mexico in 1846. A few days before Great Britain signed the final settlement, war had broken out between Mexico and the United States. Had this information reached Great Britain in time, she would at least have delayed to sign the settlement of 1846. Then in our war with Mexico, Mexico would have been backed by Great Britain. With intentional alliance the war would have been prolonged until the discovery of gold in California. This discovery would have led Mexico and Great Britain to redouble their energies for a share in this western continent. How rapidly these events press upon each other! How certainly it seems that only the missionary settlement of Oregon, which resulted in the yielding of all the claims by Great Britain before she learned of the Mexican War, alone saved us from a great international contest, with two powers, one of them the greatest upon the earth! You say we could have waged the war and won against both foreign powers? Possibly, but the United States could far better afford to give the Methodist Missionary Society and the American Board each a million dollars a year in perpetuity than to have incurred the cost of this gigantic war, to say nothing of its bloodshed and desolation. . . .

"But the acquisition by the United States of territory of vast extent and boundless wealth in the West was not the end of this missionary enterprise. We sent our brothers out from

our homes to bless others. They indirectly helped us to win the greatest blessing for ourselves. The Oregon and California questions were settled in our favor in 1848, only thirteen years before the rebellion. We were then called upon to fight the great battle between freedom and slavery. You remember that east of the Mississippi River the free territory of the United States embraced a little over four hundred thousand square miles, and the slave territory nearly five hundred thousand square miles.

"After crossing the Mississippi River and running through Missouri the line embracing the slave population fell rapidly south. It was the western territory into which slaves had not yet been brought that restored the balance in area to the side of freedom in this contest; and California, which had been acquired for the extension of slavery, was providentially settled by Northern enterprise, and poured her money and men into the Union side in that gigantic struggle. Suppose that this territory had still been held by foreign powers, or that we had been still battling for this rich gold field against Great Britain and Mexico, and suppose that Mexico had been backed by France in the interest of absolution and the Roman Catholic faith, as was the case during the rebellion, do you not see that it would have been, humanly speaking, impossible to free the slaves and preserve the Union?

"The Divine Providence is the key to our national history. The British lion chained at the forty-ninth parallel of North latitude; Mexico, backed by France, rendered powerless by the previous conquest of her Western territory; and California pouring her gold and men into the Union side during the struggle for Freedom, are God's providential way of saying to a missionary age, 'One hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come, eternal life.'

"Once more, while we sometimes entertain an undue prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church, yet no candid man can doubt that the Protestant faith is far more helpful to free institutions, and to modern civilization than is the faith of Rome. But the contest in Oregon was a struggle between the Jesuit and the Protestant. Had not Jason Lee gone to Oregon in 1834, and led out American missionaries and settlers;

had not Marcus Whitman followed his missionary call in 1835, and led out over nine hundred more American settlers in 1843; had not the four or five thousand American settlers organized a provisional government in 1843, and elected a Methodist missionary governor, the Jesuits, backed by Great Britain on the north, and by Mexico and France on the south, would to-day hold our western coast, and shape its civilization for the twentieth century. A territory larger and richer than the Atlantic seaboard, saved to our government, the whole Pacific slope thrown into the balance of freedom in the greatest contest of the nineteenth century, and the civilization of the richest part of the globe started under Protestant auspices for the twentieth century, is God's providential answer to the faith of Jason and Daniel Lee, and Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spalding, and the unnamed heroes and heroines who died for the Oregon mission, and whose bones rest in unknown graves in the Valley of the Willamette. When the population of that golden coast rises to thirty millions, will not the landing place of the ship that sailed from Boston with Methodist missionaries in 1836 be the Plymouth Rock of the Pacific, and Whitman Institute and Willamette University be their Harvard and Yale? Will there not arise a Longfellow or a Buchanan Read to sing of a ride more heroic than Sheridan's, and of far greater importance than that of Paul Revere? Will not a spiritual descendant of Mrs. Hemans arise to sing of a second pilgrim band, who left home and native land not for freedom to worship God themselves, but to carry light to those who sat in darkness?"[1]

In conclusion, the following testimonials will show an estimate of Dr. Whitman by those who were acquainted with him and by those who have studied him. Says Hon. Archibald McKinley, of the Hudson's Bay Company: "He was a very superior man. His whole soul was devoted to civilizing and Christianizing the Indians. A true patriot withal, but not the sort that make fools of themselves."

Says Hon. W. F. Tolmie, who, like Mr. McKinley, belonged

[1] "Missionary Review of the World," August, 1888, pp. 569, 571.

to the Hudson's Bay Company: "With Mr. McKinley, I retain my high opinion of the noble, true-hearted Whitman."

Says the Hon. O. C. Pratt: "Dr. Whitman was a grand character, a leading man, and one of great power wherever the lines of his life fell; and he impressed himself on his contemporaries in Oregon in a way never to be forgotten as long as any of them may live."

Says United States Senator James K. Kelly: "While he was sincere and zealous in the discharge of his duties as a missionary among the Indians, yet he was all alive to the importance of securing Oregon as an American possession against the claims of Great Britain. He was intensely American in all his feelings; a man of indomitable will and perseverance in whatever he undertook to accomplish; whom no danger could daunt and no hardship could deter from the performance of any act which he deemed it a duty to discharge. And perhaps to Dr. Whitman, more than any other man, are the people of Oregon indebted that we are living under the stars and stripes, instead of the banner of St. George."[1]

Says John Arthur of the immigration of 1843: "Too much cannot be said of Dr. Whitman's persistent activity, urging the immigrants to travel, travel, travel, as he said nothing else would carry us through."

Says B. F. Nichols, who wintered at the Doctor's station 1844-5: "He was one of the most unassuming men I ever met. You never heard him going about and telling anything that he had ever done or said or anything of that kind; he was not that kind of a man. He was a man that lived in an atmosphere above ordinary nonsense. Though he was always genial and pleasant, he never indulged in raillery or anything of that kind. He never seemed put out, and was most even-tempered under trying circumstances."

And of Mrs. Whitman he adds: "She seemed endowed with a peculiar magnetism when you were in her presence so that you could not help thinking yourself in the presence of a being much higher than the ordinary run of humanity. I have heard her pray, and she could offer up the finest petition

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1882, p. 10.

to the Throne of Grace of any person I ever heard in my life. She was always gentle and kind to the Indians, as she was to every one else. She took an interest in every one at the mission, especially the children. Every one loved her, because to see her was to love her."[1]

Says Hon. Jesse Applegate, captain of the wagon train of 1843, in a letter to a friend, dated May 29th, 1876:

"Dr. Marcus Whitman. Oregon owes him much. He contributed more than any to the success of its first great immigration, which, had it ended in disaster, might not have been again attempted for many years.

"But that is not all. God sends upon the earth not ten such men as Dr. Whitman in a century—heroes to lead in some greatly needed reform, or martyrs to suffer in a righteous cause.

"Circumstances brought us but a short time together, but in that time I learned to love him with a love that passes the limits of the grave.

"This corrupt age will, in God's good time, pass away, and men guided by right and devoted to principle and duty, whether they lead to honor or censure, to wealth or poverty, will again take the high places in the esteem of men as an example for them to follow. Let us send down to them the name of Marcus Whitman, who placed duty before not only all the pleasures and honors of earth, but life itself, which he laid down at the post where duty placed him."[2]

Says Hon. W. Lair Hill: "But only the pioneer missionary, Dr. Whitman, appears to have had clear views from the first of the possibilities of the Northwest Coast, and its importance as a part of the United States. He and Thomas H. Benton were the prophets of Oregon."[3]

Says the *Oregonian:* "He was an energetic, heroic, far-seeing, self-sacrificing and thoroughly patriotic American citizen, and his name is embalmed forever in the history of the North-

[1] "Whitman College Quarterly," October, 1897, pp. 19. 20.

[2] From an unpublished letter in the possession of the Oregon Historical Society.

[3] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1883, p. 18.

west. It falls to the lot of but few to win such fame, and few there are who so well deserve it."

Says Governor Elwood Evans: "Pages could be devoted to the praises of their many good works. They were philanthropists, practical, devoted Christians, who literally obeyed the injunction, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!' All wearing the image of their Maker shared their sympathies. They labored with a devotion unceasing, and a zeal most disinterested to Christianize the Indians, to confer upon him the habits of civilization. He [Dr. Whitman] was equally the dispenser of charity and benefits to his own race. The Indian never had a more sincere friend since William Penn founded my native city, and gave the world that glorious illustration of unbroken faith by deeds of peace."[1]

Says Bancroft, in his *Oregon:* "The missionary, Dr. Whitman, was no ordinary man. I do not know which to admire most in him, his coolness or his courage. His nerves were of steel, his patience was excelled only by his fearlessness; in the mighty calm of his nature he was a Caesar for Christ."

Says Rev. Dr. Atkinson: "When the future historian shall write up the records of this State for the hundreds of thousands who dwell where we now do, it will be his pleasant duty to inscribe the highest honors to the *pioneer American Colonists of Oregon,* and place the name of the martyr, *Whitman,* above them all."[2]

But God was back of it all, so that it is very appropriate to close this volume with the words of the editor of the *Missionary Herald.* After speaking of Dr. Whitman's offer of himself to the American Board as a missionary, and giving some extracts from his letters, he adds: "The papers on which the Prudential Committee on that day appointed Dr. Whitman could by no means have led them to regard the applicant as a man of unusual abilities and devotion, or to warrant any expectation that he was to accomplish a work of immense and far-reaching importance. God chooses His own instruments to carry out his plans. He who chose David and took him from the sheep fold to lead his people, chose also

[1] "Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association," 1877, p. 35.
[2] "Biography of Rev. G. W. Atkinson, D.D.," p. 272.

Marcus Whitman to do a noble work for our nation and for the kingdom of Christ in the vast regions of the Northwest."[1]

MARCUS WHITMAN

"Apostle, Patriot and Pioneer,
Too long unhonored—yea, but unforgot;
His grateful country long has held him dear,
And fondly vows his fame shall perish not.

The love of Christ within his soul was strong;
To serve the cause of Christ he westward pressed.
Yet with him took his country's flag along,
To plant it in the distant unknown West.

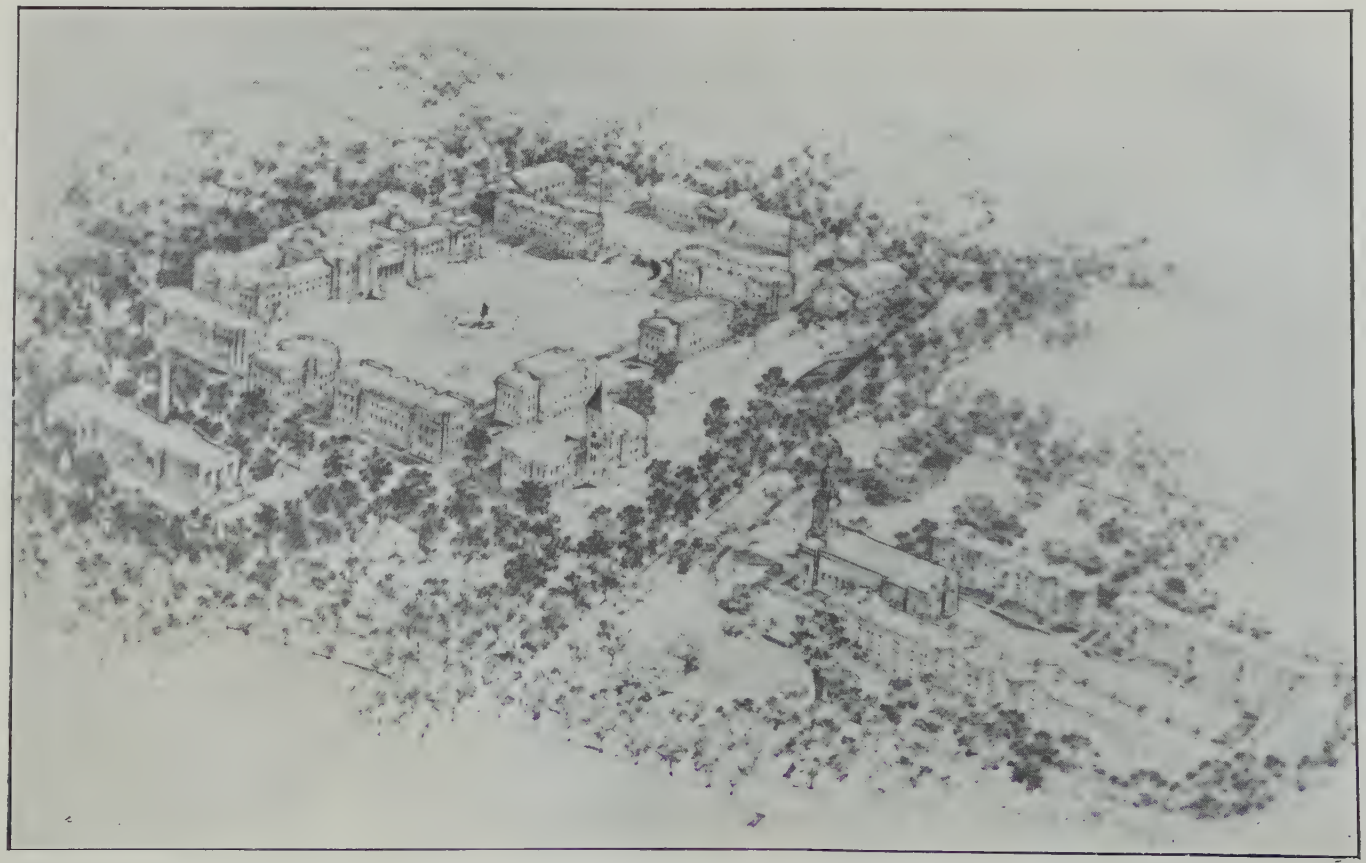
Prophetic-visioned, on the western side
Of yon stern range, upreared the clouds to meet,
He saw an Empire, throned in strength and pride,
With all the vast Pacific at its feet.

And he, strong hero, when in thoughtlessness
Our nation would have thrown that realm away,
Came like a prophet from the wilderness
The spendthrift's rash, uplifted hand to stay.

The mountain snows were heaped upon his path,
Close pressed the beasts in hunger on his trail,
The storms of winter beat on him in wrath,
Yet Whitman's lofty courage did not fail.

He plead for country's welfare, not in vain,
He told the beauties of the Sunset Slope;
Then through the mountains led a daring train,
To occupy the fair domains of hope.
Build high the granite, lasting as his fame,
Build wide fair Learning's halls and ample gates,
That years to come may know and bless the name
Of him who saved the Union three great States."[2]

[1] "Missionary Herald," January, 1898, p. 9.
[2] "Whitman Quarterly," October, 1899, p. 30.



GREATER WHITMAN AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A.

Rev. Samuel Parker.

He was born at Ashfield, Mass., April 23rd, 1779, and was the son of Elisha and Thankful (Marchant) Parker. His great grandfather was of Puritan ancestry, having been a freeman of Barnstable, Mass., in 1634-5. Samuel graduated at Williams College in 1806; taught school for a year at Brattleboro, Vt.; studied theology under Rev. Theophilus Packard at Shelburne, Mass., and at the end of a year, was licensed to preach. After preaching as a home missionary in New York State, he went to Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in the first class that left that institution. In 1812 he was ordained and installed over the Congregational Church at Danby, N. Y. Soon after he was married to Miss H. Sears, who died of consumption a short time later. In 1815 he was again married to Miss Jerusha Lord, of Danby, who was the mother of his three children, Mrs. Jerusha Van Kirk and Dr. S. J. Parker, of Ithaca, N. Y., and Rev. H. W. Parker, D.D., at one time Professor in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and afterwards at Iowa College at Grinnell.

Mr. Parker remained at Danby fifteen years, then was financial agent of Auburn Theological Seminary, N. Y. Next went as pastor to Apulia, N. Y., and then to Middlefield, Mass. While here the call from the Nez Perces was made public, and in 1835 he went to Oregon, as related in the first chapter of this work, Dr. Whitman accompanying him to the Rocky Mountains. Then Dr. Whitman returned and he pressed on to Oregon, most of the way having only Nez Perces Indians for company. Having left the American Rendezvous, August 21, he arrived at Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula) October 6th, and Vancouver on the 16th, having been seven months and two days on the way; and the last fifty-six with Indians only. He spent the rest of that month and all of November exploring the country west of the Cascade Mountains, and learning about the Indians; then wintered at Vancouver, staying there until April, when he went up the Columbia to the country of the Walla Walla, Cayuse, Nez Perces, Spokane, Colville and Okanogan Indians, and then back to Vancouver. After this he returned East by water, by way of the Sandwich Islands and Cape Horn, reaching home May 18, 1837, having been absent from it two years and two months, and having traveled about twenty-eight thousand miles.

He did not return to Oregon, though he never lost his interest in

the country, often lecturing about it and doing what he could at Washington for the same object. He also wrote a book entitled **Parker's Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains,** which gave an account of the journey and a description of the country, the Indians, and fur companies, the vegetable and animal products, the soil and geological formation. Sixteen thousand copies of the work were published in this country, and it was republished in England.

In this work, and in supplying various pulpits, he continued until 1849, when he was struck with paralysis, from which he partially recovered. He died March 21, 1855, aged nearly eighty-seven years.

A sketch of his life by his son, H. W. Parker, D.D., was published in the **Church at home and Abroad** in March, 1895, and another by the author in the **Whitman College Quarterly,** October, 1898.

APPENDIX B.

Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding.

Mr. Spalding was born at Prattsburg, N. Y., November 26, 1803. In early life he was left an orphan and was brought up by strangers. During his minority he received very little schooling, as at the age of twenty-one, he began English grammar and arithmetic, being able to read so as to be understood, and write after a copy. After this, for three years, he spent most of his time attending Franklin Academy, working for his board and teaching school. When he was about twenty-two he became a Christian, uniting with the Presbyterian Church, and two years later gave himself to the cause of missions. Then he studied at Prattsburg Academy, and three years afterwards, in 1831, entered the Junior Class in Hamilton College, but a little later went to the Western Reserve College in Ohio, where he graduated in 1833. October 12, 1833, he was married to Miss Eliza Hart, of Trenton, N. Y., who ever proved a most worthy and beloved wife. She was born at Berlin, Conn., July 11, 1807, was the daughter of Captain Levi and Martha Hart, and was brought up and educated in Ontario County, N. Y. At the age of eighteen she united with the Presbyterian Church at Holland Patent, N. Y., and became a tract distributer.

They moved to Cincinnati in the fall of 1833, where Mr. Spalding entered Lane Theological Seminary, and in August, 1835, he was ordained by the Bath Presbytery, N. Y. Soon afterwards they were appointed by the American Board as missionaries to the Osage Indians. When the necessity of an ordained minister to accompany Dr. Whitman to Oregon was made known to them by the Doctor, after they had started for the Osages, early in 1836, with the recommendation of the Board, they changed their destination, and made the journey in company with Dr. Whitman and wife, as narrated in chapter second. Mrs. Spalding's health was not good, and once or twice she expected to die on the way, but she rallied, and lived to do good work. After consultation, it was decided that their place of labor should be among the Nez Perces. They settled at Lapwai, reaching that place November 29, 1836, and it was their home until December, 1847.

Their work was often more encouraging than at any other station of the Board in Oregon, and sometimes just as discouraging. On the whole, however, they left a great and lasting influence for good with that powerful and influential tribe. During that time Mr. and Mrs.

Gray and Mr. C. Rogers were associated with them some of the time. Rev. A. B. Smith and wife labored among the same tribe, though sixty miles distant, at Kamiah, and Rev. J. S. Griffin, Alvan T. Smith and their wives, independent missionaries to Oregon, assisted them a short time. In May, 1839, the first printing done on the Pacific Coast was done at his station on a press donated by the mission of the American Board at the Sandwich Islands, and brought to this station by E. O. Hall, a practical printer, who made the journey from the Islands to teach others the art, and for the benefit of his wife's health. It remained there for several years, and a number of pamphlets and booklets in the Nez Perces and Spokane languages were printed on it.

Among those who visited his mission were Lieut. R. E. Johnson and Mr. Stearns, of Commodore Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, in 1841; Archibald McKinley, of the Hudson Bay Company; and Rev. E. Walker, in 1842; Dr. W. White, sub-Indian agent, in 1842 and 1843, and others, all of whom bore their testimony in regard to the excellence of the work done there, and its results.

After the massacre of Dr. Whitman and others in November, 1847, it was necessary to abandon the mission, not because the Nez Perces Indians at the station were unfriendly, but because the mission workers could not be protected from the hostile Cayuses. Mr. Spalding was absent from home at the time of the massacre, on the way from Umatilla to Dr. Whitman's station, but he managed, after great suffering, to reach home, traveling chiefly by night for a week on foot. He found Mrs. Spalding and children safe, under the protection of friendly Nez Perces. When the opportunity was offered of a safe journey to the Willamette, under the protection of Chief Factor Ogden, from Fort Walla Walla, friendly Nez Perces guarded him, his family, except his daughter Eliza, who was among the captives, and six other men, and conducted them to that fort.

For nearly fifteen years Mr. Spalding waited to return to his beloved work, in the meantime doing what other work he could. He was pastor of a small church at Calapooya, where his home was, when in the Willamette, Indian agent and postmaster. He also preached at several places. In 1859 he returned East of the mountains, after the treaty with the Nez Perces had been made, the Yakima War, and Col. Wright's campaign finished and peace restored. It was not till 1862, however, that he was allowed to resume work on the reservation. For a short time he was successful, being received by the Indians gladly, but some government employes were unwilling that he should remain, so that for nine years he was there only a small part of the time. In 1871 President Grant adopted what was called the Peace Policy among the Indians. After going East in 1870, Mr. Spalding returned with authority from the government to resume his missionary work on the reservation. From 1871 to 1874 he spent in

this work, the joy of his life, for during that time he baptized 694 Nez Perces and 253 Spokanes.

Mrs. Spalding died at Calapooya, January 7, 1851. In May, 1853, he was again married to Miss Rachel I. Smith, a sister of Mrs. J. S. Griffin, who was born in Boston, Mass., January 31, 1808, and came to Oregon in 1852. Mr. Spalding died at Lapwai, Idaho, August 3, 1874, aged nearly 71. His second wife died at Hillsboro, Oregon, April 28, 1880, aged seventy-two.

Mr. Spalding was quite a writer, more so than any other member of the Oregon Mission. His publications in the main were articles in the **Missionary Herald** about the missionary work, 1836 to 1848; articles in the **Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist,** about the Whitman massacre, 1848; series of articles about the missionary work and its results, in the **San Francisco Pacific,** in 1864; the **Walla Walla Statesman,** 1866-7, and the **Albany States Rights Democrat,** 1866-7; and a pamphlet of 82 pages on the same subject, published by authority of Congress in 1871, as **Executive Document No. 37, 41st Congress,** in reply to an attack made on the missionaries in a pamphlet written by Bishop Brouillet, which had been published by authority of Congress in J. Ross Browne's report on Indian affairs. He also pubilshed between 1839 and 1845 three small booklets in the Nez Perces language, of 8, 20 and 52 pages, a hymn book of 32 pages, and a translation of Matthew of 81 pages. The latter was revised and published by the American Bible Society as a 12-mo. volume of 130 pages.

Fuller sketches of the life of Mr. Spalding by the author have been published, one of sixteen octavo pages, in the **Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association** for 1897, and the other of fifty-seven pages in the **Whitman College Quarterly** for December, 1898, and March, June and October, 1900.

APPENDIX C.

William H. Gray.

He was born in Fairfield, N. Y., September 8, 1810. His father died when he was quite young, and he was brought up by his eldest brother, a Presbyterian clergyman. He first learned the cabinet maker's trade and became foreman of it; next studied medicine, and was then converted. Soon after his attention was turned to missions. What induced him to go to Oregon is not absolutely known, but it is believed that it was through the addresses on the subject by Rev. S. Parker in 1834-5. At any rate he was asked by the American Board to go to Oregon as a mechanic during the winter of 1835-6, and assented, joining Dr. Whitman at Liberty, having preceded the mission party to that place. After their arrival in Oregon, and the stations had been selected, Mr. Gray spent some time at both the stations of Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, assisting in building their houses. Then he went to Vancouver to procure supplies, so that he could return East for more laborers. He went back by a northern route, by the Coeur d'Alene Lake, Clark's Fork of the Columbia, to near where Helena now stands, and then to Fort Laramie. At Ash Hollow, near the latter place, he and his party were attacked by 300 Sioux. His five Indian companions were killed, two horses were killed under him, and two bullets passed through his hat, cutting off some of his hair. Peace was, however, made by the help of a Frenchman, and he was allowed to pass on. During his tour to Oregon and return by different routes, he visited many tribes, and so pressed upon the Board the sending out of several more missionaries.

Accordingly, Reverends A. B. Smith, E. Walker, and C. Eells, with their wives, also Mr. Cornelius Rogers, were sent to Oregon in 1838. Mr. Gray was married to Miss Mary A. Dix, at Ithaca, N. Y., February 27, 1838, and conducted the party across under the protection of Fur Companies. They reached Dr. Whitman's station during the latter part of August. Mr. and Mrs. Gray spent the first winter at Mr. Spalding's and the rest of the time until July, 1842, at that place, Dr. Whitman's, and in exploring the country. Then he resigned his connection with the mission and moved to the Willamette, where he became General Superintendent and Secular Agent of the Oregon Institute, which has since grown into the Willamette University, under the Methodist Episcopal Church. About this time he was very influential in having the Provisional Government of Ore-

gon formed. He was also a member of the first Legislature of Oregon, and in 1845 he was elected to the same position from Clackamas County. In those first sessions he was an earnest worker. From 1842 to 1844, he lived at Salem; in 1844 he moved to Oregon City; in 1846 to a farm on the Clatsop plains, where he remained until 1855 when he moved to Astoria. Soon after he went to Fort Hope in British Columbia, where he engaged in steamboating. In 1860-1 he moved to Okanogan, where he continued freighting, but in 1874 he returned to Astoria, between which place and his Clatsop farm he spent the rest of his life.

In 1864 he began writing his **History of Oregon,** which was published in 1870, an octavo volume of 684 pages. He also published an annual address before the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, 8 octavo pages, two pamphlets of 32 and 35 pages on the **Moral and Religious Aspects of the Indian Question,** and in connection with Hon. E. C. Ross and Rev. M. Eells, a pamphlet on the Whitman Controversy, Mr. Gray's part being twenty-one pages. He also worked earnestly to secure means to erect a monument to Dr. Whitman, beginning with 1874, and although he did not live to see it erected, yet he secured considerable money for the purpose.

In 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Gray made a trip East, after an absence of thirty-two years, going by steamer to San Francisco and then by railroad. In 1883 he made his third trip East with an excursion of Oregon Pioneers on the completion of the North Pacific Railroad. In 1888 he was present at Walla Walla, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church on the Pacific Coast, the only one present of the fifteen who united with it in 1838.

Mrs. Gray died at her home at Clatsop, December 8, 1881, aged nearly seventy-two years. She was a lovely woman. Mr. Gray died at the home of his son-in-law, Jacob Kamm, at Portland, Oregon, November 4, 1889, aged seventy-nine years. They left seven children: Captain J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria; Mrs. Caroline Kamm, of Portland; Mrs. Mary S. Tarbell, Mrs. Sarah F. Abernethy, of Palatine Hill, Portland; Captain William P. Gray, of Pasco; Captain Albert W. Gray, of Ellensburg; and Captain James T. Gray, of Vancouver; also thirty-two grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Quite an extended account of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, by the author, was published in the **Walla Walla Union** for May 10 and 17, 1890.

APPENDIX D.

Rev. Asa Bowen Smith.[1]

Mr. Smith was born in Williamstown, Mass., July 16th, 1809, and was the son of Asa Smith, one of the first settlers of that town. He entered the Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1831, and during this first year in college was converted and became a member of the Congregational Church. His inquiry then was : "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This naturally led him into the ministry, and to offer himself as a missionary to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Having graduated in 1834, he spent two years at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., and one at New Haven, Conn., where he finished his course in 1837, after which he was ordained at his home Nov. 1st of the same year.

Mrs. Smith (Sarah Gilbert White) was born at West Brookfield, Mass., Sept. 14, 1813, and was the daughter of Deacon Alfred White, a descendant of Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower after its arrival on the New England Coast.

They were married March 15th, 1838, soon after which they started overland for Oregon. After his arrival, as stated in the body of this work, he was stationed at Kamiah. Mr. Rogers was with him part of the time, but generally he and Mrs. Smith were alone with the Indians.

In a letter dated Aug. 27, 1839, in the **Missionary Herald,** Mr. Smith wrote:

"On arriving here I built a house of cedar to answer our purpose for the summer, and without a chair or a table, commenced my studies. Our house was made by grooving posts and setting them in the ground, and filling the sides with split cedar. The roof was made of dirt. Our floor is the ground; our windows are cracks between the timbers; our door is made of cedar split with an ax. At my leisure I have made some stools to sit on and a table by splitting a log and putting legs into it. Such is the table on which I am now writing; and I assure you, notwithstanding all these inconveniences, I enjoy myself as well in studying here as I did in the nicely furnished rooms at Andover."

Mr. Smith was a good student, and he set himself earnestly to

[1] Condensed and revised from an article by the author in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for March 25, 1886.

the study of the language, and he was so successful that during the winter of 1839-40 Dr. Whitman employed Smith and Rogers to write a book in the Nez Perces language for printing, which the mission had assigned to him as being better qualified for the task, although Dr. Whitman had then been in the country more than twice as long as Mr. Smith.

After the arrival of the printing press in 1839 from the Sandwich Islands, he was appointed by the mission to prepare a small book from the New Testament, and to assist in the preparation of a hymn book. Before he left the country, in 1841, he and Mr. Rogers had, with the aid of their teacher, Lawyer, completed a vocabulary and a grammar of the language.

In the spring of 1841 Mr. Smith, however, found that his own health was considerably impaired, while that of his wife was alarmingly so, and hence they felt that it was best for them to leave the place. She was so unwell that the only way he could move her was in a canoe down the river.

They left Kamiah April 19, 1841, and went to Fort Walla Walla, where they remained two weeks, when they proceeded to Vancouver, and at that place Mrs. Smith was under the care of the company's physician for several months; but the climate did not agree with her, and it was believed that she could not regain her health in Oregon. Consequently they embarked for the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived January 25, 1842. Under that mild and genial climate the health of both so far recovered in two months that they requested the American Board to allow them to stay there and enter on missionary work in connection with their mission at those islands. This they were authorized to do. They went to the station of Waialua, on the island of Oahu, where they remained until 1845, when Mr. Smith's health failed, and they returned to the United States by way of China.

During 1847 Mr. Smith supplied the church at South Amherst, Mass. In March, 1848, he was installed pastor of the church at Buckland, where he remained until August, 1859. While here his wife died of consumption, in May, 1855, at the age of 41. Her life was one of usefulness, and it may be said of her, "She hath done what she could." In June, 1856, Mr. Smith was again married to Miss Harriet E. Nutting, of Amherst, Mass. From January, 1860, until May, 1871, he supplied the church at Southbury, Conn.

Although unable to live in foreign countries with his missionary spirit, he at one time offered himself to the American Home Missionary Society, and was appointed to work in Minnesota, but his wife's health would not even permit this.

After his resignation at Southbury, feeling that he was too old to take a settled pastorate, he moved to Rocky Bar, Conn., where he made his home until 1883, when he went on a visit to some relatives at Sherwood, Tennessee. Here was a colony of Yankees, who

had come by way of Minnesota, Lieutenant-Governor Sherwood, of Minnesota, having here purchased some 13,000 acres for a land company. Mr. Smith labored acceptably among this people, when he returned to Connecticut. In the fall, however, the people of that place invited him to return, preach to them and organize a Congregational Church. He did so, the church having been organized in January, 1884, which numbered 23 members before his death. Here he found a genial, sunny home until his death, February 10, 1886.

Thus during a long life he labored in the East, West, North and South, in the United States, and out of it, among Indians, Sandwich Islanders, and whites, and still brought forth fruit in old age.

A sketch of his life and of those of his two wives was published by Rev. A. C. Hodges in 1889 in a pamphlet of twenty-seven pages.

APPENDIX E.

Rev. E. Walker.[1]

Rev. Elkanah Walker was born at North Yarmouth, Maine, Aug. 7, 1805. He was the son of a farmer and was brought up at his native place. He was not converted until about twenty-six years of age, soon after which he began to study for the ministry. He took an academic course, but did not go to college, a fact which he afterwards regretted. He entered Bangor Theological Seminary (Maine) in 1834, and graduated in 1837. Having given himself to the work of foreign missions, he was appointed by the American Board with Rev. C. Eells, to South Africa; but a fierce war betwen the African chiefs there detained them. In the meantime, the call from Oregon became so urgent that with their consent, their destination was changed to the Pacific Coast. He was ordained as a Congregational minister at Brewer, Maine, in February, 1838, and was married March 5, 1838, to Miss Mary Richardson. She was born at Baldwin, Maine, April 1, 1811, and before her engagement to Mr. Walker was appointed as a missionary by the Board to Siam; but after that event, her destination was changed first to Africa and then to Oregon.

The next day after their marriage they started across the continent on their bridal tour, in company with the others of the missionary party of 1838, making the journey horseback from Missouri to Dr. Whitman's.

During the ten years he spent in the Indian work, he studied the Spokane language quite thoroughly, learning its scientific, grammatical construction, more thoroughly than Mr. Eells. He prepared a small booklet in that language, which was printed on the mission press at Lapwai in 1841, and may properly be called the pioneer book writer of the State of Washington.

After the Whitman massacre in November, 1847, they remained at their station until the following March, when they went to Fort Colville for safety, where they enjoyed the protection of Chief Factor Lewis, until June, when they were escorted to the Willamette by the Oregon Volunteers.

Mr. Walker lived at Oregon City from June, 1848, until 1850, when he moved to Forest Grove, Oregon, which was his home ever afterward. While at Oregon City he made a tour with Dr. A. G. Dart,

[1] Revised from a sketch by the author in the *History of the Pacific Northwest*, vol. 2, p. 619.

Indian Agent, through some of the country east of the Cascade Mountains, but decided that it was not his duty to return there to live, largely on account of his children, although the Spokane Indians had remained friendly, and earnestly wished him to return. He also in July, 1848, with four other brethren, organized the Congregational Association of Oregon.

From 1852 to 1856 he was pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Forest Grove, and from 1856 to 1875, with the exception of about three and a half years, was pastor or joint-pastor of the Congregational Church at that place, being assisted at times by S. H. Marsh, D.D., T. Condon, H. Lyman and C. Eells. During this time the church building was erected with great effort at a cost of over seven thousand dollars, of which he gave one thousand, and eighty-two were added to the church, fifty of them on profession of faith.

In 1848 he aided in establishing Tualatin Academy, which in 1854 grew into Pacific University, of which he was a trustee from 1866 until his death, and to which he gave a thousand dollars. In 1870, with his wife, he returned to Maine on a visit, a trip which they greatly enjoyed.

He died at his home November 21, 1877, and his wife died at the same place, December 4, 1897. They had eight children, Cyrus H., Abigail B. (Karr), Marcus W., J. Elkanah, Jeremiah, John R., Levi C., and Samuel T. Of these, Cyrus H., is the oldest American white boy born in the then Oregon; Rev. J. Elkanah has been a missionary in China since 1872; Cyrus H., Marcus W., John R., Levi C., and Samuel T. have been more or less engaged as their parents were in Christian work among the Indians.

APPENDIX F.

Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D.[1]

Mr. Eells was born at Blandford, Massachusetts, February 16, 1810, and was the son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Warner) Eells. He was descended from Samuel Eells, a major in Cromwell's army, who came to Massachusetts in 1661. He was brought up at Blandford, became a Christian when fifteen years old, was educated at Monson Academy and Williams College in his native state, graduating from college in 1834, and three years later he graduated from East Windsor (now Hartford) Theological Seminary, Connecticut. He was ordained at Blandford, October 25, 1837, as a Congregational minister.

He was married March 5, 1838, to Miss Myra Fairbanks, who was born at Holden, Mass., May 26, 1805. She was the daughter of Deacon Joshua and Mrs. Sally Fairbanks, their first ancestor in America, Jonathan Fairbanks, arriving in Massachusetts in 1633. She made a profession of religion when thirteen years old. Like Mr. and Mrs. Walker, they were first appointed missionaries to South Africa, but their field was afterwards changed to Oregon, where they arrived in August, 1838. With Mr. Walker's family, as stated in the sketch of his life, after the Whitman massacre, they moved to the Willamette Valley in 1848. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eells taught school in the Oregon Institute (now Willamette University) during the winter of 1848-9, when they moved to Forest Grove, where they taught in Tualatin Academy. In 1851 they moved to Hillsboro, where Mr. Eells taught and preached until 1857, when he returned to Forest Grove as Principal of the Academy. In 1860 he went to Walla Walla, moving his family there two years later, and settled on the Whitman mission claim. He then established Whitman Seminary (now Whitman College), whose first sessions began in 1866. In it he taught about two years and a half, was President of its Board of Trustees from the granting of its charter in 1859 until his death, spent about a year in the East in its behalf, as financial agent, in 1883-4, securing for it about twelve thousand dollars—his only trip East—and gave to it nearly ten thousand dollars.

In 1872, his house having been burned, he moved to Skokomish, Washington, on Puget Sound, but after 1874, spent most of his time

[1] Condensed from a sketch by the author in the *History of the Pacific Northwest*, vol. 2, p. 315.

until 1888 in Eastern Washington in ministerial work, except when he was in the Eastern States. During these years he was the means of organizing the Congregational Church at Skokomish in 1874, of which he was pastor for nearly two years; at Colfax, in 1877, of which he was pastor four years; at Chewelah, in 1879, where he was pastor nine years; at Cheney, in 1881, pastor three years; at Sprague, in 1882, pastor two years; and at Medical Lake, in 1883, being its pastor five years. Besides what he gave to Whitman College, he and his wife gave to sixteen Congregational Churches of Oregon and Washington, over nine thousand dollars, and to various other benevolent objects, fifty-five hundred.

He received the degree of D. D. from Pacific University in 1883, and was elected Assistant Moderator of the National Congregational Council at Concord, New Hampshire, the same year.

Mrs. Eells died at Skokomish, August 9, 1878. Dr. Eells moved from Medical Lake to Tacoma in 1888, where he died on his eighty-third birthday, February 16, 1893. They left two sons, Hon. Edwin Eells, United States Indian Agent on Puget Sound from 1871 to 1895, and Rev. M. Eells, missionary among the Indians of the Sound since 1874. Their biography by the author was published in 1894, a 12-mo. volume of 342 pages.

APPENDIX G.

Cornelius Rogers.

Very little is known of Mr. Rogers' early life. In fact, after his death it was with some difficulty that the executors of his estate found that he came from Utica, New York, where his heirs were living. He was born September 24, 1815, was educated at Oswego, N. Y., and when he joined the mission church did so by a letter from a Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. He joined the missionary party of 1838 at Cincinnati, though not under appointment as missionary by the Board, and was with them until they arrived at Walla Walla. At first he was hired by the missionaries, but in 1840 received an appointment by the Board as an assistant missionary. During the winter of 1838-9 he taught school at Lapwai, and a part of 1839 he spent with the Nez Perces Indians on their summer tour, so that he might learn the language more perfectly and teach them when they were absent from the missionary station. In March, 1840, he made a trip to the Willamette, returning in July. In August he went to Vancouver and Nisqually, returning in November. The next winter he spent at Lapwai and Kamiah, and then went to Dr. Whitman's as teacher and printer. He was an apt scholar, and learned the Nez Perces language well. When the printing press arrived in 1839, Dr. Whitman was appointed to write a book, but being very busy, he employed Messrs. Roger sand Smith to do it, as they were better qualified for the work than himself, although he had then been in the country more than three years, two years longer than they had been. When printed in 1840 it made a fine addition to their means of instructing the Indians. It contained fifty-two pages and eight hundred copies of it were printed.

In 1841 he resigned his connection with the mission and went to the Willamette, where he was employed for a time by Commodore Wilkes as interpreter, because of his knowledge of the Indian languages. About the first of September he was married to Miss Satira Leslie, eldest daughter of Rev. D. Leslie, of the Methodist Mission.

Dr. Whitman wished him to return and take charge of his station during the winter of 1842-3 when he went East, but Mr. Rogers had other engagements which prevented it. He, however, accompanied Dr. White as agent on his trip among the Indians east of the Cascade Mountains late in 1842.

February 1, 1843, he with his wife, her sister, N. Crocker, and two

Indians were accidentally carried over the Willamette Falls at Oregon City, thirty-eight feet, in a canoe, and drowned.

Rev. G. Hines says of him in his **History of Oregon:** "He was justly regarded as one of the most useful men in the country. . . . If by some awful convulsion of nature the whole city of New York were to be submerged beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, the shock to the state could not be greater than was felt in the colony of Oregon when the mission canoe, with its precious cargo, went over the Falls. This awful dispensation wrapped the whole country in gloom." Says Dr. White: "The shock was dreadful to the infant community, Mr. Rogers being more important to me than anyone in the country; nor was there a more respectable or useful man west of the Rocky Mountains." Mrs. Whitman wrote: "This is a very afflictive providence to all in the country, especially to all who knew his worth as a teacher among the Indians and as a linguist; but the Lord has done it and we would acquiesce. As an individual, I feel as if I had lost a friend—a brother."

APPENDIX H.

Edwin Oscar Hall.[1]

Though Hr. Hall was not connected with the Oregon Mission, yet he enjoys the distinction of being the first printer on the Pacific Coast. He was born in Walpole, New Hampshire, October 21, 1810, made a public profession of his faith as a Christian in January, 1834, soon after offered himself to the American Board, and was sent to the Sandwich Islands with his wife, Sarah Lynn Williams, who was born at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, October 27, 1812. Having been a practical printer of New York City, he was commissioned as secular agent and printer. For fifteen years he had charge of the mission press there, translating and printing bibles, hymn books, school, college, and theological books into the Hawaiian language. On account of the poor health of Mrs. Hall, it was thought best that he and his wife should accompany the printing press to Oregon, so that he might teach the art of printing, while at the same time it was hoped that the change in the climate would benefit her. Hence, in 1839 they came to Oregon and returned the next year.

In 1850 the work at the Sandwich Islands had advanced so far that the Missionary Board thought it best to transfer its responsibility to the native churches. Many of the missionaries were then released, Mr. Hall among the rest. He then entered the mercantile business in Honolulu, and for thirty years was a successful merchant there. His business was conducted on Christian principles, and from first to last the house of E. O. Hall and Son was never smirched with a stain of dishonor. He was one whom the people ever respected as a Christian business man. He was a charter member of the Fort Street Church, Honolulu, was a deacon and trustee, after 1862, was always at prayer meeting, church, and with his Sabbath School class when at home; was a leading member of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, financial agent and treasurer of the American Board at the Islands, a faithful trustee of Oahu College, after 1862, was an active member of the Government Board of Education, was Counsellor and Minister of the Interior under King Lunalilo, continuing as a member of the Privy Council under King Kalakana, and one of the first three trustees of the Lunalilo Home, to which the king, by will, left large gifts.

[1] Revised from an article by the author in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, Nov. 8, 1883.

Firm principles, sound judgment, affable manners, pure in motive, he made a valuable citizen, a true friend, a noble helper, and was a noble example to the brotherhood of printers on the Pacific Coast, to whom they can point with pardonable pride as their first predecessor.

His wife, who was benefitted by her trip to the Pacific Coast, died in 1866. His second wife, a daughter of Rev. C. Dame, of Falmouth, Maine, survived him. He died at Falmouth, Maine, September 19, 1883. His remains were embalmed and taken to Honolulu for burial. His last intelligible word was "Jesus."

APPENDIX I.

Mr. Andrew Rodgers.

He was born in Rockbridge County, Va., in 1818 or 1819. When four or five years old his parents moved to Monroe County, Mo., where he lived until 1836. Then being about eighteen years old, he went to a farm about six miles from Monmouth, in Warren County, Ill., where he remained, when not in school, until he started for Oregon, in 1845.

A cousin of his was Governor of Virginia during the war, and an uncle, a man of considerable natural ability, was a member of the Legislature when only 24 years old.

When Andrew was 18 years old he united with the Associate Presbyterian Church, and he remained in the communion of that church about seven years. His views about singing hymns and communing with other Christians having changed, after consultation, it was decided that he could not remain a worthy member of that church. He was also led to believe that the Congregational form of church government was more Scriptural than any other; so that, when he arrived in Oregon, he was glad to meet with the New School Presbyterians and Congregationalists, who were connected with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He had made attempts to study before he came to Oregon, though it is not certain whether or not he intended to enter the ministry. First he studied with his pastor, then with a Presbyterian minister at Macomb, Ill., and then at Illinois College, when Dr. Edward Beecher was its president, and afterward at home. But his means were limited, and his health was not good. He hoped that by coming to this coast his health would be improved; so in 1845, with a brother, he started for Oregon, in the hope of returning home in a year or two with regained health.

When he reached The Dalles he met Dr. Whitman, who was there looking among the immigrants for a teacher for his station. Mr. Rodgers engaged to go, and hence returned as far as the Doctor's station on the Walla Walla River, where he spent the winter teaching school.

In a letter, dated Oct. 25, 1845, he described the whole country from Missouri to Walla Walla, and especially the Walla Walla Valley. He spoke of its climate, products, capabilities, adaptation to sheep raising, the best route across the plains, and the outfit needed. In general his opinion was very correct, as seen in the light of later days.

After having wintered at the station, he describes Doctor and Mrs. Whitman as follows:

"I think Mrs. Whitman is one of the best women in the world. She has a family of eleven children (and also one of Mr. Walker's during the winter), and, strange to say, not one of them is her own. (In a later letter he calls her 'my mother'). I can hardly tell you what kind of a man the Doctor is, for he is so much of an all-sorts-of-a-man, yet a very kind, generous, persevering man. I suppose, as to taking the lead in missionary affairs, he takes the lead. Of the difficulties and trials of a missionary life, few of us in the States have any definite idea. Indeed, no one can well do so until he has been among them for some time. Those things that are regarded as trials at home (leaving home and friends) are not considered such at all when they get here. They have doubtless done much good here, but it respects temporal affairs more than spiritual. Not that they have not labored as much for the later as the former—much more. But the natural heart is always and in every place averse to religion, both in savage and civilized countries—Indians or white men."

Evidently Mr. Rodgers before this had thoughts of entering the ministry, but his want of good health and opportunity had been such that his plans had not taken definite shape. After spending the winter of 1845-6 at Dr. Whitman's, these plans became settled, and he determined to pursue his studies with this end in view, and also do what he could for the Indians. Acordingly, in the spring he visited Tshimakain, near the Spokane River, 150 miles north, to arrange for a course of study under Rev. E. Walker. In a letter dated at this place, April 22, 1846, he says: "I am so far from where anybody lives that it is almost impossible to tell you where I am. When I left home I had no thought of being where I am now, and thought less of being here for the purpose for which I am come to pursue my studies."

During the next summer he made a journey to the Willamette Valley with Mr. Spalding with a pack train. In a letter written about this time, he says:

"I can assure you I do not expect to take another trip to the Willamette, with thirty or forty horses and a good many packs, for the pleasure of it. It was such a task as I do not wish to undertake again very soon, on pretty good pay. However, it is all over, and I will not feel any worse for it perhaps a hundred years hence."

He visited Oregon City, went down the river to Vancouver, out to the Tualatin Plains with his brother, and then up the Willamette Valley to Salem. After his return he began the study of his new Hebrew grammar, and devoted two pages of letter paper, finely written, to Mr. Walker about the Hebrew vowels, which showed that he was a close student.

Under date of Dec. 4, 1846, he wrote that he had just heard definitely about the treaty between England and the United States which settled the Oregon boundary, and he did not like it, as he thought the 49th parallel ought to have been continued through Vancouver Island

to the Pacific as the boundary line. Again, March 19, 1847, in a letter to Mrs. Walker, he spoke of the severe winter through which they had just passed. They had no flour or meal for six weeks, because the mill had broken down, but had boiled wheat, corn, potatoes, beef and onions. A score or more of people had thus lived. He adds:

"But are there not encouragements? What bright crowns yours will be if you are faithful! Five or six or ten stars in your eternal crown is no small reward. I am not one of those who feel that it is not proper to hold out such things as a reward of fidelity. The Scriptures hold forth such inducements in abundance."

To his brother Samuel 13 years old, he wrote from Dr. Whitman's station, May 9, 1847:

"Tomorrow I may start over to the Umatilla, where I intend to spend some time in learning the language of these people, among whom I have made up my mind to stay, perhaps for a lifetime. It is not at all improbable that I may go this summer along with the Indians after buffalo, some seven or eight hundred miles. It is thought this will be the best method of acquiring the language, which is the first object to be attained. I suppose that it appears very strange to you to think that I should think of living here all my life among a wild and uncivilized people. But they do not appear to me half so strange and uncouth as I once thought. Nor do I find it so unpleasant and lonesome as you would suppose. When I meet them they appear to be almost like brothers, so heartily do they welcome me. . . . If, by denying myself the enjoyments of this world, I may be the means of instructing any of these benighted heathen in the knowledge of the way of salvation, I hope I may be satisfied."

After this there follows good Christian advice to his brother about true happiness, both in this world and the next; and another letter, written the next day to his brother Calvin, 11 years of age, speaks largely of the same subject. Thus he labored on until the fall, when he was at Dr. Whitman's at the time of the massacre. The account of his death has been given in the chapter on the massacre.

His brother, A. T. Rodgers, then in the Willamette, joined the volunteers who went to punish the murderers, and was a lieutenant during this war. He afterward died in Idaho.[1]

[1] Revised from an article by the author in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, Aug. 4, 1886.

APPENDIX J.

Letter and Synopsis of Bill by Marcus Whitman.

In 1891, through the efforts of Dr. S. J. Parker, of Ithica, N. Y., the following letter and bill were found at Washington:

"To the Hon. James M. Porter,

"Secretary of War. Sir:—

"In compliance with the request you did me the honor to make last winter while at Washington, I herewith transmit to you the synopsis of a bill which, if it could be adopted, would, according to my experience and observation, prove highly conducive to the best interests of the United States generally; to Oregon, where I have resided more than seven years as a missionary; and to the Indian tribes that inhabit the intermediate country.

"The government will now, doubtless, for the first time, be apprised, through you, and by means of this communication, of the immense migration of families to Oregon, which has taken place this year. I have, since our interview, been instrumental in piloting across the route described in the accompanying bill, and which is the only eligible wagon road, no less than (200) families, consisting of one thousand persons of both sexes, with their wagons, amounting in all to more than one hundred and twenty, six hundred and ninety-four oxen, and seven hundred and seventy-three loose cattle.

"The emigrants are from different states, but principally from Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois and New York. The majority of them are farmers, lured by the prospect of bounty in lands, by the reported fertility of the soil, and by the desire to be first among those who are planting our institutions on the Pacific Coast. Among them are artisans of every trade, comprising with farmers, the very best material for a new colony. As pioneers these people have undergone incredible hardships, and having now safely passed the Blue Mountain range, with their wagons and effects, have established a durable road from Missouri to Oregon, which will serve to mark permanently the route for larger numbers each succeeding year, while they have practically demonstrated that wagons, drawn by horses or oxen, can cross the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia river, contrary to all the sinister assertions of all those who pretend it to be impossible.

"In their slow progress these persons have encountered, as in all former instances and as all succeeding emigrants must, if this or

some similar bill be not passed by Congress, the continual fear of Indian aggression, the actual loss, through them, of horses, cattle, and other property, and the great labor of transporting an adequate amount of provisions for so long a journey. The bill herewith proposed would, in a great measure, lessen these inconveniences by the establishment of posts, which, while (having) the possesed power to keep the Indians in check, thus doing away with the necessity of military vigilance on the part of the traveller by day and by night, would be able to furnish them in transit with fresh supplies of provisions, diminishing the original burdens of the emigrants, and finding them a ready and profitable market that would, in my opinion, more than suffice to defray all the current expenses of such posts. The present party is supposed to have expended no less than $2,000.00 at Laramie's and Bridger's forts, and as much more at Fort Hall and Fort Boise, two of the Hudson Bay Company's stations. These are at present the only stopping places in a journey of 2,200 miles, and the only places where additional supplies can be obtained, even at the enormous rate of charge, called mountain prices: i. e., $50 the hundred for flour, and $50 the hundred for coffee, the same for sugar, powder, etc.

"Many cases of sickness and some deaths took place among those who accomplished the journey this season, owing in a great measure to the uninterrupted use of meat, salt and fresh, with flour, which constitutes the chief articles of food they are able to convey on their wagons, and this could be obviated by the vegetable productions which the posts in contemplation could very profitably afford them. Those who rely on hunting as an auxiliary support are at present unable to have their arms repaired when out of order; horses and oxen become tender footed and require to be shod on this long journey, sometimes repeatedly, and the wagons repaired in a variety of ways. I mention these as valuable incidents to the proposed measure, as it will also be found to tend in many other incidental ways to benefit the migratory population of the United States, choosing to take this direction, and on these accounts, as well as for the immediate use of the posts themselves, they ought to be provided with the necessary shops and mechanics, which would, at the same time, exhibit the several branches of civilized art to the Indians.

"The outlay in the first instance would be but trifling. Forts like those of the Hudson Bay Company, surrounded by walls enclosing all the buildings, and constructed almost entirely of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, with stone foundations only, can be easily and cheaply erected.

"There are very eligible places for as many of these as (the) government will find necessary, at suitable distances, not further than one or two hundred miles apart, at the main crossing of the principal streams that now form impediments to the journey, and consequently well supplied with water, having alluvial bottoms of a rich quality,

and generally well wooded. If I might be allowed to suggest the best sites for such posts, my personal knowledge and observation enable me to recommend, first, the main crossing of the Kansas river, where a ferry would be very convenient to the traveller, and profitable to the station having it in charge; next, and about eight miles distant, the crossing of the Blue river, where, in times of unusual freshet, a ferry would be in like manner useful; next, and distant from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the last mentioned, the Little Blue, or Republican Fork, of the Kansas; next, and from sixty to one hundred miles from the last mentioned, the point of intersection of the Platte river; next, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles distant from the last mentioned crossing of the South Fork of the Platte river; next, and about one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles distant from the last mentioned, Horseshoe creek, which is about forty miles west of Laramie's Fork in the Black Hills. Here is a fine creek for mills and irrigation, good land for cultivation, fine pasturage, timber and stone for building. Other locations may be had along the Platte and Sweetwater, on the Green river, or Black's Fork of the Bear river, near the Great Soda Springs, near Fort Hall, and at suitable places down to the Columbia. These localities are all of the best description, so situated as to hold a ready intercourse with the Indians in their passage to and from the ordinary buffalo hunting grounds, and in themselves so well situated in all other respects as to be desirable to private enterprise if the usual advantage of trade existed. Any of the farms above indicated would be deemed extremely valuable in the states.

"The government cannot long overlook the importance of superintending the savages that endanger this line of travel, and that are not yet in treaty with it. Some of these are already known to be led by desperate white men and mongrels, who form bandits in the most difficult passes, and are at all times ready to cut off some lagging emigrant in the rear of the party, or some adventurous one, who may proceed a few miles in advance, or at night to make a descent upon the sleeping camp, and carry away or kill horses and cattle. This is the case even now, in the commencement of our western immigration, and when it comes to be more generally known that large quantities of valuable property, and considerable sums of money, are yearly carried over this desolate region, it is to be feared an organized banditti will be instituted. The posts in contemplation would effectually counteract this. For that purpose they need not, nor ought not to be military establishments. The trading posts in this country have never been of such a character, and yet, with very few men in them, have for years kept the surrounding Indians in the most pacific disposition, so that the traveler feels secure from molestation upon approaching Fort Laramie, Bridger's Fort, Fort Hall, etc. The same can be obtained without any considerable expenditure by the government, while, by investing officers in charge with competent

authority, all evil disposed white men, refugees from justice, or discharged vagabonds from the trading posts, might be easily removed from among the Indians and sent to the appropriate states for trial. The Hudson Bay Company's system of rewards among the savages would soon enable posts to root out these desperadoes. A direct and friendly intercourse with all the tribes, even to the Pacific, might be thus maintained. The government would become more intimately acquainted with them and they with the government, and instead of sending to the state courts a manifesly guilty Indian to be arraigned before a distant tribunal, acquitted for the want of testimony by the technicalities of lawyers and of laws unknown to them, and sent back into this wilderness loaded with presents as an inducement to further crimes, the posts should be enabled to execute summary justice as if the criminal had already been condemned by his tribe, because they will be sure to deliver up none but the party whom they know to be guilty. They will in that way receive the trial of their peers, and secure within themselves, to all intents and purposes, if not technically, the trial by jury, yet the spirit of that trial. There are many powers which ought to reside in some person on this extended route for the convenience and even necessity of the public. In this the emigrants and the people of Oregon are no more interested than the resident inhabitants of the states. At present, no person is authorized to administer an oath or legally attest a fact from the western line of Missouri to the Pacific. The emigrant cannot dispose of his property at home, although an opportunity ever so advantageous to him should occur after he passes the western border of Missouri, and no one can here make legal demand and protest of a promissory note or bill of exchange. No one can secure the valuable testimony of a mountaineer or of an emigrating witness after he has entered this, at present, lawless country. Causes do exist, and will continually arise, in which the private rights of citizens are, and will be, seriously prejudiced by such an utter absence of legal authority. A contraband trade from Mexico, the introduction from that country of liquors to be sold among the Indians west of the Kansas river, is already carried on with the mountain trappers, and very soon the teas, silks, nankins, spices, camphor and opium of the East Indies will find their way, duty free, through Oregon, across the mountains and into the states, unless custom house officers along this line find an interest in intercepting them.

"Your familiarity with the government policy, duties and interest, render it unnecessary for me to more than hint at the several objects intended by the enclosed bill, and any enlargement upon the topics here suggested, as inducements to its adoption, would be quite superfluous, if not impertinent. The very existence of such a system as the one above recommended suggest the utility of postoffice and mail arrangements, which it is the wish of all who now live in Oregon to have granted to them, and I need only add that the contracts for

this purpose will be readily taken at reasonable rates for transporting the mail across from Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia in forty days, with fresh horses at each of the contemplated posts. The ruling policy proposed regards the Indians as the police of the country who are to be relied upon to keep the peace, not only for themselves, but to expel lawless white men and prevent banditti, under the salutary guidance of the superintendents of the several posts, aided by a well-directed system of bounty to induce the punishment of crime. It will be only after a failure by these means to procure the delivery or punishment of violent, lawless and savage acts of aggression, that a band or tribe should be regarded as conspirators against the peace, and punished accordingly by force of arms.

"Hoping that these suggestions may meet your approbation and conduce to the future interest of our growing colony, I have the honor to be,

"Your obedient servant,
(Signed) "MARCUS WHITMAN."

TITLE OF THE PROPOSED ACT.

A bill to promote safe intercourse with the Territory of Oregon, to suppress violent acts of aggression on the part of certain Indian tribes west of the Indian Territory, Neosha, better to protect the revenue, for the transportation of the mail, and for other purposes.

Synopsis of the Act.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.—That from and after the passage of this act, there shall be established at suitable distances and in convenient and proper places, to be selected by the President, a chain of agricultural posts, or farming stations, extending at intervals from the present most usual crossing of the Kansas river west of the western boundary of the State of Missouri, thence ascending the Platte river on its southern border, thence through the valley of the Sweetwater to Fort Hall, and thence to the settlements of the Willamette in the Territory of Oregon, which said posts shall have for their object, to set examples of civilized industry to the several Indian tribes, to keep them in proper subjection to the laws of the United States, to suppress violent and lawless acts along the said line of frontier, to facilitate the passage of troops and munitions of war into and out of the said Territory of Oregon, and the transportation of the mail as hereinafter provided.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That there shall reside at each of the said posts one superintendent, having charge thereof, with full power to carry into effect the provisions of this act, subject always to such instruction as the President may impose, one deputy superintendent to act in like manner in case of the death, removal or absence of the superintendent, and such other artificiers and laborers, not exceeding twenty in number, as the said superintendent may deem

necessary for the conduct and safety of the said posts, all of whom shall be subject to his appointment and liable to his removal.

Section 3. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the President to cause to be erected at each of the said posts suitable buildings for the purposes herein contemplated, to-wit: One main dwelling house, one store house, one blacksmith and gunsmith shop, and one carpenter shop, with such and so many other buildings for storing the products and supplies of the said posts as he may from time to time deem expedient. To supply the same with all necessary implements of mechanical art and agricultural labor incident thereto, and with all such other articles as he may judge requisite and proper for the safety, defense and comfort thereof. To cause said posts, in his discretion, to be visited by detachments of troops stationed on the Western frontiers, to suppress, through the said posts, the sale of munitions of war to the Indian tribes in case of hostilities, and annually to lay before Congress at its general session full returns, verified by the oaths of the said several superintendents, of the several acts by them performed, and of the conditions of the said posts, with the income and expenditures growing out of the same respectively.

Section 4. And be it further enacted, That the said superintendents shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, for the term of four years, with a salary of $2,000, payable out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated. That they shall respectively take an oath before the district judge of the United States for the Western District of Missouri, faithfully to discharge the duties imposed on them in and by the provisions of this act, and give a bond to the President of the United States, and to his successor in office and assigns, with sufficient security, to be approved by the said judge, in at least the penalty of $25,000, conditioned to indemnify the President, his successors or assigns, for any unlawful acts by them performed, or injuries committed by virtue of their office, which said bonds may be at any time assigned for prosecution against the said respective superintendents and their sureties, upon application to the said judge at the instance of the United States district attorney, or of any private party aggrieved.

Section 5. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of said superintendents to cause the soil adjacent to the said posts in extent not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, to be cultivated in a farmer-like manner, and to produce thereon such articles of culture as in their judgment shall be deemed the most profitable and available for the maintenance of the said posts, for the supply of the troops and other government agents which may from time to time resort thereto, and to render the products aforesaid adequate to defraying all expenses of labor in and about the said posts, and the salary of the said deputy superintendent, without resort to the treasury of the United States, remitting to the Secretary of the Treasury yearly a

sworn statement of the same, with the surplus moneys, if any there be.

Section 6. And be it further enacted, That the said several superintendents of the posts shall ex-officio be superintendents of Indian affairs, west of the Indian Territory, Neosha, subordinate to and under the full control and supervision of the Commissioner General of Indian Affairs at Washington. That they shall, by virtue of their offices, be conservators of the peace, with full powers to the extent hereinafter prescribed, in all cases of crimes and misdemeanors, whether committed by citizens of the United States or by Indians within the frontier line aforesaid. That they shall have power to administer oath, to be valid in the several courts; to take acknowledgment of deeds and other specialties in writing, to take the probate of wills and testaments executed upon the said frontier, and of which the testators shall have died in transit between the State of Missouri and the Territory of Oregon, to do and certify all notarial acts, and to perform the ceremony of marriage with as legal effect as if the several acts above enumerated had been performed by the magistrates of any of the states having power to perform the same. That they shall have the power to arrest and remove from the line aforesaid all disorderly white persons and all persons, inciting the Indians to hostilities, and to surrender up all fugitives from justice, upon the requisition of the Governor of any of the states; that they shall have power to demand of any of the several tribes within the said frontier line the surrender of any Indian or Indians committing acts in contravention of the laws of the United States, and in case of such surrender to inflict punishment thereon, according to the tenor and effect of the said laws without further trial, presuming such offending Indian or Indians to have received the trial and condemnation of the tribe to which he or they belong; to intercept and seize all articles of contraband trade, whether introduced into their jurisdiction in violation of the acts, imposing duties on imports or of the acts to regulate trade and intercourse with the several Indian tribes, to transmit the same to the marshal of the Western District of Missouri, together with the proofs necessary for the confiscation thereof, and in every such case the superintendents shall be entitled to and receive one-half of the sale value of the said confiscated articles, and the other half be disposed of as in like cases arising under the existing revenue laws.

Section 7. And be it further enacted, That the several superintendents shall be entitled, in addition to the salary hereinbefore granted, to the following prequisites and fees of office, to-wit: For the acknowledgement of all deeds and other written specialties, the sum of one dollar; for the administration of all oaths, twenty-five cents; for the authentication of all written instruments, one dollar; for the perpetuation of all testimony to be used in the United States courts, by the folio, fifty cents; for the probate of all wills and testaments, by the folio, fifty cents; for all other writing done by the folio, fifty

cents; for solemnizing marriage, ten dollars, including the certificate to be given to the parties; for the surrender of fugitives from justice, in addition to the necessary costs and expenses of arrest and detention, which shall be verified to the demanding governor, by the affidavit of the superintendent, ten dollars.

Section 9. And be it further enacted, That the said superintendents shall, by virtue of their offices, be postmasters at the several stations for which they are appointed, and as such shall be required to facilitate the transportation of the mail in its transit to and from the Territory of Oregon and the nearest postoffice within the State of Missouri, subject to all the regulations of the Postoffice Department, and with all the immunities and privileges of the postmasters in the several states, except that no additional compensation shall be allowed them for such services, and it is hereby made the duty of the Postmaster General to cause proposals to be issued for the transportation of the mail along the line of said posts to and from the said territory, within six months after the passage of this act.

Section 10. And be it further enacted, That the sum of ——— thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purposes of carrying into effect the several provisions of this act.

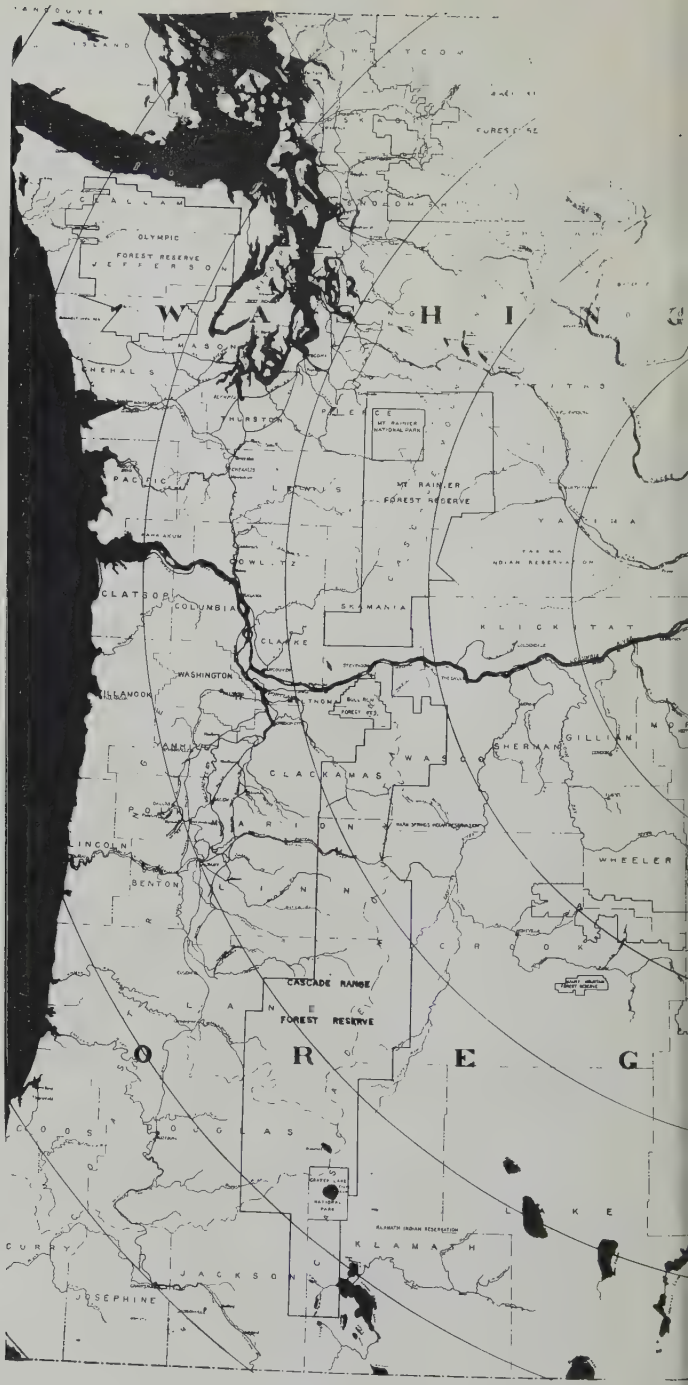
(Endorsement.)

Marcus Whitman, enc. synopsis of a bill, with his views in reference to import. of the Oregon Terry. War 382. Rec. June 22-44.

S.

While this bill did not pass, yet the ideas here presented were constantly in his mind. October 16, 1847, a short time before his death, he had his friend, Andrew Rodgers, write a similar bill but shorter, which was sent to his uncle. It was directed to "The Honorable the Secretary of War, to the Committee on Indian Affairs and Oregon, in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States." Mr. Rodgers wrote: "It is Dr. Whitman's wish that you should use this document in any way which you may think useful. If you could copy it and send it to some of the members of Congress, or other influential men, it will be well, and afterward, if not noticed publicly, send it to some newspaper for publication." In connection with it he presented fifteen reasons in favor of it.[1]

[1] Letter of Miss I. I. Rodgers of Monmouth, Ill., a sister of Andrew Rodgers, to the author, dated Jan. 18, 1892.



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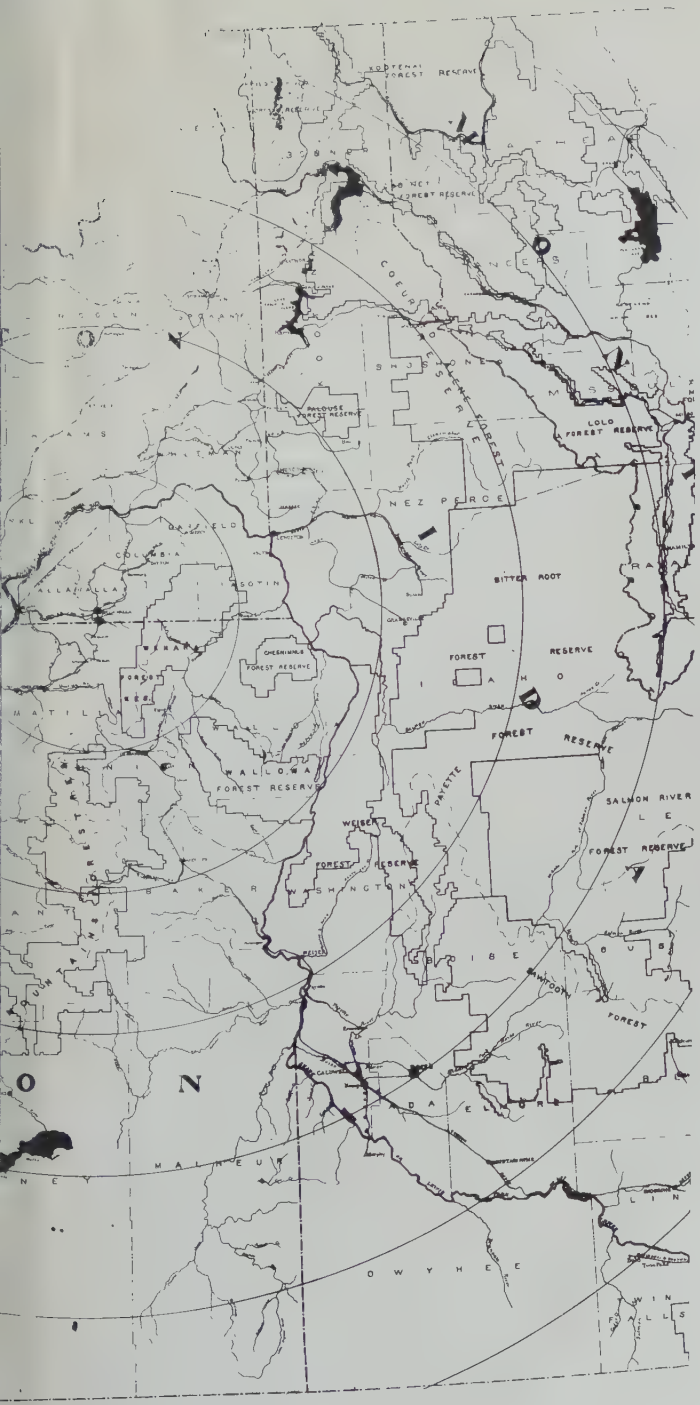

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"Marcus Whitman"
By Rev. Myron Eells. D.D.

Given by
Walla Walla Ch. No 12 of the
Daughters of the Pioneers
of Washington
In memory of
Mrs Bonnie Jean Painter McLean.
(Mrs Richard F. McLean)